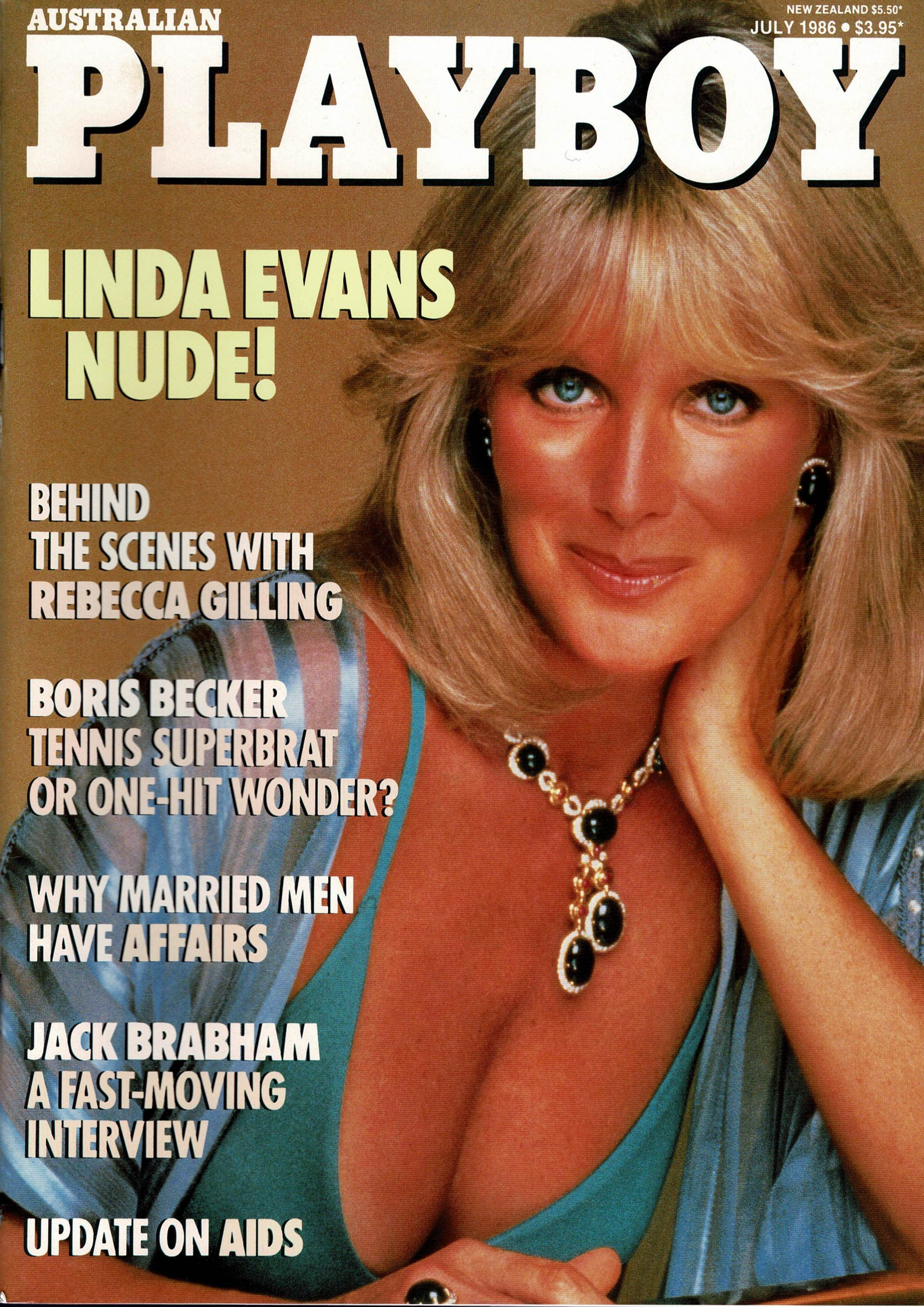
AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

NEW ZEALAND $5.50*
JULY 1986 • $3.95*



LINDA EVANS NUDE!

BEHIND THE SCENES WITH REBECCA GILLING

BORIS BECKER TENNIS SUPERBRAT OR ONE-HIT WONDER?

WHY MARRIED MEN HAVE AFFAIRS

JACK BRABHAM A FAST-MOVING INTERVIEW

UPDATE ON AIDS

Are your tyres flat out keeping up with your engine?

Many low profile tyres are all show and no go. The Bridgestone Eager S330 and the Bridgestone S311 are two notable exceptions.

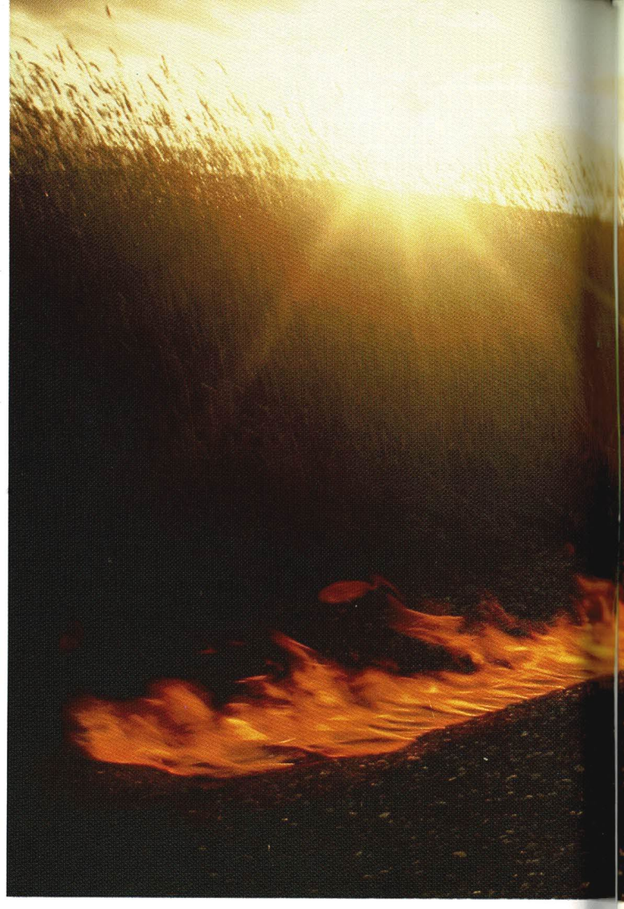
Bridgestone Eager S330.
This ultra-low 50 series steel belted radial tyre has been specifically engineered for customised street performance cars.

It is rated for speeds up to 210km/h, which means the competition doesn't rate a second thought.

The superiority of the Eager is due to Bridgestone's patented Superfiller, a super hard rubber sandwiched into the tyre bead.

This results in a wide flat tread, a rigid bead and a flexible sidewall: the perfect combination for a high performance tyre.

The wide flat tread gets a firmer grip on the road, the rigid bead transmits that grip to the car and the flexible sidewalls absorb shocks that would normally lift the tread off the road.



The aggressive tread pattern with its big thirsty grooves delivers precise handling and outstanding performance at all times.

Wet or dry, Eager leaves all the competition standing still.

Bridgestone S311.
This low profile 60 series tyre is rated for speeds up to 210km/h.

Developed through intensive testing on irregular surface highways, the S311 incorporates Bridgestone's exclusive Superfiller construction, for outstanding grip in both wet and dry conditions.

The low profile and wide track tread increases control and gives exceptional handling stability and responsive steering, especially in the fast lane.

You have a choice of dramatic white or plain black raised sidewall lettering, depending on how high or low a profile you wish to maintain.

A different breed of tyre.
Bridgestone high performance steel radials are the most technically advanced on the road today.

Whether you drive a European thoroughbred, a new breed sports coupe or a locally built muscle car, there is a Bridgestone tyre to help you to appreciate your car's capabilities to the utmost.

BAL 4006

BRIDGESTONE

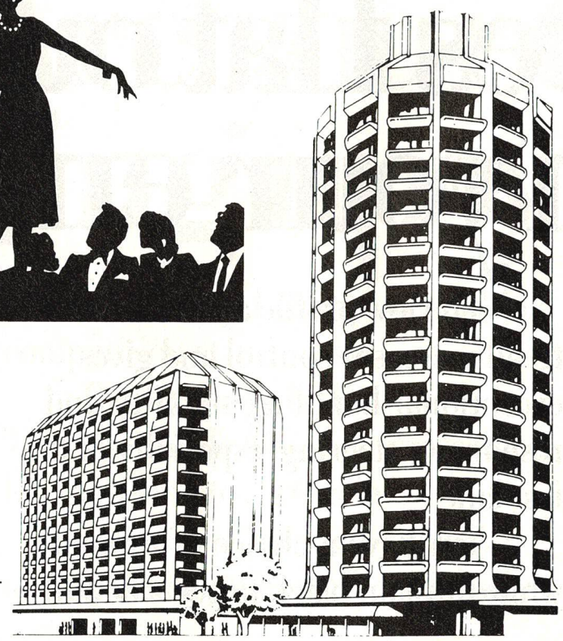
GAZEBO
RAMADA®

CONVENTION CENTRE

KNOWN BY THOSE WHO KNOW HOW TO DO BUSINESS IN SYDNEY

With meeting and convention rooms to seat from seven to seven hundred people, first class catering, be it morning coffee, or a full sit-down presentation banquet, the Gazebo Ramada regularly plays host to many of Australia's most successful conventions. And because all work and no play makes for a very dull convention, we offer the combination of our in-house facilities, like superb accommodation with extensive views, sauna, roof top heated pool, gymnasium, cocktail bar, excellent restaurant and coffee shop, plus our proximity to the rich and varied night-life of Kings Cross.

2 Elizabeth Bay Rd, Elizabeth Bay
Phone: 358 1999 (Near Kings Cross)



GAZEBO
RAMADA®
HOTEL
LUXURY MADE AFFORDABLE

PLAYBILL

If you are one of those people who read Australian PLAYBOY only for the articles, then our scintillating July issue will keep you going all month long. And if you are one of those people who buy Australian PLAYBOY only for the beautiful women we present each month, your July may just be one of the hottest and happiest on record. But if you are one of our readers who get into Australian PLAYBOY for the reading *and* the viewing, well, have we got an issue for you!

For the sportsmen among you, we get off to a speedy start with our Playboy Interview. Motoring editor **Rob Luck** pinned down that grand old man of motor racing, Jack Brabham, for a racy session of questions on topics as varied as road safety, the state of Grand Prix racing, and how, alas, Formula One has become the preserve of the rich and sponsored. Meanwhile, senior contributing editor **Phil Jarratt** trotted off to the Australian Institute Of Sport in Canberra to find out how our finest athletes are turned into champions.

Still on the sporting scene we have a gutsy profile of tennis champ Boris Becker. In *Boom Boom, Balls And All*, noted tennis writer **Michael Mewshaw** ponders whether Becker is a real tennis superbrat in the making or just a one-hit wonder. Mewshaw is the author of the book *Short Circuit* which deals with six months spent on the men's professional tennis circuit.

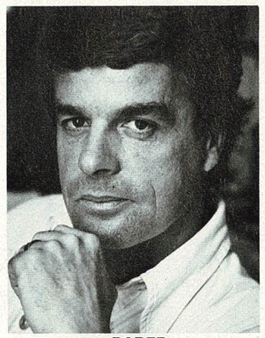
Regular Australian PLAYBOY contributor **Asa Baber** recently visited El Salvador, Honduras and Nicaragua with a group of Vietnam vets. We've titled his disturbing report *The Next Vietnam?* The place names may have changed and the Reagan administration may be terming the action "low intensity conflict", but all the elements are there for another full-scale and perhaps fruitless war. The artwork is from **Bill Rieser**. By way of contrast, while the battle of the sexes may not be on the same scale as a jungle war in Central America, any man who's been through a divorce will tell you that the confrontations and losses can be just as chilling. In *Divorce Australian Style,* **Diane Armstrong** presents the views of a cross-section of separated and divorced Aussie males.

On a much happier note, **Robin Ingram** has conducted a lively 20 Questions with the glamorous superstar of Australian soapies, Rebecca Gilling. The lovely Rebecca reveals what really goes on behind the scenes of the very successful TV series *Return To Eden*, and reflects on screen nudity and life after 35. And that First Lady of American soap, *Dynasty*'s divine Linda Evans, takes things one step further by posing nude for PLAYBOY this month. The inimitable Miss Evans can be seen in her prime in a gallery of stunning shots by ex-husband **John Derek**.

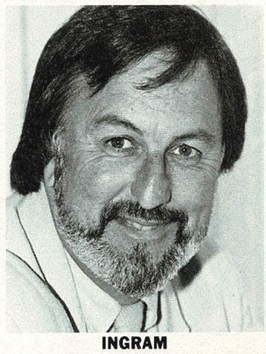
While on the subject of, er, nudity, our lovely Playmate Of The Month, Natalie Maline, is not exactly dressed to the nines in her very sexy pictorial spread. And Rebecca Ferratti wasn't too worried about her wardrobe either, when she posed for photographer **Steve Wayda**'s sizzling pictorial. Our fashion editor, **Vitek**, however, did supply some stunning ski outfits for our models when he led an expedition to Japan.

What makes you choose to drink a certain type of beer? Taste, image, advertising pressure? In *Beer Wars,* **Neil Shoebridge** ponders how our drinking tastes in Australia are being manipulated. His conclusion? Now that all beers are seeming to taste much the same, may the advertising force be with you!

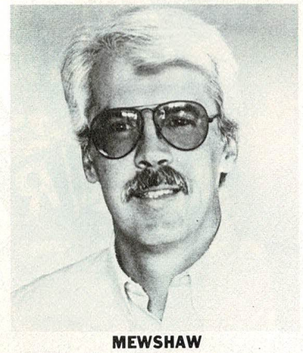
We don't usually delve into next month's issue in Playbill, but our August Australian PLAYBOY will be a rather special event. We will be introducing a new method of binding that will give you a sleeker, more solid feel to the magazine. And our very special Miss August, Michaela Probst, will be the first of our centrefolds to come minus the customary staple in the stomach! You will be able to pull Miss Probst off, so to speak, from a perforated strip. Take our advice and start preparing a space on your wall right now.



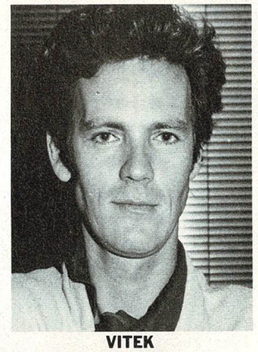
BABER



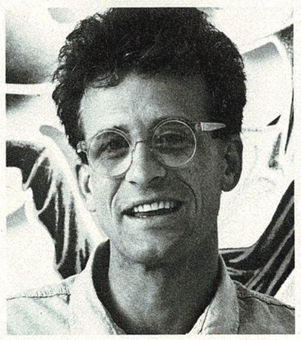
INGRAM



MEWSHAW

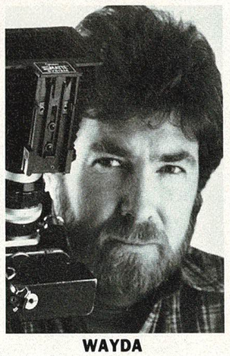


VITEK

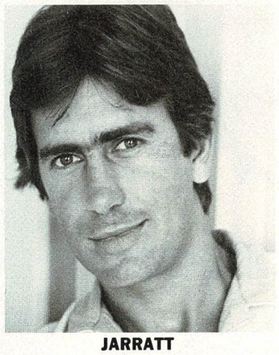


RIESER

ARMSTRONG



WAYDA



JARRATT

IF YOU KNOW YOUR RUM
YOU'LL FANCY A DROP
OF THE 'ROYAL'.

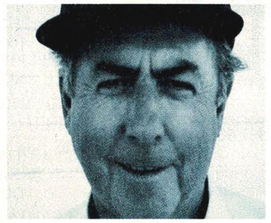
AB4759.85

CONTENTS

JULY 1986 • COVER: LINDA EVANS. PHOTO: JOHN CAHOON/OUTLINE

DEAR PLAYBOY 9
AFTER HOURS 11
BOOZE 14
MONEY 16
WOMEN 19
MEN 20
SPORT 24
SHOWBIZ 26

29
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW



A fast-moving encounter with the legendary Jack Brabham.

36

THE NEXT VIETNAM?
If Reagan has his way, war could soon break out in Central America.

46
PACEMAKERS

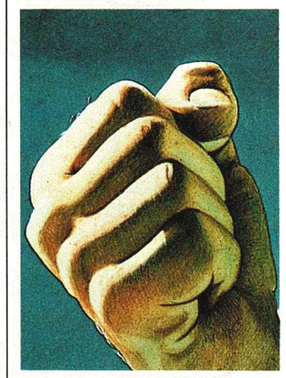
Phil Jarratt investigates the making of champions at the Australian Institute Of Sport.

50
20 QUESTIONS: REBECCA GILLING
A revealing look at the glamorous star of *Return To Eden.*

53

GENTLE AS ANYTHING
Natalie Maline is soft, sweet and defiantly feminine.

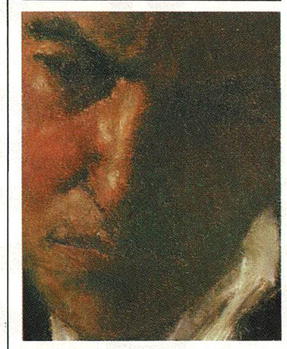
66
BOOM BOOM, BALLS AND ALL



Is tennis star Boris Becker the new superbrat or just a one-hit wonder?

71
SKI WHERE?
High fashion on the ski slopes of Japan.

76



DIVORCE AUSTRALIAN STYLE
Are men the real victims of marriage breakdown in the '80s?

79
THE PRIME TIME OF LINDA EVANS

A pictorial tribute to *Dynasty*'s dazzler.

86
BEER WARS

How our drinking tastes are being manipulated.

89
THE ELECTRONIC FRONTIER
A hitchhiker's guide to the audio/video galaxy.

96
FAST FORWARD

Rebecca Ferratti likes to live it up. . . 48 hours a day!

116
AIDS UPDATE
Our experts examine the myths and realities.

We'll consider any proposition.

At Network Finance we will consider any real estate proposition or leasing transaction.

You may want to buy your first house, or a second piece of property as an investment, or you may need construction finance.

We believe our finance is more generous than most as it is designed to help you acquire the property you desire.

You might want to change the lending source of your current mortgage or even consolidate some present debts.

Network Finance can help you with all these types of loans.

If you have the need for leasing finance, Network's leasing packages help you get what you want.

They'll help you manage your finances easily, efficiently, with maximum tax advantage.

So now you can have your favourite car, private jet or much needed piece of equipment.

Talk to your Network representative now and get your proposal approved quickly.

Network Finance. Your ideal partner for a real estate loan or lease.

Phone Network Finance now on (02) 233 3355.

NETWORK FINANCE LIMITED

Garland Stewart & Roache NF4127

AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY

PHILIP MASON
publisher and editor-in-chief

EDITORIAL
SUSAN KUROSAWA chief copy editor; GRAHAM BARRY copy editor; ROB LUCK motoring editor; VITEK fashion editor; MIKE AGOSTINI sports editor; IAN TONKIN proof-reader; PHIL JARRATT senior contributing editor; A.D. AIRD, RICHARD BECKETT, RENNIE ELLIS, CRAIG McGREGOR, STEVEN SCHWARTZ contributing editors.

ART
TIM DONNELLAN art director; JANE GOLLAN assistant art director; DUNCAN COLVIN art assistant.

ADVERTISING
LYNDA PRINCE marketing director; AMANDA EYLES NSW sales manager; ANGIE DASKALAKIS assistant to the sales manager; CHRISTINE HART advertising assistant; CHERYL BROWN advertising production; victorian sales SANDY RICHARDS (03 51 1242); queensland CLAUDE OLIVE (07 229 7744); south australia JOHN WILLIAMSON (08 332 3322); western australia KEVIN O'KEEFE (09 381 7440); japan RAYMOND F. FALK (tokyo 545 3977); usa DEFILIPPES CORPORATION (212 697 8185).

PRODUCTION
MONIQUE PASILOW production co-ordinator; ANGELA EVANS production assistant.

FINANCE
ANASTASIA BATSILAS accountant; PHYLLIS AGIOS accounts receivable.

SUBSCRIPTIONS
CAROL TOROK subscription manager.

PLAYBOY USA
HUGH M. HEFNER editor and publisher; ARTHUR KRETCHMER editorial director; LEE HALL director, international publishing; HARESH SHAH assistant director, international publishing; MARIAN BUSSIE, JEAN CONNELL, JUDIE FELDMAN rights and traffic.

AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY is published 12 times a year by Mason Stewart Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010 (Telephone: 02 331 6566. Telex: 72964) on behalf of Frantonell Pty Ltd. The magazine is photoset by APTypographics Pty Ltd, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010 (Telephone: 02 331 7246), printed in Hong Kong by Toppan Printing Co (HK) Ltd and distributed by Network Distribution Co, Sydney (Telephone 02 268 0666).

© 1986 Mason Stewart Publishing Pty Ltd © 1986 PLAYBOY as to material published in the May and June 1986 issues of US PLAYBOY. PLAYBOY Rabbit Head design and Playmate are marks of Playboy Enterprises Inc (US). All manuscripts, photographs and other material submitted to Australian PLAYBOY must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Contributions are submitted at the sender's risk and Australian PLAYBOY cannot accept responsibility for loss or damage. Articles reflect the personal opinions of the author and are not necessarily those of the publisher. Price in Australia $3.95, New Zealand $5.50*
*Recommended and maximum price only.

Annual subscription rates: Australia $42.00; Overseas, $A52.00 (by surface mail).

DEAR PLAYBOY

Address your letters to Dear Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010.

WHAT A STATE WE'RE IN

As a Queenslander who enjoys travelling around Australia I was intrigued by your article *The State Of The Nation* in your December issue. I have conducted my own surveys over the years and have had similar results. And I have another favorite quiz. I believe if you assemble two people (male or female) from each state and just observe them you can accurately pick their home state within minutes from their dress, mannerisms and speech. The most difficult to distinguish are Queenslanders and West Australians who are very similar in many respects.

I note with interest that Queensland has the largest number of nudist clubs! That's to be expected with our long coastline and conducive weather.

Your author does err, however, in the second-last paragraph of the article where he suggests that people go to jail if they demonstrate in Queensland streets. As a detective, I am well aware that the laws in this state do not differ greatly from other states. I can assure Australian PLAYBOY readers that if they are disorderly in our streets or march or demonstrate disrupting the public they will be warned to desist. And that applies to *any* state of Australia.

I believe it is healthy to be parochial and even to encourage interstate rivalry as long as we all realise that every state has its good points and Australia is one of the best countries in which to live. And although I tried to resist I must add that recent statistics prove the greatest population shift is from the southern states to Queensland. Enough said?

Barry Krosch,
Aspley, Qld.

CURE FOR PMTs

I've been living with a wonderful woman for the past six months. Once a month she goes off the rails, threatens to knife me, throws saucepans and locks me out with the cat. Thank you, Cynthia Heimel, for your delightful Women column in the March issue.

It's a relief to find out my partner is merely suffering from raging PMTs. I will certainly supply her with Cherry Ripes, warm Milo and hot sex at the appropriate time each month from now on!

J.L.,
Meadowbank, NSW.

CAROL MEASURES UP

There's only one thing wrong with your pictorial of Carol Atkins in the May issue. You didn't make her a Playmate so therefore I don't know her measurements. She looks fairly petite (say, 165cm) and I would guess her vital statistics to be a perfect 36-24-36. Am I close?

Garry P.,
Casino, NSW.

Close, yes. Carol is 173cm tall and measures up at 37-25-36. That's perfect enough for us! And here are 37 reasons why we've received a veritable sandslide of mail about our Queensland beach girl — Ed.

ANGRY REACTIONS

Angry Anderson must be one of the most self-opinionated characters you have ever interviewed (May 1986), but Phil Jarratt did a fine job of putting him on the spot whenever he began to get too out of hand. I especially liked Jarratt's put-down when Anderson was sounding off about wicked landlords and innocent tenants: everybody should be made to realise that if they own their own place and then leave to live elsewhere, for any number of reasons, they, too, can become landlords of necessity — and there are some pretty hairy tenants out there.

When you're paying a mortgage you learn to live with certain things, then along comes a tenant who decides that his weekly rent gives him the right to demand all kinds of improvements you simply couldn't afford for yourself. And that's quite apart from the weirdos who think their lease gives them the right to wreck the joint. From long experience I'd say there are just as many bad tenants as there are landlords and, with prices of houses being what they are today, there's no money to be made out of it. So don't get too angry, Angry: remember, if there were no houseowners in our society, there'd be nowhere for those who can only afford to rent.

R.J.,
Lindfield, NSW.

What a mixed-up person your interview subject for May, Angry Anderson, is! He's so hot under the collar about race that he doesn't realise how dangerous his ravings can be. And then he proceeds to punch up neo-nazis who take his views to their logical conclusion!

Once he begins to analyse his own views on Vietnamese, for instance, he is really quite balanced, ie on the subject of making provision for them, but before getting there he spouts all that rubbish about how they frighten our poor toughs with all their weapons. Fortunately your interviewer pointed out neatly that Vietnamese have every reason to want to protect *themselves* from ignorance and suspicion and down-right violence from the gangs that Anderson seems to sympathise with.

The danger with people such as Anderson and Professor Geoffrey Blainey is that though they may be able to make out a reasoned case, their views can too easily be simplified and exploited by racist elements in our community, and that really *is* dangerous.

As a famous Australian, Jo Bjelke-Petersen, said (in another context, of course), "If you fly with the crows you get shot with them. . ." or words to that effect. As the rest of us might say, you lie down with pigs, you end up smelling like them. I always do think people who are obsessed with guns are a bit irrational.

Name withheld,
Kings Cross, NSW.

QUIZ KID

Who thinks up all these quizzes anyway? According to your *How Macho Are You?* (May 1986), I come out as a macho wimp with perverted tendencies. I have to say that I think your compilers are a Freudian delight: sex maniacs who somehow missed out on toilet training and have been taking it out on the rest of the world ever since.

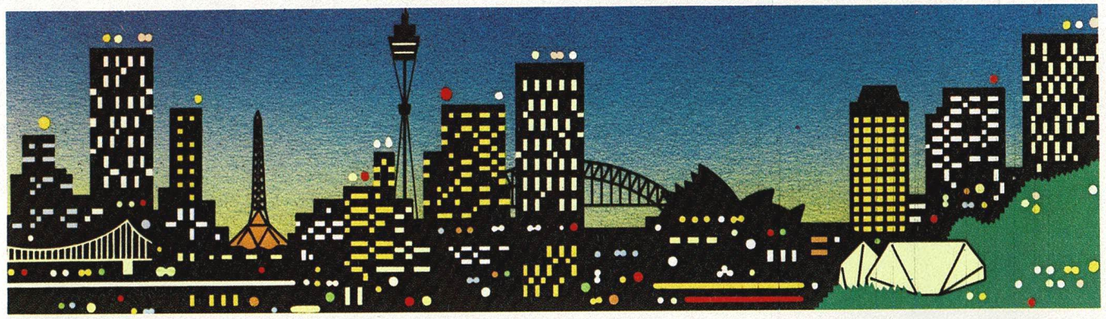
Fortunately I laughed so much I'll forgive them this time.

I.K.,
North Adelaide, SA.

Write to us! Send your letters to the above address, and remember, we'll give preference to letters that keep it short and snappy. We'll give a 12 month subscription for each Dear Playboy letter we publish.

BENSON and HEDGES
20
Extra Mild
WARNING-SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD
WHEN ONLY THE BEST WILL DO.
WARNING-SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD
CC2194/85 JWT041P376K1

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



JOURNEY OF A LIFETIME

Despite the most rigorous planning, sometimes holidays just don't turn out right. Everyone has their own horror tale about travelling but next time you're forced to spend the night at an airport or your luggage turns up at Barcelona instead of Brisbane, consider the plight of one Natalie Maier.

Ms Maier's annual holiday turned out to be such a horror epic that she's been awarded the Frankenstein Travel Award for the year's worst vacation. The award is given annually in the States to the traveller who has experienced the most nightmarish holiday. In Ms Maier's case, she endured a snowstorm, a cancelled flight, lost luggage, sea sickness, third-degree sunburn, torrential rain, food poisoning, ocean swells and a stewardess gone mad en route to, from and during a Mexican cruise.

What, no hijacking?

GAME EXCUSE

We've heard some pretty far-fetched excuses are bandied about when inebriated motorists are stopped by the booze bus. But we had to sympathise when we heard of one Sydney driver who pleaded in court that his condition was caused by cricket.

"Following the fortunes of the Australian cricket team earlier this year could drive anyone to drink," he told the magistrate.

The defendant was applauded for his originality but still copped a $200 fine and a two-year good behavior bond.

COPY EDITOR'S HELL I

The editor of a weekly tabloid in Pokhara, Nepal, was imprisoned for misspelling the name of Queen Aishwarya Rajya Laxmi Devi Shah.

COPY EDITOR'S HELL II

In an Australian metropolitan newspaper office, a doctor was addressing the assembled sub-editors on the subject of repetitive strain injury (RSI), an immensely painful and crippling affliction affecting journalists. It comes from making the same movement over and over again.

A rotund journo spoke for all of those present when he boomed, "Fair suck of the sauce bottle, doc! If we go with women we get herpes, if we go with poofters we get AIDS, and now if we wank we get RSI!"

HOT STUFF

An operator on the police emergency number received an urgent call recently from an elderly woman. She advised the switchboard that there was a fire at a major Sydney hospital.

The operator didn't have the heart to tell the old dear that the fire department already had the matter well in hand. "Thanks very much," he told her. "You must live nearby. Can you see the fire from your window?"

"No, no," came the reply. "I heard all about it on the radio and I thought someone should tell the police!"

JAPLISH

Ingurisshu is a sort of graphics fad at the moment in Japan. Regardless of their meaning, English words are used to decorate clothing, shopping bags, pencil cases and a host of other consumer items.

Some examples our spies have spotted include: FANCY PIMPLE; MY LIFE, MY GAS; BOURBON PICKLE and the ever-popular T-shirt slogan LET'S SPORTS VIOLENT ALL DAY LONG.

Our prize for the most succinct message of all goes to the young lady staffing a *yakitori* bar in Tokyo's downtown Asakusa district. Her T-shirt slogan was straight to the point: I'VE JUST BEEN SCREWED!

LICKER LAWS

A new pub spectator sport could be taking off in Brisbane now that lingerie shows have been all but stamped out.

Recently, at a suburban hotel, ogling patrons strained to get a better view of an amorous couple who were all but coupling in one of the not-so-private bars.

Whether the oblivious pair can be fined under Queensland licker laws is not certain but, according to bystanders, the chap looked as though he was barred already.

The hotel's manager is said to have offered the couple regular employment after he finished hosing them down.

HARVEY HEADBANGER

Of course singles bars are dangerous. Take, for instance, the experience of one Jerry Pasciak. He wandered into a bar and innocently, or so he claims, ordered a drink called "upside down kamikaze", which he consumed in the bar's customary manner.

He was seated in a barber's chair which was first placed in a reclining position while the drink was being poured down his throat and then snapped forward. Pasciak is suing the bar for $10,000, claiming that the experience left him with cuts around his eyes and nose, chipped teeth and a headache.

And the concoction didn't even come with a paper umbrella!

WIRED FOR SOUND

Have they checked his security blanket? CCS Communications Control, a company specialising in anti-eavesdropping devices, reports detecting an ultra-miniature radio transmitter with microphone and battery built into the worry beads of a Saudi Arabian businessman.

The future in performance cars is Toyota Twin Cam.

Experts predict that Twin Cam performance cars will some day be as common on the road as they are on today's race tracks.

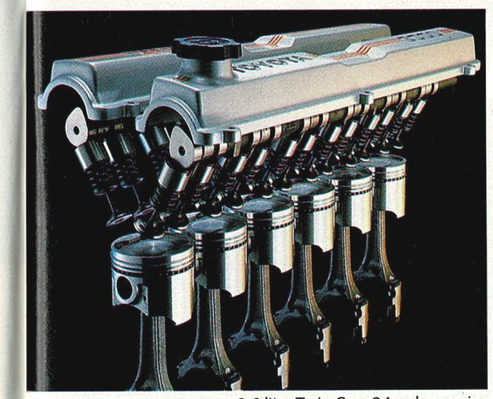
Toyota, as the world's leading producer of Twin Cam engines, stands at the forefront of this performance revolution. And nothing illustrates their vision of the future better than the all-new Twin Cam Supra.

At its heart is the highest expression of Toyota's Twin Cam technology – the new 7M-GE engine. Proven in races and rallies this 3.0 litre Twin Cam 24-valve powerplant achieves instant response and high torque at all engine speeds.

And for added responsiveness, it features Toyota's new Acoustic-Control Induction System (A.C.I.S.) that significantly improves air/fuel mix.

Of course, you find similar advanced technology in other Toyota cars and trucks. In commercial vehicles, for example, Toyota offer engines that feature Electronic Fuel Injection.

So for the performance technology of the future, look to a leader today. Toyota.



3.0 litre Twin Cam 24-valve engine

Shown with optional front and rear spoilers.

NEW TWIN CAM
TOYOTA

BOOZE

With a bottle of Cowra chardonnay and a swag of seafood you can feast in grand old style.

White wine occupies a peculiar position in this country, especially within the trade. On the one hand, winemakers love it because during the '70s it was responsible for lifting Australia's consumption of wine to reasonably respectable levels. On the other hand, they hate it because they claim it has turned many people away from our generally excellent reds.

In the still wine division, white wine casks and flagons outsell reds on roughly a two to one basis. Sometimes known as washing wine, these so-called bulk rieslings, moselles, chablis and white burgundies vary from maker to maker. One company's moselle might be another's riesling (or even chablis for that matter).

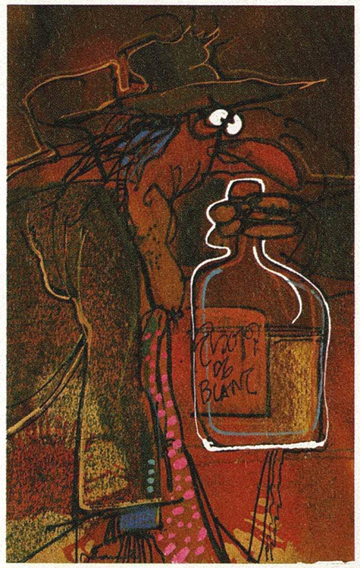
Those are wines one needn't worry about. Also, back before the so-called white wine revolution, quite a lot of the flagon and cask product found its way into bottles. Then, having established that Australians were prepared to drink quite a lot of white wine if given half the chance, wine companies made determined efforts to upgrade the premium end of the scale.

Companies such as Seppelts and Orlando had always made some very good stuff but the production was relatively limited. It was the cask boom that forced the quality end of the white scale to raise its game. We then saw what I call a boom in varietal whites, the *in* type at the moment being chardonnay. It seems to me that every winemaker on the continent suddenly rediscovered a long-lost 10 hectares somewhere down the back of the place that had been serving as goat fodder since the day the vines were planted. And once the magic word "chardonnay" started to appear on the lips of the trendies, the goats were turned off and the vats started up.

All that aside, there are now two relatively new wine regions producing whites that are well worth looking at if you really want to taste some excellent wine, impress your friends and generally have a good time. Firstly, the whites of the Frankland River area of Western Australia are starting to command the attention they deserve. Normally I wouldn't talk too much about them because until relatively recently they came from a number of small winemakers. Those winemakers sold their wines in very small quantities, mostly cellar door stuff. What wines did find their way across the Nullarbor into the eastern states usually finished up in a few exclusive boutique outlets. But the old-established West Australian wine firm of Houghtons, now owned by Hardy, has come into the act and these Frankland River whites are more generally available. The bad news is that they are rarely discounted.

The second area I would mention for Australian whites is a place called Cowra in NSW where a whole lot of Japanese got shot or got hot cups of tea (depending on whether the army or farmers' wives found them first) in a minor incident known as World War Two. Cowra used to be known after this dramatic little incident for its asparagus canning until the Common Market stuffed all that up. So they planted some vines. The rest is history.

Wines from Cowra are sold under a number of labels. The local winery is known simply as Cowra Wines and basically it's a cellar-door outfit. However, Cowra chardonnay finds its way into a number of larger companies' bottles (you have to read the label to find this out).



The Cowra chardonnay of the moment comes from grapes grown in that area but it is processed at the viticultural college experimental winery at Wagga. It is sold under the College label; but as the damned stuff costs $17 a bottle, most ordinary mortals have to forget about it. However, if you can con some fool with more money than sense into buying you a crate of the stuff, for God's sake don't stop him and be sure to drink more than your fair share of the golden nectar.

Outside of these two areas, the Hunter River region of NSW produces chardonnay wines of quite a different style but they are equally delicious. One of the better ones I have tasted recently is Hungerford Hill's 1984 and a very nice drop it is too. When I last looked it was around $8 a bottle, which means you don't slop it around on the barbecue.

Finally, on white wines in general, the Barossa Valley in SA has declared 1986 to be the best year in living memory (or at least since about 1961). Although the reds won't be around for at least three years, if the winemakers are honest, the whites should be released for general sale very shortly. Watch out for them because they should definitely be worth talking about.

In my opinion, the best food to accompany this bottled stuff comes from Queensland. I suppose I must support the conservationist-cum-Greenie-Groupie movement that led to the banning of the turtle slaughter along our tropical coasts. But it is a pity that the local mob, Masterfoods, no longer puts out tins of turtle soup (and neither does it go in for kangaroo tail soup). A glass of excellent chardonnay with a bowl of turtle soup is pure bliss.

However, you can buy tins of imported turtle soup under various British labels. You won't find them at your corner deli but they do appear on the so called "gourmet" shelves of many supermarkets.

So, get hold of a tin of turtle soup (the clear variety), warm it slightly, add a little dry sherry, warm it some more and serve it in plain white bowls with a slice of lemon floating on top. Traditionally it should be served with a glass of dry sherry but I find it better with chardonnay.

If you don't fancy soup, take your chardonnay with a dozen plain rock oysters, a little brown bread and butter and some cracked black pepper. And *no* bottled pink sauce which will only kill both the oysters and the wine.

For the next course try a cracked cold Queensland mud crab served with some frilly salad things and (if you can find it in a proper deli) some true bottled mayonnaise.

The best types of mayonnaise usually come from Germany.

For dessert switch to Stilton cheese and port (there's no reason why you shouldn't have drunk the whole crate of chardonnay by now).

That, my friends, is a simple but bloody good meal.

You could also do a whole baked fish. A pearl perch or snapper would be just the shot to go with the chardonnay.

All good fishy fun and pretty damned good for your future heart attack levels, I might add.

— RICHARD BECKETT

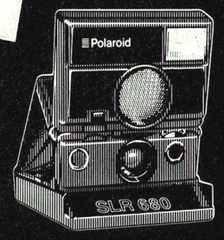
LEARN TO SPEAK POLAROID®

Often there are no exact words. But there is Polaroid instant photography.

To describe an object clearly, to send a unique invitation, to make a decision quickly and precisely, or to communicate news instantly.

Learn to speak with Polaroid pictures, and you will express yourself perfectly in a new language of clear colourful words.

Speak Polaroid, your pictures will be understood everywhere. Immediately.



Polaroid. The universal language.

MPA 0008 Polaroid is the registered trademark of Polaroid Corp. Cambridge, Mass. U.S.A.

MONEY

No house is completely burglar-proof, but with the right insurance you'll be fully compensated.

Burglaries are on the rise in suburbs, small towns and large cities all over Australia. You can try to make your home safe by installing the right locks and fancy alarms, you can even buy a home vault for your valuables, but nothing short of a fortress will keep out a really determined thief. But if you are burgled, you can soften the blow by being adequately insured.

To prevent a burglary (or a fire or flood) from leaving you broke, you must take precautions. Begin by making an inventory of everything in your home. Don't just list those possessions you believe most likely to be stolen — videos, jewellery and stereo gear — include everything. Go through each room opening drawers and cupboards and recording everything of value. Most insurance companies will give you a home inventory form you can utilise for this purpose.

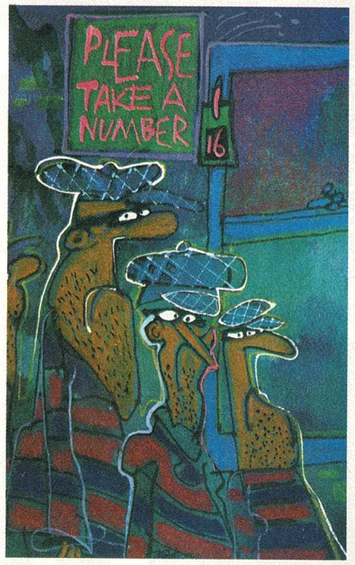
While you are at it, it's a good idea to jot down all identifying information such as serial numbers of appliances and the account numbers of bankbooks and credit cards. Also, note the manufacturers, patterns and quantities of such items as silverware and china. Many people find it easiest to photograph their possessions; some even use a video camera, describing each item as it is pictured. Obviously, the amount of work you put into documenting and describing the contents of your home depends on their extent and value. But even if your possessions are modest, good documentation will make it easier to collect from your insurance company, should you sustain a loss.

For especially valuable items, it is a good idea to save sales dockets or to obtain professional valuations. Without one or the other of these documents, you will have to rely on what the insurance adjuster determines your things are worth. You only have to consider who pays their salaries to know why claims adjusters tend to estimate values on the low side. Remember that valuations must be precise and explicit to back up your claim. A general description such as "an engagement ring" is useless as far as hardnosed insurance companies are concerned.

Because of inflation, it is wise to reassess your insurance coverage every year. The goods you insured in 1976 for $5000 would cost almost $15,000 to replace today. If burglars, fire or some other calamity should wipe out your possessions, your old insurance wouldn't replace a third of what you now own.

There are two main types of home contents policies available in Australia. The most common is known as an indemnity policy. It pays you the depreciated value of any lost items. Thus, if your two-year-old video should get nicked, the insurance company will not buy you a new one. Instead, it will reimburse you for what your old video is presently worth. After deductions for normal use and depreciation, you will probably find that your old unit is worth very little. It will be up to you to make up the difference if you want to buy a new one.

The alternative to an indemnity policy is called a replacement value policy. As its name implies, a replacement value policy will reimburse you the full amount necessary to replace your lost possessions with brand new ones. Naturally, the premiums charged for replacement policies are higher (by roughly 20 percent) than those charged for indemnity policies. But, for many people, the full replacement benefit justifies the extra cost. If you're not sure which type of policy you have, ask your insurance company. Chances are, however, that your policy is an indemnity one. Insurance companies usually do not offer customers replacement value policies unless they specifically ask for them.



Even if you purchase a replacement value policy, it is important to make sure your possessions are insured for a realistic amount. If you are under-insured — that is, if you insure your possessions for less than 80 percent of their true value — insurance companies will make you carry some of every claim yourself. The usual formula involves dividing the nominal sum insured by the actual value of your possessions and applying this fraction to any claim. So, if your things are worth $40,000 but you only insure them for $20,000, your insurance company will simply halve all your claims, ie if your $1200 video goes missing, you will receive only $600 *even though* you have a "full replacement" value policy, and it will be your own fault.

Most common home contents policies provide only limited coverage for jewellery, art works, stamp collections and other expensive items. Limits range from $500 to $1000 for any single item up to, at most, 5 percent of the total amount insured. If you have possessions that are worth more than that, you will have to name them and pay for extra insurance. The cost varies widely but you can expect to pay a premium of $20 to $40 per $1000 of the item's value depending on the specific item. Also, don't assume that your possessions are covered when they are out of your home. Some policies carry this benefit, but not all.

We live in a dishonest world, so it should come as no surprise that people sometimes try to defraud insurance companies. Businessman Wolfgang Kuepper was such a person. He claimed burglars robbed his place taking with them $16,675 worth of jewellery. Among the items he claimed stolen were a Patek Philippe gold watch and a wedding ring. He had no trouble collecting as he had official valuations for all items.

Five months later, Wolfgang told his new insurance company that he was robbed of exactly the same items while strolling along the beach. Of course, there was some inflation during those months, so this time he collected $18,167.

Then again the following year, he was on a holiday in Canada when he was found handcuffed to the steering wheel of his car. He was robbed, he said. The thieves got away with, you guessed it, a ring and a watch. This time he collected $18,715.

Unfortunately for poor Wolfgang, his handcuffing made the news, where it was noted by the claims adjuster for one of the earlier insurance companies. He recognised Kuepper's name, called the police, and the game was up.

Frauds like that one have made insurance companies reluctant to pay out cash for claims. Instead, they prefer to buy you a comparable item to the one you lost. Such a policy would have made Kuepper the proud owner of three watches and three rings. On the other hand, he wouldn't have had the money to travel, so he might never have been caught! — SETH GREGORY

LEARN TO SPEAK POLAROID.®

Often there are no exact words. But there is Polaroid instant photography.

To describe an object clearly, to send a unique invitation, to make a decision quickly and precisely, or to communicate news instantly.

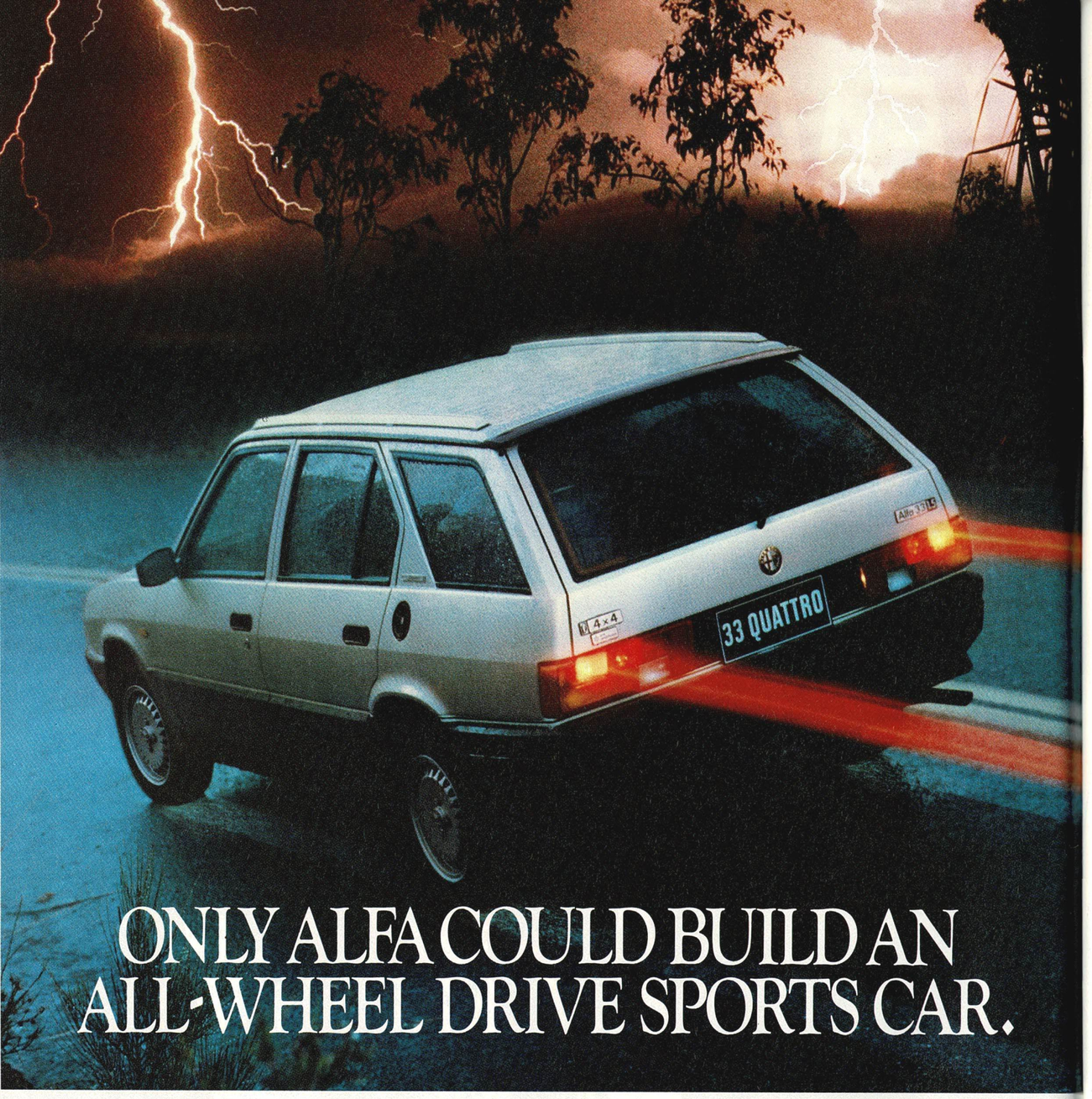
Learn to speak with Polaroid pictures, and you will express yourself perfectly in a new language of clear colourful words.

Speak Polaroid, your pictures will be understood everywhere. Immediately.

Discovered at lunch. Would be great for Thursday!

Polaroid. The universal language.

Ogilvy MPA 9009 Polaroid is the registered trademark of Polaroid Corp. Cambridge, Mass. U.S.A.



ONLY ALFA COULD BUILD AN ALL-WHEEL DRIVE SPORTS CAR.

The Alfa 33 Quattro Wagon.

Four wheels can now drive you to new levels of safety and performance. Whether driving on rain-slicked highways or snow-covered mountain roads, the Alfa 33 Quattro's all-wheel traction delivers handling, agility and sports car performance that is nothing short of phenomenal.

And the Alfa 33 Quattro's outstanding levels of performance are matched by a host of standard luxury features — front electric windows, central locking, an AM/FM digital stereo radio/cassette, front fog lights, twin interior controlled side mirrors, headlight washer/wipers, rear window washer/wiper and specially designed longitudinal roof railings for ski and roof racks.

And, of course, the Alfa 33 Quattro Wagon is protected by Alfa Romeo's exclusive Alfa Plus Protection Plan, a full 12 month unlimited kilometre warranty and 6 year anti-corrosion protection.

ALFA ROMEO 12 PLUS
ALFA ROMEO'S EXCLUSIVE ALFA PLUS PROTECTION PLAN
• 12 MONTH UNLIMITED KILOMETRE WARRANTY
• 6-YEAR ANTI-CORROSION PROTECTION

Experience the power and control of all-wheel drive and you'll understand why the experts are raving.

The Alfa 33 Quattro. Outright Winner, Series Production Class of the prestigious 1986 Monte Carlo Rally.

See your Alfa Romeo Dealer today and test drive the all-wheel drive sports car, the Alfa 33 Quattro.

LHV/AR961

The Style. The Power. The Legend.

Alfa Romeo

WOMEN

You must remember this: a kiss is the best indicator women have of what you'll be like in bed.

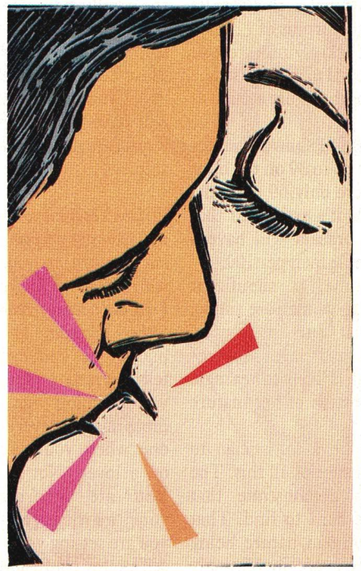
You must remember this: a kiss is just a kiss, a sigh is just a sigh. The fundamental rules apply as times goes by. It's not quite true, you know. We new-wave women of the '80s have complex ground rules for the art of kissing. When it comes to the crunch, you must remember this: a kiss is the best indicator women have of what you'll be like in bed. Men who can't kiss can't fuck, you see. Any woman of the world will tell you that.

The meeting of mouths, the liaison of lips, the opening hit on the field of foreplay is the trickiest initiation rite for any male. A weak kiss, for example, displays a lack of control and authority, just as a weak handshake can mean a meek, passive attitude. On the other hand, a man who thrusts his tongue down your throat as if he's frantically searching for a lost collar stud will perform sex with the same urgency and, alas, speed. A man who's too hesitant, who pecks you with all the passion of a chook jackhammering for grain, will go through the same unsatisfactory jabbing routine with his penis. A male who devours a woman as if she were a family-size pizza with the works is interested only in his own appetite. But a man who kisses softly, tenderly and moistly, for a long time and with genuine enjoyment of the act itself rather than as a necessary prelude to sex, well, here's a fella with potential.

Kissing smacks of pure romance. Sex does not. Women may allow total strangers (no, hang about, men they don't know all that well) to copulate with them, but it's a rare woman who'll permit a one-night stand to be accompanied by passionate kissing. Prostitutes may permit their customers to climb all over them, use their mouths as sperm deposit boxes and molest their twats with feathered condoms, but they draw the line at kissing.

It may seem perverse, but women perceive kissing as a far more intimate act than sexual intercourse. It's the union of lips, the eye contact, the tender embrace that gets us in. Just as we keep the Mills and Boon romance paperback mob in business, we crave that one big melting moment when his lips meet hers, they dissolve into one soft, gooey blob and, of course, live happily ever after. There are *some* women who settle just for the mink coats, ruby rings and Caribbean holidays, but they're the sort of useless dames who buy the wrong books.

It's not enough to know how to kiss a woman. You have to know when. You must learn to read the signs. Kissing a female when she's not ready for it is almost as unforgivable as not kissing her at all. The mood has to be right: she must feel at ease, you must both be in a comfortable position (and that doesn't mean with you on top) and there should be no outside distractions. There's a certain amount of chemistry at play when it comes to kissing and, unfortunately, if the formula's not right, no amount of tongue thrusting or nose nuzzling will make it work.



You have to keep a close eye on her to tell when she's ready. You will, of course, have to make the first move. One of the most maddening things about women is that no matter how coquettish or downright turned-on we feel, we will refrain from making the first move in case you label us as forward, mad for it, or downright sluttish. And, oh brother, do we get sick and tired of sitting around waiting for our signals to be interpreted. We flutter our eyelashes, reach across to admire your watch/cufflinks/fingernails/hairy wrists (that means we get to touch your hand), suddenly develop soot in our eye (which requires immediate manful attention) and absently (but meaningfully) finger the chain that's dangling down our cleavage. Our voices become twittery and breathless, we moisten our lips with our tongues (gradually working up to a lizard-like action), we emit little sighs, we squirm in our seats, we toss our curls and giggle nervously.

Then you move in. Then you have to figure out if she's enjoying it. If she keeps her eyes tightly squeezed shut, you can bet she's imagining you're Harrison Ford. If she opens her eyes but rolls them in horror, you can presume she finds your kissing as desirable as being licked by Lassie. If she wriggles so much it takes a judo hold to keep her down, you can safely bet she's not having such a swell time. But, if she kisses you *back*, gets her tongue working, strokes your hair, runs her hands over your chest, lunges for your crotch and hoists you on to the nearest flat surface, you can safely assume here's a woman who's having one heck of a good time.

Understanding women is so damned complex that reading all those signs can be as baffling as deciphering morse code and it's not even that structured. If two knocks on our cocktail glass meant we were ready, three dashes of lipstick on the wall indicated we were hot for it, and a waved handkerchief signalled we couldn't wait a second longer, we'd be in business. As it is, we do get a tad fed-up with our traditionally passive role, especially when we have to resort to playing dead on the floor and hanging out for a bit of mouth-to-mouth to get our messages read.

Writing all this has made me realise yet again how the so-called women's revolution has been a bit of a con. Despite our tailored suits, equal pay, microwave ovens and men who've learnt to use vacuum cleaners, we're still standing around all puckered up waiting for the kiss that will change our lives. Now, here's a thought. From now on, I propose that women should do the hunting. We'll prowl around, carry out the full seduction routine, rescue muscle men in distress and romance the pants off them. In the technicolor close-up, amid the atmosphere so sweet you could pour it on a waffle, *she's* the one who plants the smouldering kiss on his hungry lips.

Sigh. Pass the Mills and Boon, someone. Quick. — SUSAN KUROSAWA

TOP SCREEN SMACKERS

These are the sort of kisses that make red-blooded females swoon:

Harrison Ford and Kelly McGillis in *Witness*

Michael Douglas and Kathleen Turner in *Romancing The Stone*

James Stewart and Grace Kelly in *Rear Window*

Burt Lancaster and Deborah Kerr in *From Here To Eternity*

William Hurt and Kathleen Turner in *Body Heat*

Steve McQueen and Faye Dunaway in *The Thomas Crown Affair*

Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider in *Last Tango In Paris*

Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan in *Eye Of The Needle*

Harrison Ford and Carrie Fisher in *The Empire Strikes Back*

Christopher Reeve and Margot Kidder in *Superman*

ILLUSTRATION BY SCOTT KENNEDY

MEN

Single women won't fool around with married men? Don't be so naive. Of course they will.

If you like your issues cut and dried, don't read this column. If your sexuality is in a neat little box, turn the page. Because the subject this month is about one of society's fastest growing industries: relationships between married men and single women. These two parties have been getting together for a long time, but you ain't seen nothin' yet. In the years ahead, it's going to get even wilder.

The reason for this doesn't have anything to do with a breakdown in public morality. It's a question of numbers, of demographic facts. The pool of available males is shrinking. As any uni graduate will tell you, when supply shrinks, demand assumes ingenious forms. Whether you like it or not, we males are becoming a rare commodity.

For the first time in our history, women outnumber men in this country. For every 100 adult (over age 15) females, there are 97 males. This represents a surplus of 129,568 women and that's not taking into account the number of homosexual men in Australia (and some estimates put the figure as high as one in six).

Statistics released in 1981 showed that for every 100 women aged 35 to 39 on the hunt for a partner, there were only 69 potential partners. By the 1990s it's estimated that women in that same bracket will have a choice of only 65 available men per 100.

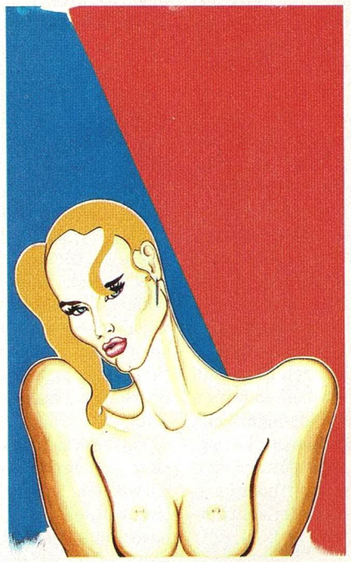
At the present time, a significant percentage of Australian women are single, and the odds are that due to divorce, widowhood, delayed marriages or re-marriages, *every* woman is likely to be single for some significant portion of her mature life.

You don't have to be a statistician to understand the significance of all this. The demographic realities demonstrate that good (single) men are hard to find. That being the case, and human nature being what it is, married men are increasingly likely to be targets for single women who want heterosexual relationships.

The demographics prove that married men have more power than they realise. The fluttering of feminists and the scoldings of evangelists notwithstanding, most single women examine married men with a neutral, perhaps even hopeful, eye. "More women hit on me when I wear my wedding ring than when I don't," a friend of mine reports. "I couldn't believe it at first, then a woman finally told me, 'The good men are all taken, darling, and if I let that little shining thing on your finger stop me, I'd have to be celibate the rest of my life. So I've worked it out in my own head. I like men, I want them in my life, and the fact that you're married is just one of the variables.' "

Given all this, what do we men do with it? I've got some suggestions. Call them *Notes From A Married Man.* They are based on a number of interviews with both men and women, as well as a lot of reading and thought. Come to think of it, that had better be the case, right? The demographics are here to stay, and it's our job to learn to live creatively with them. So here goes:

(i) *False expectations kill.* The most cruel and unfair thing you can do as a married man involved with a single woman is to hold out false hopes. Don't promise anything you can't deliver. You're not separated until you've moved totally out of your house. You're not divorced until you've got the decree in your hand. Put it to your Other Woman in those terms. Yes, she might leave you but that's the chance you take. But if she's willing to continue your relationship after you've laid those terms on the line, your honesty will have paved the way for a finer relationship.



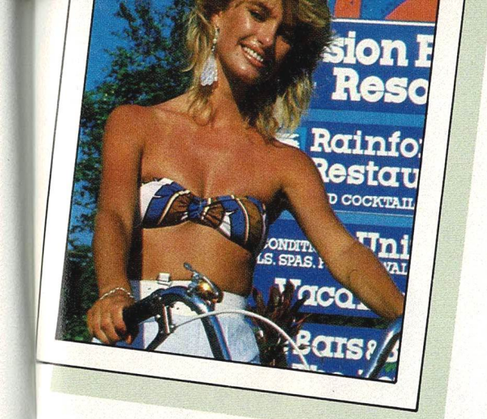
(ii) *Don't bullshit yourself; you are choosing not to work on your marriage when you're involved with your Other Woman.* The biggest lie you can tell yourself is that you're doing wondrous things for everyone when you take on a lover. Not so. You are ignoring your marriage and you are setting yourself up for confusion and transition. Don't delude yourself: the Other Woman is a temptation, a release, a confidante, possibly even a future mate. The rigid moralists will tell you that you're a terrible person for being so confused, but you know something they pretend not to know: that life and love are often in transition, and that pat answers fall apart.

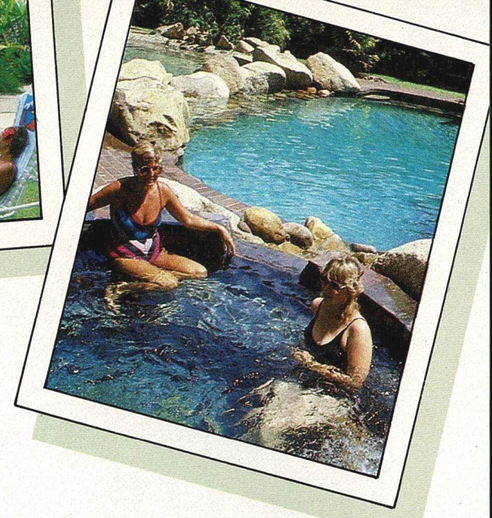
(iii) *Self-condemnation kills.* Like most men, you were raised to be perfect. You are supposed to be bread-winner, lover, warrior, provider, court jester, Super-husband. You're supposed to be a champion and stud, both gentle and fierce, always at the appropriate time and in the appropriate way. Riiiight. Of course. That's what your business card says, anyway. But you know the truth about yourself: you fall in lust about 50 times a day, and if the time you spent thinking about sex and love had been spent on business, you'd be a billionaire. So welcome to the world of the male. Most of us are perpetual dreamers and our search for warmth and comfort never ends. If that search leads us into complicated relationships on occasion, we'd better learn not to self-destruct over it.

(iv) *The sky might fall.* No matter how shrewd and in control you think you are, dealing with the Other Woman will complicate your life. I'm not talking about the petty orchestrations you will engage in to juggle your schedule. I'm talking about emotional turmoil. "The day she says she loves you, that's the day you'll freak out," a friend of mine says. And you will be frightened as emotions deepen and questions about your commitment grow. You'll probably cut and run from the Other Woman if her company becomes more painful than pleasurable. Then again, something else could happen. Your world might tumble in on you if you begin to love the Other Woman more than your wife. If that does happen, don't call me. All you'll hear is my answering machine saying "Lots of luck in any career you might choose."

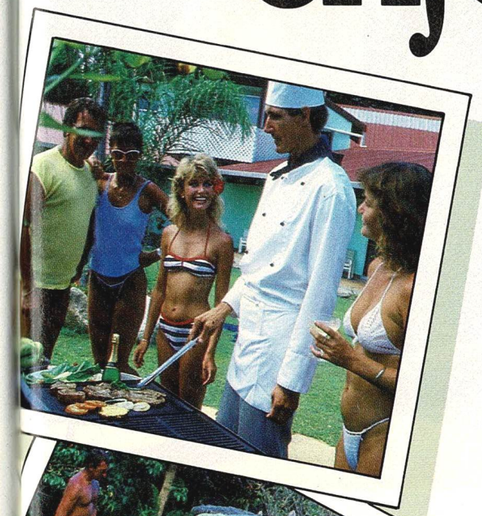
(v) *Demographics are democratic.* If there's anything we've learned in the 1980s, it's that research and polling and marketing — the numbers — can often explain and identify the unseen forces that are working on us. If, as a married man, you have this vague feeling that there are a lot of women out there looking you over and checking you out, you're not crazy. They don't want you to know it, but you are a rare tiger in a dark forest — a normal, healthy, straight, functioning male. You are getting signals. What you choose to do with those signals is up to you, but the odds are that they will increase over time. You may be in for some vibrant, open, sexy, wild collisions that will rattle your cage.

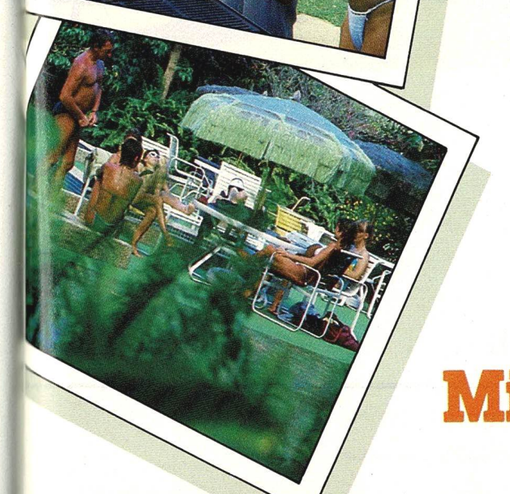
War is hell, isn't it? — ASA BABER





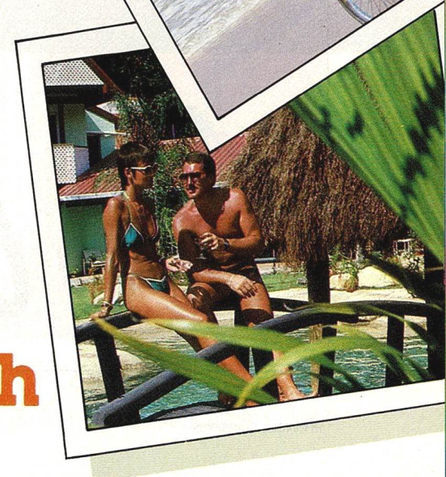
Our mission is your enjoyment.





At Mission Beach we provide you with every facility you would expect from a world class resort, at a location only North Queensland can provide... that's why the rest of the world comes to us.

If you'd like to venture on a MISSION ENJOYABLE holiday contact Mission Beach Resort by phone (070) 688 288 or telex 48999 or write to P.O. Box 45, Mission Beach, Qld, 4854.

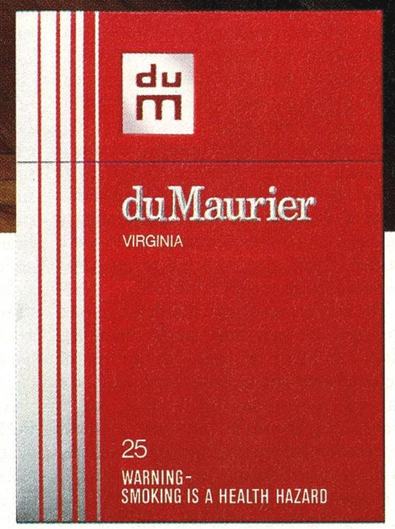


Mission Beach Resort

We du.

PHD/4813. CC/2169/85.

du you du Maurier?



New du Maurier. Distinctively milder.

SPORT

When it comes to apartheid, how long can pro surfing keep its head in the sand?

As the turmoil in South Africa increases daily the world is becoming more determined to isolate that country, with sporting boycotts a preferred weapon. Many governments vigorously discourage any sporting contact and the Australian government is one of the most vocal in its support for ostracising the sports-loving white South Africans.

There are not many sporting bodies which officially sanction tournaments in South Africa but one sport seems determined to maintain links — professional surfing.

It's a sport in which we are the leading nation and Australians make up the bulk of contestants.

Last year, two-time world professional surfing champion Tom Carroll created headlines when he announced his decision to bypass the South African leg of the world tour as a protest against apartheid. The momentum of the news was carried by Bob Hawke's support for Carroll and the determination of Kim Hughes and the rebel cricketers to go ahead with their controversial tour. Carroll was joined in his boycott by Martin Potter, Cheyne Horan and current world champion Tom Curren.

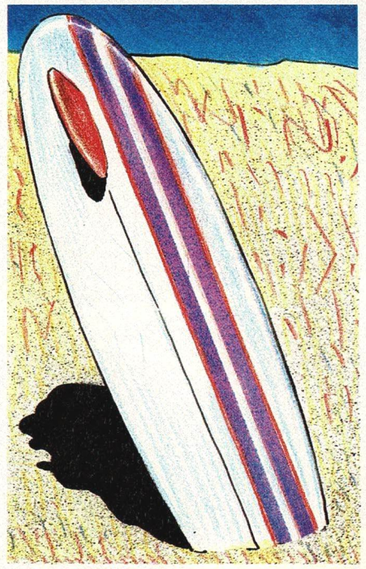
At the time, surfing's governing body, the Association of Surfing Professionals (ASP), was non-committal on the subject, stating that whether or not a surfer toured was a decision for the individual and the events would be rated on the world professional circuit if they met ASP requirements. However, not one of the South African events held in 1985 met the most crucial ASP regulation — that of a minimum of $US25,000 in prize-money. ASP's reason for overlooking this was that the value of the rand crashed after the contests had been locked in and sanctioning fees paid.

The South African question was discussed at the ASP's executive meeting last January and again the South African contests were ratified. Again they will fail to meet the minimum prize-money regulation.

The motion to support South Africa was proposed by four-time world champion Mark Richards as part of a list of recommendations he sent to the ASP. He was not present at the meeting. While Richards expressed his disgust at apartheid he was adamant pro surfing should continue its role in South Africa.

However, he did express surprise on learning the South African contests had been sanctioned without meeting the prize-money requirements. "When I wrote that letter I presumed they wouldn't be sanctioned if the ASP regulations weren't met. If they can't meet minimum prize-money I don't think they should be rated. There's no question about that," he stated.

So why were they? The ASP voting structure is such that contest directors and surfers' reps have one vote each, and from a surfer's point of view, there seem to be no pragmatic reasons behind the decision. The South African leg cuts heavily into the airfare budget and the prize-money leaves little for the bank account after expenses. However, the desire to surf in South Africa is something experienced by all surfers from an early age. Breaks such as Jeffreys Bay and Cape St Francis have had a near mythical place in surfing since the early '60s when the all-time surf movie, *The Endless Summer*, revealed images of their isolated perfection. Whenever the professional tour hits South Africa, 90 percent make the 500km detour from Durban down to Jeffreys just to go surfing.



The contest directors would seem to have no reason to support South Africa, especially when their events meet the required standards. You'd think their sponsors would be asking why they had to meet the set level when the Spur and Gunston were given leeway.

Their motive is a combination of gratitude and optimism. Ian Cairns, ASP's executive director, said the precedent to support a leg by waiving the prize-money rule was set two years ago when events in France and England were given the go-ahead.

He has similar sentiments to Richards: "Pro surfing owes the South African events a debt of gratitude and I'd like to extend the hand of friendship and help them out at a bad time."

ASP is virtually on its own in the sports world, taking a stance which other sports would no doubt like to adopt. A cynic may feel the decision is colored by the fact ASP's president, Peter Burness, is South African and contest director of the Gunston. The moral/political question is not considered. "We have a moral stance on anti-social things like drugtaking and lawbreaking. We don't have a political stance on anything, anywhere," said Cairns.

Tom Carroll has cited the South African media as contributing factors in his decision, feeling they used him as a propaganda tool. Evidence of this was seen last year during a special made for South African television on the Spur contest, when they asked a handful of Australians how they felt about Carroll's decision. The overall consensus was they all loved South Africa and would continue to compete there. The apolitical nature of pro surfing came from young up-and-coming Australian surfer Mark Occhilupo when he stated he was "too young to think about all that stuff. . ."

It could be argued ASP is pressuring the majority of its members to surf in South Africa. As Cairns pointed out, and Tom Curren so graphically illustrated, bypassing the South African leg does not destroy a top seed's chances of winning the world title. However, surfers rated between 25 and 40 desperately need to surf in every contest available to maximise their chances of gaining points to consolidate their position and eventually make the elite top 16. Once in this bracket a surfer is seeded directly into the main events and is guaranteed prize-money and decent endorsement contracts.

It's only a matter of time before pro surfing will be unable to go to South Africa, possibly for good. Cairns recognises this: "We're all saddened by the political circumstances which will eventually force us not to go." If, or when, the majority of South Africans control their country, pro surfers may not be welcome. To quote from a letter sent to Carroll by a South African girl in the African National Congress: ". . . after the revolution we will remember who our friends were, and exactly who our enemies are. Don't think we're not watching you guys who come to RSA [*Republic of South Africa*] year after year. . ."

It should be interesting to see how long the ASP can hold out against its most respected members. — JOHN ELLISS

ILLUSTRATION BY NEIL MOORE

Bacardi rum.
Sip it before you add the cola.

You'll discover the reason why any drink made with Bacardi rum tastes so good . . . it's the Bacardi. Smooth and subtle, Bacardi rum has a character all its own.
For a copy of the Bacardi rum Party Book with more than 80 recipes, write to: Bacardi rum Party Book, PO Box 498, Milsons Point, NSW 2061.

Get to know the real taste of Bacardi rum.

AB 3832/85

BACARDI and the Bat Device are registered trademarks of Bacardi & Company Limited.

Ogilvy MBA 0071 PH

SHOWBIZ

Another stage in Ms Fink's brilliant career and a runaway success for Cannon.

MY BRILLIANT FOLLOW-UP: After all those years (seven), **Margaret Fink**'s follow-up to *My Brilliant Career* has finally made it to the screen. Despite the financial success of her previous effort, Ms Fink was eventually forced to resort to US money in order to mount what should be another Australian winner, her adaptation of **Christina Stead**'s novel, *For Love Alone*. Greater Union had planned to help ensure the movie's success by using it to launch their new flagship cinema complex on George Street, Sydney, but they have been thwarted by continuing delays arising out of unhappy labor relations on the building site and were obliged to premiere it at the Pitt Centre. Directed by **Stephen Wallace**, *For Love Alone* tells the story of a young Australian girl played by **Helen Buday** who follows her tutor (**Hugo Weaving**) to England in search of an all-enveloping love which will be based on equality and will transcend the need for marriage. Naturally her great love turns out to be a dead shit, but by the merest good fortune she meets merchant banker **Sam Neill** on the boat

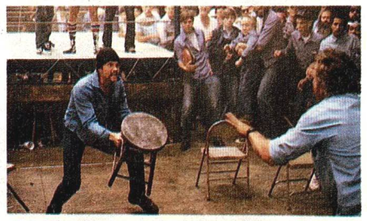
Not quite love alone on board ship for Sam Neill and Helen Buday.

over, and his love is, of course, the one which fulfils all her expectations. It's a slight, even trite, story, but one which is transformed by the locations so lovingly chosen by the producer, and by the presence of the elfin Helen Buday, whose previous outing in *Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome* gave no hint of her enormous charisma. Sam Neill admirers, of whom there are vast quantities, will no doubt point to his best performance in a long time, and there is a strong showing from Hugo Weaving, looking every bit as saturnine as he did as **Douglas Jardine** in *Bodyline*, and not a little like a young Sam Neill. All in all it's got just as much going for it as *My Brilliant Career*, but whether the time has past for Australian box-office winners remains to be seen.

REELING AND ROCKING: Look out for **Joan Jett** in the **Michael J. Fox** film *Around The Corner To The Light Of Day*, formerly titled *Born In The USA*, both titles taken from **Springsteen** songs. . . **Allen Klein**, former manager of both **The Beatles** and the **Rolling Stones**, also managed **Sam Cooke**'s career for about a year before the singer's death. Now Klein is preparing to produce a movie about Cooke's life. . . **Lionel Richie** is ready to move from writing songs for movies to being in movies. He'll be looking for his first film role this year after his concert tour is over. Says Richie, "I'm not coming to the movies asking for the lead in *Gone With The Wind*. . . you start at the bottom and learn." Just as well, we say, there'll never be another Mammy like **Hattie McDaniel**. . . At your record store now: WEA has done the right thing by releasing two classic series of Atlantic R&B and Soul greats which have already gladdened hearts on the US market. The Soul series includes Best Of albums by **Joe Tex, Otis Redding, Aretha Franklin, Sam & Dave, Wilson Pickett** and **Booker T & The MGs**, while the R&B series consists of seven double albums covering the spectrum of more than a quarter century of Atlantic greats, all for less than the price of a normal album. But naturally the one which is selling best is the Aretha Franklin collection. . .

•

RUNAWAY SUCCESS: Take two Israeli producers now resident in New York, one celebrated Soviet film director, a screenplay by a veteran Japanese filmmaker, and an Oscar-winning American actor and what have you got? *Runaway Train*, one of the most exciting movies to come out of the US in a long time. The latest in a series of attempts by the Cannon group (**Menahem Golan** and **Yoram Globus**) to achieve artistic respectability (and that's not easy when you continue to produce turkeys such as **King Solomon's Mines**), *Runaway Train* is actually based on a screenplay written by the most internationally revered of all Japanese directors, **Akira Kurosawa**.



Jon Voight has to fight for his life to get out of jail in Runaway Train.

It has been directed by **Andrei Konchalovsky** who was encouraged to go to the US by **Jon Voight** after Voight had been impressed by the Russian's world-wide hit *Siberiade*. Voight plays Manny, a notorious crim who has been literally welded into solitary for three years until he appeals to the Supreme Court. No sooner has he been let out of solitary than he escapes, with the help of Buck (**Eric Roberts**), and together they board a four-engine work train hoping to get clean away. Unknown to them, however, the engineer has collapsed and died at the controls after turning them full throttle. The scene is set for a hair-raising, breakneck ride with completely unforeseen consequences.

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

capsule close-ups of current movies
by graham barry

A Private Function Dirty dealings in post-war Britain with a pig as the incomparable Maggie Smith's passport to social status. ★★★★

Bring On The Night Classic doco of Sting's new band with great performances. ★★★

Clue Spoof Agatha Christie you've already seen too often. ★

Down And Out In Beverly Hills A tramp overturns all those bourgeois values with hilarious results. ★★★★

Eleni US reporter returns to native Greece to find civil war criminal who tortured his mama. ★★★

F/X Bryan Brown makes it big in US as special effects man who gave you *I Dismember Mama* faking a murder. ★★

The Official Story Argentina attempts to understand the dictatorship it condoned, then overthrew. ★★★

9½ Weeks Mickey Rourke and Kim Basinger as sado-masochistic love duo. Butchered but still hot. ★★

Out Of Africa Arguably Meryl Streep's finest role as Karen Blixen in classic autobiography, but it sags. ★★★

Pretty In Pink Stars Molly Ringwald but it could have been Sandra Dee. Puts teen movies back 30 years. ★

Sweet Dreams The Patsy Cline story, with Jessica Lange making a luscious queen of country music. ★★

Twice In A Lifetime Hackman leaves Burstyn to find life after 50 with Ann-Margret. Up-market soap. ★★

Youngblood Rob Lowe is an appealing ice-hockey hopeful. Loads of undemanding fun and excitement. ★★

★★★★ Don't miss ★★ Worth a look
★★★ Good show ★ Forget it

TAHITI NO LONGER A ONCE IN A LIFETIME HOLIDAY

Stop and think about your normal Pacific Island Holiday. Now go to the ultimate – Tahiti.
It will be well worth your while.
Tahiti is everything and more you have ever heard, read or even imagined, the only difference is that you and almost everyone can at long last afford it.
Worthwhile Holidays have just released packages to Tahiti from ***$199** via U.T.A. French Airlines.
The only thing stopping you from taking that once in a lifetime holiday is yourself.
Contact your Travel Agent now and avoid disappointment.

Worthwhile for Everyone

Worthwhile HOLIDAYS

TAHITI VIA U.T.A.

UTA French Airlines

33 Bligh Street, SYDNEY, N.S.W. 2000. Telephone 233 3277.

Please send more details on Tahiti Worthwhile Holidays.

Name .....

Address .....

..... P/Code ..... Telephone .....

*Worthwhile Holidays from $199 – 8 days 6 nights share twin land content per person (Air Fares extra).

...anyhow* have a Winfield 25's

Five smokes ahead of the rest

The best extra mild deal in Australia

WEI-C3
CC511/80

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JACK BRABHAM

A candid conversation with a motor racing legend about formulas and Grand Prixes, the success of the Brabham boys and the future of Australian motor sport.

There's a well-worn motor racing adage which states there are old drivers and bold drivers, but there are no old, bold drivers. Sir Jack Brabham is living proof of its verity. Arguably the world's most accomplished racer, he rode to victory on the back of a personal racing philosophy to win "as slowly as possible". Unlike many so-called faster, hungrier and better drivers, Brabham drove within the limits of self and car, and he is still around to tell the tale. With only one injury (a broken ankle due to a blown tyre) in 23 years of motor racing, he scored three Formula One world drivers' championships, winning racingdom's most prized crown in two successive years (1959 and 1960). In the latter, he blasted rival drivers, cars and teams out of the reckoning with victory in five out of the nine races run, eliminating such famous names as Stirling Moss, Phil Hill and Bruce McLaren.

But Brabham's moment of supreme triumph came six years later when he returned to Formula One with a car he designed and built, utilising an Australian engine he developed, and which he proceeded to drive to four consecutive Grand Prixes to take the 1966 World Driving Championship and World Constructors' Championship. That feat has never been equalled in Formula One racing. With the emergence of the modern concept of Formula One racing — megabuck factory teams, high-priced "jump jockeys" for pilots and "rental drivers" — it is unlikely it will ever happen again.

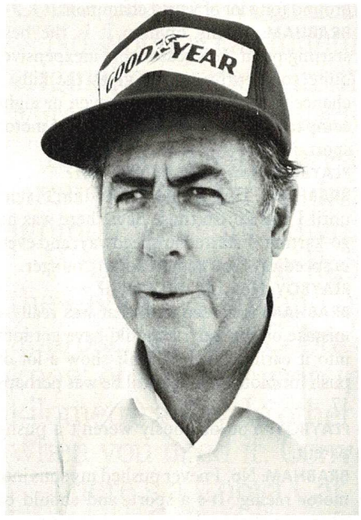
Even so, the Brabham name is perpetuated in Formula One in a team of cars now owned by Bernie Ecclestone, guru of Formula One, founder of the Formula One Constructors' Association (FOCA) (the body that calls the shots in world championship Formula One racing these days) and the "father" of the modern Formula One circus with its lavish sponsorship, worldwide TV audience of one billion, and rapidly expanding race event program spread across four continents. Brabham cars under Ecclestone's management have carried Nelson Piquet to two more world championship victories (1981 and 1983) since Jack's days.

The man behind the name, the legend and the reputation is virtually a motor racing institution. And, although a rare knight among Australia's sporting achievers, he does not hang on the title, and is content with being known simply as "Jack". Approachable but reserved, almost shy, he is at ease with groups of motor racing enthusiasts, drivers, tyre dealers and the general public.

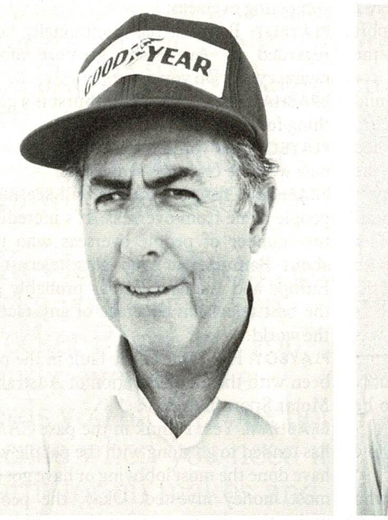
He is not, however, totally relaxed with journalists and, in contrast to the modern promo-oriented race driver, has always regarded the press warily.

Australian PLAYBOY's motoring editor, ***Rob Luck****, dogged Brabham from Europe to Australia, from Perth to his Wagga property, and finally nailed him down in Sydney on his 60th birthday.*

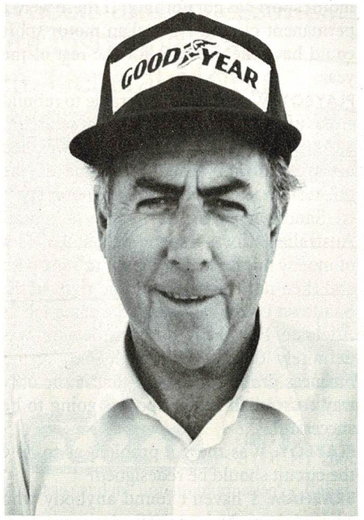
The interview was as epic as the chase, with Brabham deftly fielding awkward queries but readily opening up on the subjects of the rulers of Australia's embattled motor sport, the government, safety and Australian investment. As Luck reports, "Though still sporting that famous 5 o'clock shadow which is said to have earned him his racing nickname of



"One of the greatest disasters of Australian motor sport is Sandown. That is really a typical Australian effort — spending a hell of a lot of money on the wrong circuit. . ."



"In my opinion go-karting is the best starting point. It is reasonably inexpensive, quite competitive, and it gives the kids a chance to start as young as seven or eight."



"Once in England I got stopped driving a Mini and the policeman said, 'Who do you think you are, Stirling Moss?' And I said no, but I enjoyed beating him."

'Black Jack', he's a sprightly 60-year-old who could pass for a man 15 years younger. Brabham still displays a spark of mischievous innocence and dry, observant wit that says he is very much in touch, and very definitely a man who is nobody's fool."

PLAYBOY: The Australian Grand Prix was our first Formula One event. What did you think of it?

BRABHAM: I thought it was the best Grand Prix I have been to for a while and I think everyone else there had the same opinion. I was in the pits and talked to a lot of the drivers and team managers and I didn't hear anybody knock the system or the circuit. I am certain there could not have been a better way to put Australia on the map.

PLAYBOY: The Australian Grand Prix received the award as the second best Grand Prix staged in 1985. Do you see that as a flash in the pan or do you see it becoming another institution like the Melbourne Cup?

BRABHAM: I can see it happening for three or four years. But I'm not sure that we should have it in Adelaide every year.

PLAYBOY: Adelaide reportedly has the contract for seven years.

BRABHAM: I think it could die in Adelaide if it's kept there. Evenually it should be moved to Melbourne or Sydney.

PLAYBOY: Where would you like to see it staged?

BRABHAM: Unfortunately we haven't got a circuit in Sydney or Melbourne. We would have to create one as they have done in Adelaide, which is a pity. Don't get me wrong, because Adelaide has done a fantastic job, but the only problem is that the day the Grand Prix is over, Australian motor sport has got nothing. If there were a permanent circuit, Australian motor sport could have the use of it for the rest of the year.

PLAYBOY: Would it be preferable to rebuild an existing circuit or to start from scratch?

BRABHAM: That would have to be weighed up at the time. You know, one of the greatest disasters of Australian motor sport is Sandown. That is really a typical Australian effort — spending a hell of a lot of money on the wrong circuit to start with and then not running it on the right basis. Sandown could have done the same job as Adelaide but they didn't. Adelaide was definitely done as a straight-out, sound business proposition. And that is the only way Australian motor sport is going to be successful.

PLAYBOY: Was there a problem as to how the circuit should be redesigned?

BRABHAM: I haven't found anybody who advised them. Nobody will admit to it.

PLAYBOY: Do various organisations often seek your advice on Australian motor sport matters?

BRABHAM: Not very often, because my views are generally different to a lot of other people, particularly clubs. If I don't think it is suitable for Australian motor sport, well then I say so.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Australian motor racing needs a boost?

BRABHAM: Yes. I think it needs a big overhaul.

PLAYBOY: What's wrong with it?

BRABHAM: It's stagnant. It has too many formulas, and not enough people to go around. Drivers tend to pick a category they think they might do well in and so you get only a handful of people in each category who are likely to put on a show for the public. I think it would be an excellent idea if the number of categories was cut down to increase the fields. Some categories need to be changed and come more in line with what's happening overseas.

PLAYBOY: Is the Australian move to the Group A sedan car formula a good one?

BRABHAM: Yes, Group A is the best thing that's happened to Australian motor racing for some time. It has already changed the scene considerably with international drivers coming here. We are now more in line with New Zealand so we are already swapping cars and drivers, and our drivers are now competing overseas.

I thought the Australian Grand Prix was the best Grand Prix I had been to for a while and I think everybody else there had the same opinion.

PLAYBOY: Bathurst has traditionally been regarded as Australia's greatest motor racing event. Do you agree?

BRABHAM: Yeah, I think Bathurst is a good thing for Australia.

PLAYBOY: Do you see Bathurst improving now we have Group A sedan cars?

BRABHAM: Yes, I think we will see more people come from overseas. It's incredible the number of people overseas who talk about Bathurst; it even gets telecast in Europe and England. It has probably got the best television coverage of any race in the world.

PLAYBOY: Has some of the fault in the past been with the Confederation of Australian Motor Sport (CAMS)?

BRABHAM: Yes. I think in the past CAMS has tended to go along with the people who have done the most lobbying or have got the most money invested. Okay, the people with the money invested should be considered but I think we should take a long-term view of our sport. We should look very carefully at all our formulas and pick, say, three major formulas that comply with overseas and give people a chance to run in a category they could compete in overseas, with the same sort of equipment and experience behind them.

PLAYBOY: Has your opinion ever been sought by CAMS?

BRABHAM: I have been asked on a couple of occasions and I have given my opinion and they have always done the opposite anyway. For instance, I opposed Formula 5000. I fought tooth and nail against that formula because I could not see that it would suit Australia and it was going to be expensive. I suggested Formula Atlantic [*Formula Mondiale*] but we made the decision a bit late. By the time it was decided to go with Atlantic because Formula 5000 wasn't workable and was too expensive, they then picked on a formula five or six years too late. It's the story of Australian life — we never do the right thing at the right time.

PLAYBOY: You have your three sons racing, and your youngest, David, has just gone into Formula Ford. Is that a good formula?

BRABHAM: Yes. Formula Ford is one that should stay with us.

PLAYBOY: You see it as the training formula?

BRABHAM: Yes. It has proved itself over the years, it is a very strong formula in Europe and I think it will be for some time to come, so there is absolutely no reason to drop Formula Ford, and we should have more Formula Ford races at our meetings. On the other hand, Formula Vee shouldn't be at our major race meetings. It should be at club level.

PLAYBOY: Where did David start racing?

BRABHAM: Well, he actually started in go-karts. He had 18 months, won quite a few races and got quite a lot of experience behind him.

PLAYBOY: Go-karting has been the starting ground for a lot of world champions.

BRABHAM: In my opinion it is the best starting point. It is reasonably inexpensive, quite competitive and it gives the kids a chance to start as young as seven or eight compared with 17 or 18 in regular motor sport.

PLAYBOY: How early did you start?

BRABHAM: Unfortunately, I didn't start until I was 20. In those days there was no go-karting. I started in speedway, and even in speedway you couldn't start younger.

PLAYBOY: How old was David?

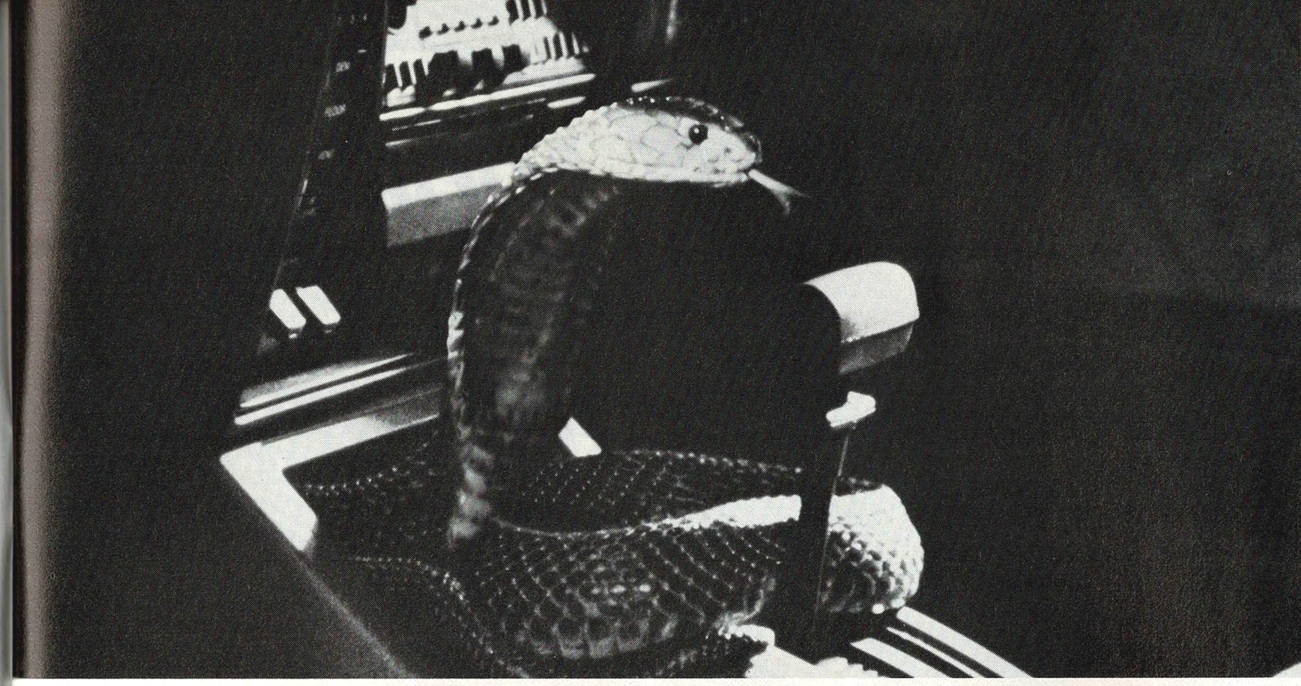
BRABHAM: Eighteen, and that was really a mistake on my part. I should have got him into it earlier but he didn't show a lot of push for motor racing until he was perhaps 17.

PLAYBOY: You obviously weren't a pushy parent.

BRABHAM: No. I never pushed my sons into motor racing. It's a sport, and should be your own choice.

PLAYBOY: Does it concern you to have three boys in active competition?

BRABHAM: Well I'd much rather they played golf, tennis or something like that.



NO OTHER CAR ALARM SYSTEM IN THE WORLD CAN TOUCH A COBRA.

The most alarming thing about car protection is that you might buy the wrong system. The fact is, Cobra car alarms simply offer you the best electronic car protection possible. No other system can give you more. Cobra protects your doors, windows, boot, bonnet, wheels and accessories.

No wonder car manufacturers around the world are installing it as original equipment in makes like BMW, Volkswagen, General Motors, Mitsubishi, Citroen and Ford.

If a thief tries to break into your car, Cobra's siren will scream, indicators will flash and your ignition will shut down.

What's more your Radio Key lets you disengage the Cobra system and unlocks your car as you approach it. And Cobra's Pocket Pager lets you know of any intrusion instantly even up to a kilometre away. In other words you have protection when you need it. Convenience when you need it.

There's a Cobra Car Alarm for all makes and budgets. Call us now for further information: NSW: (02) 387-4999. VIC: (03) 337-1373. SA: (08) 332-9111. QLD: (07) 397-4207. WA: (09) 328-6344.

IHJ

cobra

To: Cobra Security Pty. Ltd.
GPO Box 205,
SYDNEY 2001.

Please send me urgent information on Cobra Alarms.

Name:_____

Address:_____

P'code:_____

Phone No.:_____

New range of compact disc players gives sound like you are there!

Toshiba CD Players will make you think you're right inside the guitar! Right in the trumpeter's mouth! Right under the very skins of the drums! Toshiba CD Players' Triple Laser Pick-up recreates sounds so beautifully real, so truly "present", you'll think you're actually there!

Toshiba Personal CD Player with ▲ 16-programme random memory
Compatible with any hi-fi system. Connects to your radio cassette Line In. Manual search FF/REW and UP/DOWN track selection. LCD display: Track Number, Time, Functions.

Toshiba Component Hi-Fi CD Player
Easy-access front operations. 16-programme random memory. Manual search FF/REW and UP/DOWN track selection. Display gives Lap, Remaining Time, Track Number. Headphone jack with built-in volume control. ▼

LINTAS TOS3043

Toshiba

Apart from being less dangerous, it would be a lot less expensive!

PLAYBOY: So you and your wife have just learned to accept it?

BRABHAM: Yes. When my eldest boy, Geoffrey, wanted to go racing he was 20 and, in fact, I left England and came back to Australia because I didn't want my three sons to race. But he was obviously going to do reasonably well at it, so I helped him as much as I could. That is what happened with all three boys.

PLAYBOY: And Geoffrey has been a big success story in North American racing.

BRABHAM: Right.

PLAYBOY: Are you disappointed he's not racing in Formula One?

BRABHAM: I would sooner see him in Formula One but not everybody can get in. It's a closed shop!

PLAYBOY: Why?

BRABHAM: Partly because of the amount of money involved. Very few drivers can get in without a lot of backing. That's why there are very few English or Australians competing. They are nearly all Brazilian, Argentinian or Italian, because those countries back their own boys all the way. Geoffrey had no hope of that. I couldn't personally afford to put him into Formula One and there was nobody in Australia prepared to help put him into it. I can understand that, because Australia is a long way from Europe, but we don't get the back-up support we should. To get into Formula One you have to go through a cycle. You start in go-kart, then move up to Formula Ford, then Mondiale. When you have a few miles under your belt in Australia you have to go to Europe and do Formula Three, and that costs a lot of money.

PLAYBOY: How much?

BRABHAM: To do a full season of Formula Three today, you are looking at 120,000 pounds-plus ($A240,000). That's 26 races, which in this country could take you three years. You do that in one year and you have to be one of 26 starters from 42 or more qualifiers. After you have been through that and you still have Formula One in your sights, you have to go on to Formula 3000, which costs something like 500,000 pounds ($A1m) and without backing that's impossible.

PLAYBOY: At this point in his career Geoffrey has been Australia's best ever performer at the Indianapolis and has won the very difficult and challenging open wheeler series in North America. He must be as well ranked as many of the current Formula One drivers. Is there some reason why he can't be purchased by one of the current teams?

BRABHAM: There are very few teams that get the best drivers. Most of those drivers are pushed in there by sponsorship.

PLAYBOY: So they take their own purse with them?

BRABHAM: Team managers still pick and choose. Just because you have got money doesn't mean you are going to get to drive vehicles, but you must have money behind you. And that's why there are so many Brazilians. The Brazilian people back their boys overseas and I'm staggered where the money comes from. In Geoffrey's case, he went through the school here, Formula Ford, won a few Formula Two championships, and we sent him overseas and gave him 1½ seasons in Formula Three.

PLAYBOY: Did that nearly break the Brabham bank?

BRABHAM: Just about. I had to sponsor him and we could probably have done a lot better if we'd had some more money behind us. But Geoffrey raced with current Formula One drivers like Derek Warwick and Nelson Piquet.

Piquet actually won the championship but Geoffrey was knocking on the door. He wasn't far behind Piquet at that time and he was a long way in front of people like Warwick and Daly. Geoffrey showed at that stage he was as capable of being in Formula One as those drivers, but we had no means of getting him in. And another thing was that in Europe his name was probably against him. In America, the father and son deal is looked on as being great. Geoffrey was probably the first son of a Grand Prix driver to arrive on the scene in Europe with a chance of getting in and somehow or other the major teams felt that just because his name was Brabham, that wasn't going to get him in. Even so, we've had four or five opportunities to get him into Formula One but we just couldn't find that sort of money. But you don't stop there. The next move once you've proved you can drive, and win races in Europe, is to go to America. Geoffrey is doing very well in America. He has got a good contract, a good car and is doing well financially. But there is no way he can move from there to Formula One.

PLAYBOY: What would he earn in CART [*American Formula One*] in a year?

BRABHAM: Oh, anything up to $500,000 a year [*Geoff Brabham was listed among the world's top motor race earners last year at more than a million dollars*].

PLAYBOY: What sort of money would be required to finance Geoffrey into Formula One?

BRABHAM: Nothing less than half a million pounds sterling.

PLAYBOY: That's not a large amount of money in international sport these days.

BRABHAM: That's a lot of money as far as I'm concerned.

PLAYBOY: What about a major sponsor?

BRABHAM: Geoffrey is Australian and there's no backing from Australia. We're a long way from Europe. There's not too many firms in this country involved in Europe to benefit from sponsorship. In England they look for an English driver and backing in England is not easy to find.

PLAYBOY: Geoffrey was apparently offered a drive in the Australian Grand Prix. Why didn't that come off?

BRABHAM: Well, that was a major problem. We've not only got problems with CAMS but the FIA [*Federation Internationale l' Automobile*]. Our friend Balestre [*FIA president*] has a big thing against American Formula One. He won't recognise CART because they're not running affiliated with FIA.

PLAYBOY: So does that mean Geoffrey couldn't get a super licence?

BRABHAM: Yes, that's right. I tried to pull a few strings. I phoned Bernie Ecclestone and a few other people; he actually offered Geoffrey a drive and a car — no problems. But there was nothing he could do about a licence. That is a terrible thing in this sport. Geoffrey is racing in CART because that is the only place he could go. The alternative is to sit on the fence and dangle his legs over the side and wait for the day he might get a Formula One drive. It doesn't happen like that. Someone like Geoffrey has got to go and do a job, and if CART is the only sort of racing he can get into, that is where he has got to go. Now I don't think Geoffrey should be penalised for running in another category just because that is his only option.

PLAYBOY: Did CAMS intervene on your behalf?

BRABHAM: Well, yeah, from what I can gather, CAMS tried to do something. I'm not sure how CAMS went with that but I spoke to Tim Schenken on a couple of occasions and he said he'd do what he could. But the whole thing fell down at Balestre.

PLAYBOY: Do you regret pulling out of Formula One competition when you did?

BRABHAM: Yes, looking back on it, I do.

PLAYBOY: How old were you then?

BRABHAM: I was 44.

PLAYBOY: That's old by modern Grand Prix standards, isn't it?

BRABHAM: Yeah, it might be, but it's not old as far as American racing is concerned. When I gave up motor racing I felt that I could drive and compete in Formula One just as well as in any other year that I drove.

PLAYBOY: So why did you give it up?

BRABHAM: Well that's a long story. Family pressures I suppose, and I got conned into giving it up when I shouldn't have.

PLAYBOY: You were the first ever driver to win a Grand Prix in a self-titled car. Did you feel after that you'd achieved enough?

BRABHAM: That was the ultimate, because for many years I did try to get Australia involved in racing overseas.

PLAYBOY: You did that with Repco.

BRABHAM: Repco was a classic example of one of the firms that could have done Australian motor sport a lot of good, but unfortunately politics prevented them from doing that.

PLAYBOY: Why did they pull the plug on what was then the best engine in the world of motor racing?

BRABHAM: I think mainly because of the outlook of CAMS. Many years ago Repco was prepared to do 2.5 litre engines, because

we were stuck with a 2.5 litre formula and couldn't buy an engine for the formula, since the British company, Coventry Climax, had folded. CAMS couldn't bear to see Repco get all that publicity as the only engine manufacturer in the country, so they canned it.

PLAYBOY: Repco could have been as big a world engine builder today as Cosworths.

BRABHAM: Right. That is a typical example of the Australian outlook, of not being able to bring ourselves to do the right thing because we are frightened someone might have an advantage.

PLAYBOY: Was it rewarding to compete in Europe away from that sort of attitude?

BRABHAM: Yes. Now if I can just briefly give my feelings about CAMS. I have been involved in racing a long time and CAMS never seems to do the right thing by motor racing. You can go to any competitor, circuit owner or team manager. . . I've never heard one of them have a good word for the way CAMS goes about controlling motor sport in this country. I raced for 16 years in England where motor racing is controlled by the Royal Automobile Club (RAC) in the same way CAMS controls motor sport here. In those 16 years I never heard anybody knock the RAC. They run motor sport in England in a very satisfactory way and their relationship with the competitors has been fantastic.

PLAYBOY: What would you do to change CAMS? Do we need an Alan Bond?

BRABHAM: No. I think our only possible hope is perhaps Tim Schenken will be in charge one day. He is the only person I know in CAMS who has the experience. He has been through the mill, right through car driving, building, managing, you name it. All we can do is hope that one day he'll be in charge.

PLAYBOY: Did you really once say that the art is to win as slowly as possible?

BRABHAM: Yes. I think it probably cost me a few races!

PLAYBOY: Were you referring to tactical driving?

BRABHAM: Yes. Actually when I was driving there were two ways of doing it. For example Stirling Moss would sit in a motor car and drive it as hard as he possibly could until it dropped. He didn't really have a lot of feeling for the car. Perhaps it cost me a lot of races but I have a lot of feeling for cars. I was involved in the building of them, looking after the engines, I probably knew too much about cars and there were times when I needlessly started saving the car. That probably won me a lot of races as well.

PLAYBOY: You wouldn't do it any differently today?

BRABHAM: No, I don't think so, although I'm sure what I did couldn't be repeated. I don't think any driver could go to Europe, race like I did and be involved in the building and preparation of the car, driving the transport, you name it. That's all gone now.

PLAYBOY: Has the fun gone out of Formula One?

BRABHAM: Perhaps my era of racing was a lot more enjoyable than it is today. I had a lot of good comrades, we all had fun, we enjoyed driving together. All the drivers respected one another and I thought it was a very, very safe place to be, because of that respect. I'm sure drivers today do respect one another but the comradeship is not as good.

PLAYBOY: What about the glamor? Pit groupies, sex and drugs are a big part of the Formula One circuits today.

BRABHAM: Yes, it has escalated considerably. I would say that just the catering bill for some teams for the year would be more than double what it cost us to go Grand Prix racing.

PLAYBOY: Catering for what? Chemicals, women or meals?

BRABHAM: Catering for the teams. I think drivers can look after their own women if that's what they want.

PLAYBOY: Did you have an endless succession of females hanging around the pits?

BRABHAM: No, I was too busy with the cars so I never saw those things going on.

PLAYBOY: Who are the really great driving talents in Formula One today?

BRABHAM: Piquet and Prost. They have got their act together. They drive well within their means, they drive quicker than other people, but you never see them run off the road or do stupid things. And they are always there at the finish.

PLAYBOY: How do you view Ayrton Senna, the fastest man in Formula One?

BRABHAM: Well, Senna needs a couple more years under his belt and if he lasts that long I think he will be very good.

PLAYBOY: Is he the new Stirling Moss?

BRABHAM: No, I think Stirling Moss drove within his capabilities. Senna has done a fantastic job, he has obviously got talent, but he's still a young kid.

PLAYBOY: Senna has even refused to take on an "equal first" co-driver in his team.

BRABHAM: I've never done that in my life, and I think that definitely detracts from Senna. I think his attitude is wrong.

PLAYBOY: Is he afraid of competition in his own team?

BRABHAM: Yes. Derek Warwick, who was the obvious choice, should be in there with him. I am quite certain that Senna is quite capable of beating Derek Warwick, so what is he worried about? If he had Piquet or Prost going in there with him, it might be different.

PLAYBOY: It's the era of rental drivers and playboy pilots, guys who come in with money to teams. Do you think that's a bad thing in Formula One?

BRABHAM: Most of the boys who get into Formula One *are* capable of driving. The area where you see playboy types putting a lot of money into motor racing is in lesser formulas like Formula Three, and some of the saloon car racing people do it because they can afford it.

PLAYBOY: When you won the world championship the biggest item on your vehicle was the number. Now the number is completely buried in sponsorship. Do you think that's been good or bad for the sport?

BRABHAM: Overall, sport wouldn't exist without it. I'm not necessarily saying it's the best thing that has happened to motor sport but, unfortunately, sponsorship and trade backing keep motor racing going. The same thing applies to motor racing in Australia. It took many, many years for CAMS to eventually change its outlook. I have only got CAMS to thank for going overseas because of the way they looked at sponsorship. If sponsorship dropped tomorrow, there wouldn't be any Formula One. If CAMS was running the whole thing, there would never be Formula One racing.

PLAYBOY: FIA is trying to limit the speeds of Formula One cars.

BRABHAM: I don't agree with what they've done.

PLAYBOY: How would you handle it?

BRABHAM: What's wrong with Formula One is turbo-charging and we have got Renault to blame for that. Renault came along with the turbo-charger, and ruined the most fantastic era in Formula One. The era of the Cosworth Ford was the best Formula One motor racing ever. Turbo-charged racing has put us out of the reach of private teams. Private teams really don't compete anymore without a manufacturer's backing and that is a dangerous situation because manufacturers come and go. Renault, for example, came in with turbo-chargers, couldn't compete themselves and so dropped out.

PLAYBOY: Isn't the turbo-charger just an evolutionary process?

BRABHAM: Yes, I suppose it's got its pros and cons but, unfortunately, turbo-charged Formula One racing has become too expensive and too fast for the circuits we've got. Now the speed of the cars is in front of the circuits' safety. A lot has been done on the circuits but I still think Formula One racing is going too fast. They were able to cope with it in America by limiting the manifold pressure for turbo-charging engines. I think Formula One should have some limit on turbo-chargers.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that would close up the field?

BRABHAM: Yes, definitely. Now it all depends on how much money a team can spend.

PLAYBOY: Limiting the amount of fuel carried hasn't worked; it has turned it into an "economy run". Do you think Formula One racing is a bit of a farce in the eyes of the public?

BRABHAM: It's difficult to assess what's right or wrong but if you look at Grand Prix racing in 1986, the cars are still going very

(continued on page 113)

The time was 8 am. Race Day on Mt. Fuji.
It was 1955, a long time ago.
This was the day Yamaha went out to race for the very first time.
And the bike was the very first bike they ever made, the famed 123cc, 2-stroke, single cylinder job.
When the dust had settled across Mt. Fuji, they had taken out the biggest race in the land, the Mt. Fuji Hill Climb.
Whatever magic they put into that bike way back then, sure lived on in every bolt and screw and thingummyjig that powered my new XT 600Z. The famed 'Ténéré.' The bike that tamed the gruelling Paris to Dakar.
The ultimate off-road bike ever made. Five hundred and ninety-five cc's of SOHC, 4-stroke genius with a 4-valve head and the mind-reading Duo Intake System. Electric Start, big capacity tank, saddle-bagged for lower centre of gravity and monocross suspension.
No wonder they ate dust that day in '55. No wonder they were eating mine right now.

YAMAHA. XT 600Z TÉNÉRÉ
ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT LEADERS.

Garland Stewart & Roache YMH4137

THE NEXT VIETNAM?

If Reagan has his way, war could soon break out in Central America.

Article by **ASA BABER**

THE TACA AIR LINES 727 jet is packed with passengers, and people grow quiet as we enter Salvadoran air space. Out the window the tropical landscape rises slowly to meet us. I see a large lake, a dormant volcano, ridges of sawtoothed hills, the Pacific Ocean in the distance. The jungle valleys are blue in the afternoon shadows, and the fields of sugar cane and pineapple form blocks like patterns in a quilt.

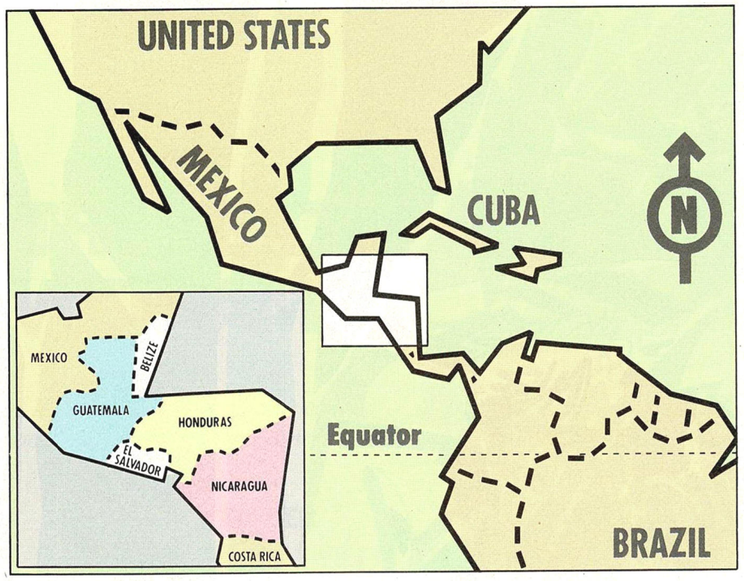
It is September 1985.

There is a time warp for me at this moment: I think briefly that it's 1961 again and I am seeing a jungle from the air for the first time, a young marine officer being sent overseas to join a task force that will be used to spearhead an invasion of Laos, should President John F. Kennedy and his counter-insurgency experts decide such an invasion is necessary.

The time warp is fleeting, but I recognise that history may repeat itself. Another Vietnam-style war is not an impossibility. The New Kennedys of the 1980s, the bright and aggressive Reaganites, are promoting a supposedly new concept in military tactics. It is called Low Intensity Conflict, and it's the latest rage in military circles. You'll be hearing a lot about Low Intensity Conflict in the future, but you should know that it is being debated and discussed in Washington right now.

On paper, it all looks good. There is a refreshing innocence to the term Low Intensity Conflict, too. It sounds harmless and, most importantly, it sounds *new*. This is not, the argument goes, a theory from the same people who

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL RIESER



brought you Vietnam. Low Intensity Conflict? It's so new we can't tell you exactly what it is, but trust us: it's far different from the counter-insurgency doctrines of John F. Kennedy and his experts. They lost. We're going to win.

I'm making this trip to El Salvador, Nicaragua and Honduras to see if I can get a handle on the application of Low Intensity Conflict.

I was trained in the Marine Corps in the "old" tactics of counter-insurgency. What will I find in Central America that demonstrates a new and revolutionary way to deal with guerrilla war? Is Low Intensity Conflict a gimmick with a neutral name? Or is it an answer to the explosions that seem primed to occur in an area two hours south of the US border?

I think about these things as the jet lands at Comalapa International Airport in El Salvador. I'm accompanying a delegation of Vietnam veterans that was organised by Dr Charlie Clements, author of the book *Witness To War*, an account of his time as a physician in rural El Salvador. None of us knew Clements or one another before we began this trip. That part of it will be interesting, too. How will we get along? What will we see and how will we interpret it? What risks are ahead and how will we handle them?

I feel apprehensive, alert, wired. Looking out the plane window, I see a number of soldiers with M-16s. They stand around the baggage racks, the forklifts, the entry and exit doors. They are short, dark men whose weapons seem too large for their bodies. I've seen this movie before, I think to myself. I will have that thought often in the next 10 days.

•

To begin to understand Central America, you need to read two books: The Godfather and One Hundred Years Of Solitude.

The Source
Washington DC

The VW van sputters and struggles along a four-lane highway that rises and dips, climbs across ridges and moves from the flatland into the interior toward the city of San Salvador.

I see again the immense poverty of what we call the Third World: ramshackle shacks of cardboard and tin, corn planted on steep slopes, banana trees, naked children, thin men with machetes walking the road shoulder, women with baskets and buckets on their heads, more children, always children. Even the storm clouds are green, reflections of tropical lushness.

"It would take two marine divisions to hold this road from the airport to the city," I say to Harold Bryant, a former combat engineer with the First Air Cavalry in Vietnam, a black man who now works with veteran outreach programs. "This is guerrilla country. Peaks and valleys. All sorts of cover. Thirty kays of ambushes."

Bryant nods. "Try three divisions," he says. "If you want to have a chance."

San Salvador quickly reveals itself to be crowded, noisy, active, a garrison city in a garrison state, many police and soldiers in the streets, private armed guards in front of a McDonald's restaurant, jeeps and trucks at intersections, people who seem friendly but who are terrified of political questions. It is a city where there is not much peace in the air, where tension is palpable, and poverty is never more than a few blocks away.

The first night in the hotel bar, as Bryant and I are having a drink and watching a rainstorm pour on the verandah outside, the hotel lights suddenly go out as all power is lost to our section of the city. Like two men on a string, Bryant and I move away from the plate glass windows. There is lightning and thunder, but there are also other sounds, small, sharp cracks that are more man-made than natural.

Lanterns are brought in. Most of the guests go on talking as if nothing has happened. Bryant and I exchange glances without saying a word. I had years in artillery and he had years in demolitions and our ears are trained to classify sounds and explosions. We know plastique when we hear it.

It is not entirely a joke when I buy a T-shirt in a hotel shop that night. NO ME TIERES/ESTOY PERIODISTA, it says: Don't Shoot Me, I'm A Journalist.

"You're lucky," Bryant laughs. "You can wear that and not be lying."

"Hey, I'll use anything I can get," I say.

I am rooming with Skip Roberts, a former marine, now a labor union organiser, a man with a great sense of humor and a detailed sense of history. He and I talk into the night about things we're learning from the people we've already interviewed that evening. Several representatives of a human rights organisation have described the activities of the Salvadoran Death Squads, the bands of armed men in civilian clothes who drive the streets in Jeep Cherokee vans and pull people into captivity and death or disappearance: 50,000-plus Salvadorans in the past few years killed or disappeared by the Death Squads, as many as 1000 per month for a few years, now "only" an average of 50-80 per month. A society, if you can call it that, that has eliminated its left and much of its centre. *The Godfather* mentality, in other words. A country under siege, with assassination and disappearance woven into the fabric of daily life.

"There's a war down here," Roberts says as he stands at the window and points toward the sounds of demolitions and small arms fire on the perimeter of the city. The lights go out again and we listen to the air crackle.

"That's not a war," I laugh. "That's a Low Intensity Conflict."

"Right," Roberts says. "I forgot."

But if the spirit of *The Godfather* permeates much of the culture of El Salvador, so does the spirit of *One Hundred Years Of Solitude*. There are moments of incredible beauty and dignity, moments that are fantastical, myth-like.

Take our trip to Tenancingo, a deserted town in the hills, a place that was bombed and strafed by the Salvadoran Air Force some three years ago. The delegation travels by van to Tenancingo to visit the FMLN guerrillas. The trip is not without risk, especially since we have to pass through army roadblocks to get up and back, and the presence of the guerrillas in the town makes it a no-man's land.

The view from the church steeple is spectacular. We look out across Tenancingo, shattered adobe walls, broken tile roofs,

(continued on page 102)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY AND KERRY MORRIS

ORIGINAL CYN

If there's a choice between riches and romance, sexy Cynthia Brimhall says you can keep the money.

"You won't *believe* what happened to me this morning," red-headed Cynthia Brimhall tells us in a grandly theatrical style, somewhat reminiscent of Lucille Ball (a very *sexy* Lucille Ball). "Some pervert stole all my best underwear!" she explains, eyes rolling heavenwards. "*All* of it!" The last time Cynthia saw her prized collection of underwear was when she put it in the dryer in the laundry room of her large apartment block. An hour or so later, when she returned, it was gone. Well, Cynthia, we, er, sympathise with your predicament but you look pretty good to us without all those frilly bits and pieces.

Cynthia admits to a passion for expensive lingerie but basically she's a very level-headed girl. She longs to settle down with a husband and, wait for it, *seven* sons in a big white house. "A successful marriage is one of the biggest accomplishments you can have in life." While she's waiting for that special man, Cynthia is very discriminating. "I don't ever go out with men and have casual sex," she says. "That's gross. Still, I think sex is one of the best things you can do. I'd much rather have a poor boy who was good in bed than a rich one who just bought me things. If you gave me a choice between an unlimited supply of money or the best sexual experience, I'd go for the sex."

THE AUSTRALIAN INSTITUTE OF SPORT

PACEMAKERS

Phil Jarratt investigates the laboratory where the boffins are turning out our future champions.

THE MOST COMFORTING thing about the weightlifters' gym at the Australian Institute of Sport (AIS) is the smell of liniment. It is a smell that brings to mind pugs and sweat and a few little bets on the side. The sporting life. And it is a smell that seems oddly out of place here in the planned environment of the institute, in one of the planned suburbs of the totally planned national capital.

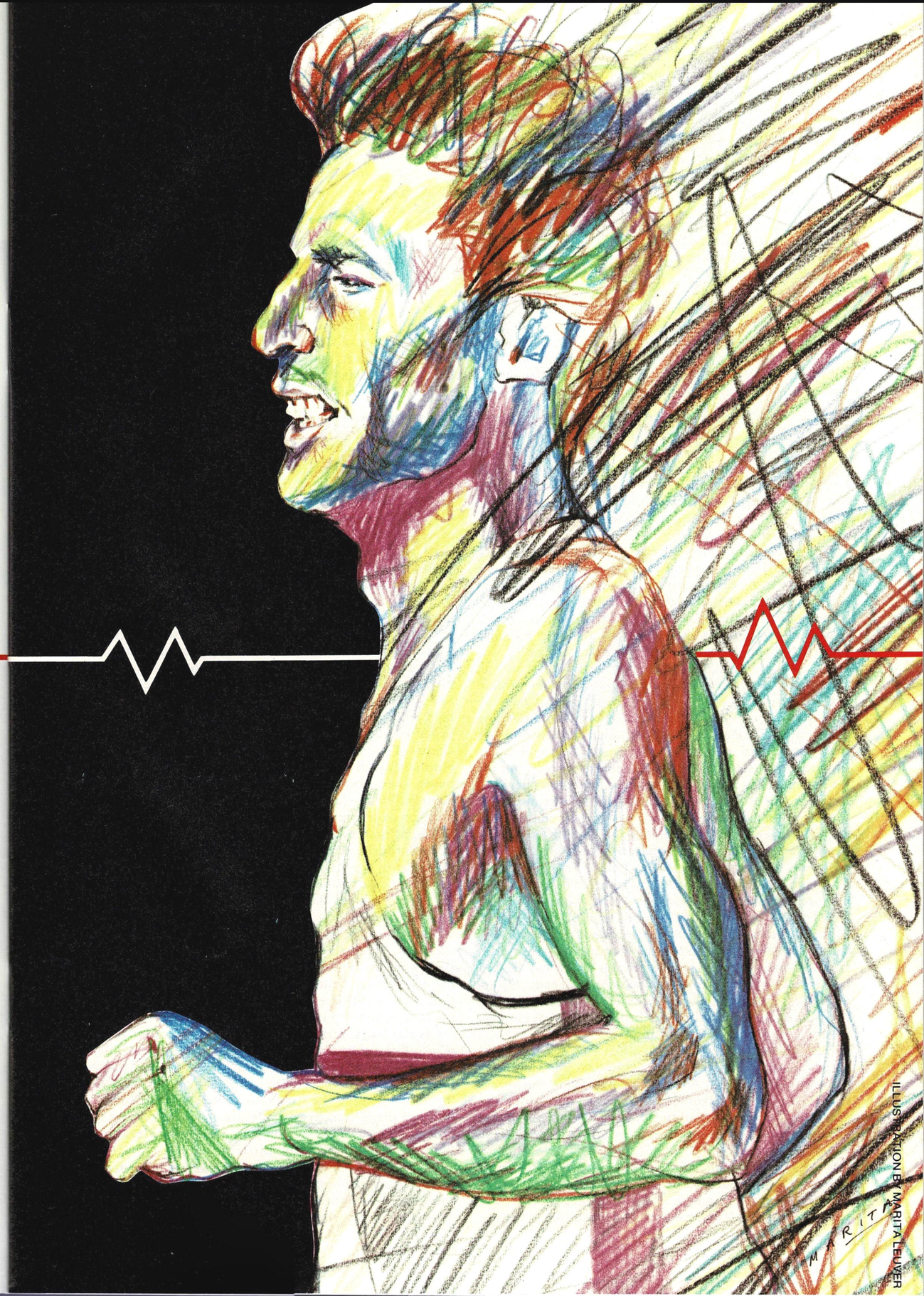
Sport is all about chance and risk, and yet here in the geometric confines of a city which is in danger of cul de sac-ing itself to death, some 280 of our finest sportsmen and women are pursuing ultimate performance with the diligence, scholarship and seriousness that one equates with academic achievement rather than sport.

That, according to the experts, is why we fared so poorly in the international sports arena during the '60s and '70s. While other countries have applied public resources to the creation of champions, we have, until now, tended to believe in the spirit of Bradman, Fraser, Laver and Elliott. We have regarded an Australian champion as someone God-sent, someone born rather than made and someone in whose glory we can bask only when some higher deity so decrees.

But now we have seen the light. We are getting serious about producing champions. How serious? About $13.2 million of taxpayers' money in the financial year just ending: that serious. And, given the fact that some of us are more whoops about seeing the green and gold triumphant than are others, it is reasonable to expect that the cost of athletic greatness should come under scrutiny.

It has. Late last year Sydney's *Daily Telegraph* ran a series of articles in which allegations of financial mismanagement and frivolous executive spending were made. These were based on an internal document leaked to the paper, but a subsequent audit prepared by Price Waterhouse for the Minister of Sport and tabled in federal parliament made stinging criticisms of the institute and described a "clearly unacceptable" projected budget shortfall. (This figure was later found to be exaggerated.)

Damaging though the overspending allegations were, no heads rolled, although arses may have been quietly kicked. This may have been because the institute was still on a high resulting from last September's successful athletics World Cup. More likely it was because few people yet understand how the institute works or what it is meant to achieve, and



no politician would want to kick our medal chances in the head this close to a Commonwealth Games. Furthermore, in Prime Minister Bob Hawke and Sports Minister John Brown, we have two very serious sports fans. These men would walk over hot coals to watch a game of tiddly winks. To them, an institute of sport is as vital as a national gallery and, in political terms, it is significant that while Gough Whitlam made a sport of buying art, Bob Hawke has made an art of buying the best for our sporting heroes.

One need only look at the comparative popularity of the two Labor leaders three years after coming to power to gauge which is the more popular passion with the majority of Australians.

The irony is, of course, that neither Bob Hawke nor John Brown had anything to do with the establishment of the Australian Institute of Sport. Although there is no record of the scholarly Mr Whitlam ever hurling a ball in anger, it was his government which in 1973 commissioned the Bloomfield report on our dwindling prestige as a sporting nation, followed by the Coles report in 1975. Both reports recommended the establishment of a national authority to cater for the development of elite athletes and coaches and to arrest the alarming talent drain to the US, where sporting scholarships were offered.

But it took the abysmal performances of the Australian team at the Montreal Olympics in 1976 to shock the Australian Government into action. The first stage of the National Sports Centre in the outer Canberra suburb of Bruce was completed in 1977 and in 1980 Malcolm Fraser's Liberal government announced the establishment of an Institute of Sport at the facility. Athletes would be invited to attempt to meet the high sports standards required to gain admission to the institute.

The institute began operations in January 1981 and by the beginning of 1986 it was able to boast the finest sporting facilities in the country — a world class athletics stadium, an indoor sports hall, swimming pool and tennis hall and outdoor synthetic soccer field among them — and a live-in campus with such support features as a sports medicine centre and the most comprehensive sporting library in Australia.

In the eyes of its political godfathers, if not its staff or management, the first real test of the institute was the 1984 Olympics in Los Angeles. Clearly it was not fair to

(continued on page 110)

THE INSPIRATION BEHIND THE PERSPIRATION

"How important is it for Australia to produce champions?" Dr John Cheffers raises his eyebrows to the heavens, subconsciously pats his ample tummy and rocks back in his much-maligned executive chair. "It is absolutely vital," he says.

"Every country hangs its hat on a peg it considers important. We are not great warriors and our heroes are not artists, musicians or writers. We don't even like poor old Patrick White! No, we consider achievement in sport to be critically important and that's why we have this institute. But I'm not interested in salvaging national pride just through results. It's effort that matters."

This, in a nutshell, is the sport philosophy of the controversial 50-year-old academic and former athlete who returned to Australia two years ago to become executive director of the Australian Institute of Sport. At one time an Australian rules footballer and a promising track and field athlete, Cheffers was hampered by injuries and instead pursued an academic career, but his love of sport has shone like a beacon throughout his time in the groves of Academe. In the early 1970s he moved to the US where he studied and later taught psychology and the sport sciences in Philadelphia and Boston, eventually becoming co-ordinator of the human movement program at Boston University.

It was from this job that he was plucked in 1984 to take over generalship of the institute from swimming coach Don Talbot. A big, bearded bear of a man, Cheffers is seen by his staff as an inspirational presence at the institute — the man for the big picture rather than attention to detail. It is this bold brush stroke approach which has landed him in hot water on a couple of occasions already, but no one denies that Cheffers is a brilliant communicator and the guiding light behind the institute's somewhat esoteric formula for producing champions.

Cheffers is also something of a bon vivant — his long-term occupancy of a luxury suite at the Canberra International hotel (albeit at government corporate rates) after arriving from Boston has become something of a public service legend in Canberra — but his robust energy and love of life is seen as a positive force within the AIS athletic community.

Since his acceptance of the position Cheffers has been at pains to point out that he is not the foreman at a gold medal factory. The goals of the institute, he says, are pointed out in its Memorandum of Association. They are to promote excellence in Australian sport; medals are nice but incidental.

"If we say that gold medals are the measure of our success," he explains, "then we're going to have a couple of successes every four years, and I don't think that's a very good return on money invested. If we say that ultimate performance is our goal, then we could have 300 successes every year. Say you have eight finalists in a 100 metre sprint and they all run personal bests. In my book you haven't got one winner, you've got eight.

"Of course it's very hard to measure ultimate performance because it's also something an athlete can hide behind. He can produce a personal best and say that's his ultimate. But that's the antithesis of what we're trying to do here. We don't want to produce a good result and sit back and bask in its glory. We want to keep going — to prod, tease, demand and expect their best. We're after a chain of personal bests that keeps digging deeper, eliminating excuses and developing ideas that the athletes never knew they had. Ultimate performance is rarely achieved in one jump. It's achieved by pushing back the barriers over a period of time."

When Cheffers talks like this, bouncing behind his desk in his enthusiasm, the spirit is infectious in a *Chariots Of Fire* sort of way. One wants to jump higher, lift more, break the tape faster. As a motivator the man is superb, but one wonders how this stuff washes at Budget appropriation time.

"Politicians can learn like everyone else," says Cheffers. "We've been pretty lucky in that Hawke and Brown understand what must be done. I don't feel any medal pressure from them. On the other hand, you find that when an athlete starts breaking his own records all the time, it shocks him into winning medals."

Cheffers sees the role of the institute as similar to that of a pilot, guiding Australian sport through turbulent waters. Thus the role that his athletes and coaches play in the broader sports community is just as important as the "winning attitude" he strives to teach at the institute. To this end there are already satellite coaching schemes in other cities covering gymnastics, swimming, track and field, basketball and weightlifting.

"If everyone has to come to Canberra in order to succeed, then the institute will be a failure," he says. "If, however, this place becomes the pilot, leading the Australian effort, then it will be magnificent."

"Please, not on a day like today."

20 QUESTIONS: **REBECCA GILLING**

The glamorous star of Return To Eden reflects on screen nudity, life after 35 and the power of the supersoap.

Rebecca Gilling is not the sort of person you could pass by in a crowd without a backward glance. Tall and strikingly beautiful, she indelibly established the Schwarzkopf image in her modelling days and then fanned a flurry of tabloid excitement with a nude scene in the otherwise unexceptional Number 96 movie in 1974. But for the next 10 years, her career was camouflaged with the patchy visibility of television soapies of the Glenview High and Young Doctors ilk, none of which made the "rocket to stardom" cliche irresistible.

Rebecca Gilling will emerge from 1986, however, as perhaps our most high-profile screen talent. The continuation of the top-rating Return To Eden series, now screened in eight countries, and a starring role in the Blue Lightning telemovie made for the CBS network, brought continual cover girl commissions and made her a regular feature focus of all the popular media. In Poland, she's so popular programmers had to reschedule Return To Eden's timeslot until after the election ballots closed, to ensure that the audience of 22 million Poles wouldn't ignore the polls.

We sent ***Robin Ingram*** *to speak with her about the positive and negative aspects of a remarkable career. His comment? "After 10 years out the back, Rebecca Gilling has finally caught a winning wave."*

1.

PLAYBOY: Considering your current popularity, how do you account for the gaps in your career?

GILLING: There have been long periods of unemployment during my career when I have not been offered a great deal. And, of course, there have been roles I've not taken. I suppose my criteria are that a role should be moderately intelligent and that it must not promote cruelty or violence. In many ways, I've never done the work I'd really like to. . . *Return To Eden* is an obvious exception. My work in soap opera — while it has been very useful in cementing technique — hasn't really satisfied my need to do things that might change people's views of issues, or have some sort of lasting effect.

2.

PLAYBOY: It has been claimed that if you knock back a few offers in the Australian scene, you can end up taking a pretty long lunchbreak. Has that been your experience?

GILLING: I'd suspect that the opposite is true. Those who accept everything seem to burn out quickly. There are a couple of things I regret having done that probably affected the way I would have liked my career to go. I mean, I've had to battle hard to be taken seriously after a fairly naive start to my career. The *Number 96* feature film left me with an image that I fought for years to shake off. I think that *Return To Eden* showed people that I could act and do more than just take off my clothes and smile sweetly.

3.

PLAYBOY: What was the main regret of *Number 96*? Doing a nude scene or being involved with a dud movie?

GILLING: I don't have anything against nakedness, but the way in which it was used in that piece was not intelligent and was not attractive. It was utterly exploitive. Nakedness in itself is lovely — it has a sort of innocence about it. But when you're a naked woman in a room with 30 clothed men, and when the person with whom you're acting has his underpants on, you're at a decided disadvantage!

4.

PLAYBOY: Are you still bitter about it?

GILLING: I don't particularly blame anyone for it. It was a decision I made because I was extremely gullible at the time and I wanted to work. It was the first film I was offered, or the second or something like that, but I hadn't done much work. I suspect if I'd been more selective in the early days, the quality of the work I was offered would have been greater.

5.

PLAYBOY: Was your reputation as a model a disadvantage in being accepted as an actress in the early days?

GILLING: It was probably a disadvantage for a while. The model-turned-actress tag was one I had to live with. In fact, it was not even accurate because I was actress-turned-model-turned-actress. But, on the other side of the coin, it also had value. Working with a camera in that way is useful in building confidence. My confidence was almost nil when I started out as a model and I immediately lost whatever I did have because I didn't know how to paint my face or do my hair, or any of those things that girls are supposed to know, because my mother wasn't remotely interested in any of those things. So confidence in front of the camera was a quite recent lesson when I went back to acting. Certainly I'm more at home than other actors when it comes to publicity stills and things like that.

6.

PLAYBOY: You nominate *Return To Eden* as the most professionally satisfying opportunity. What aspects of it stimulate you?

GILLING: Being a dual role [*Stephanie Harper survives a murder attempt and a change of identity*], it has offered a terrific amount of diversity. I switch from ultra high glamor to running around the bush in cut-off shorts and gumboots. It has certainly stretched me more than anything else I've done. It has required me to find more within myself, and I've also benefited from excellent direction. Mediocrity is almost a requirement of soap opera. In the past, I've always known I could have done better. *Eden* allowed me to.

7.

PLAYBOY: The Australian film and television industry is perceived as having a quite individual character. What's good and what's bad about Australian screen production?

GILLING: The conspicuously good thing about it is our naturalness and authenticity and lack of hype. I think that comes across in the finished product. Our ability to be self-deprecating makes us genuine. But it also means that we constantly put ourselves down. That gets annoying after a while. It's two sides of the same coin, I suppose. I mean, one of the things I both like and dislike about Americans is that they're always confident enough to give something a go. One of the by-products of Aussie cynicism, which in itself is quite endearing, is the tall poppy syndrome.

8.

PLAYBOY: What do you do between jobs?

GILLING: I have started three drama courses and not finished any of them, but I've done a total of about three years' training. And I've studied horticulture which has proved really useful to me. In a great many ways I wish I had finished that course, but another job came along. Maybe some day. I have always been an awful procrastinator, but recently I took an est [*potential awareness*] course, so that should help.

9.

PLAYBOY: How about your lifestyle? Who is

the off-screen Rebecca Gilling?
GILLING: My main preoccupation, apart from work, is my garden. I read a lot and I love doing outdoorsy things like camping and canoeing. I'm a fairly physical sort of person and I love all that, especially when I can combine it with acting. A director would have a tough job keeping me out of stunt scenes.

10.

PLAYBOY: We gather your *Return To Eden* character, Stephanie Harper, is basically without pretension. Do you feel you have an empathy with her because of her naturalness?
GILLING: I've been brought up not to be self-promoting. My mother always told me that in her day it just wasn't done to talk about yourself, *oneself*. If ever you had to, it was *one* rather than *I*. I think all that, in a sense, is just not real today.

11.

PLAYBOY: How about the power, money and glamor dimensions of Stephanie? Does all that appeal to you?
GILLING: I suppose, in a way. The notion of having enough money to be able to do what you want to do is immensely attractive. But I can look around and see that satisfaction really has little to do with money and power. It seems the people who can afford anything they want are the ones who don't know what they want. Somebody once said that the worst thing you can do for your children is leave them an inheritance, and I believe that. It does take the edge off one's drive to create, to achieve. You can even see it in the scripts. What we're playing is a whole lot of people in conflict, mucking up their lives and relationships. The conclusion you might draw from all that is that money *is* the root of all evil. Mind you, I don't suppose that's the message 22 million Poles get from watching *Return To Eden*.

12.

PLAYBOY: As a natural, uncomplicated sort of person, do you have much trouble adapting to the limelight?
GILLING: I don't have as much trouble with it as my husband does. I mean, I have always been tall and pretty and I've always had to cope with the fact that when I walk down the street people look at me. It's something I've had to do battle with for as long as I can remember. My technique in the past was to pretend that it wasn't happening. I've now decided that's a bit immature, that you're not coping with a situation by ignoring it. Besides, now that people recognise me from television, they don't just want to stare, they want to come up and talk to me.

13.

PLAYBOY: The new *Return To Eden* series requires you to be a confident 45-year-old. Television seems obsessed with this mature sex symbol, bitch-goddess formula. Is it all just a fantasy of television's creative talents, or is that where the ratings are these days?
GILLING: One can only assume that the ratings say that's the way it must be. I don't understand what makes for good television, and I doubt that anyone really does. I mean, if people knew exactly what was going to work, there wouldn't be any failures. And, in television, failures vastly outnumber successes. I guess that at the moment people get their vicarious thrills from wealth, power and glamor. I don't understand what has suddenly made women in their forties more interesting to watch than women in their twenties. Mind you, I'm very glad that it *is* that way because I always feared that by the time I got to 35, I would be unemployable. Now, it seems, there might be life after 35 for actors.

14.

PLAYBOY: We get the impression that being the next Joan Collins is not high on your list of aspirations.
GILLING: What perception! In fact, I think there's something vaguely — and perhaps not just vaguely — undignified about clinging to youth in that sort of way. I mean, it's inviting disappointment, indulging in something that fills people's heads with unattainable desire. It's that sort of image that promotes the idea you have to stay young and glamorous at all costs, in order to be acceptable.

15.

PLAYBOY: Does that mean we won't see you posing in Australian PLAYBOY when you're 50?
GILLING: It means you won't see me posing in PLAYBOY anytime. If PLAYBOY was in the business of showing human bodies across their broad spectrum, I'd say, "Fantastic. I'll be in that." If PLAYBOY was showing big, fat ladies and skinny ladies and ladies with lop-sided breasts, like mine, fine. What I see is a lot of PLAYBOY readers who are going to spend their lives looking for a woman with a PLAYBOY body. And they're going to be disappointed because life isn't like that.

16.

PLAYBOY: Okay, so Joan Collins isn't your role model. Who do you admire in the acting world?
GILLING: Jane Fonda is one who springs to mind, and not just for her acting. She also had to overcome that "sex kitten" tag at the beginning of her career and now she has not only credibility for her acting, but for her political conviction. She's got the power, the wealth and the glamor, if you like, but it hasn't affected her strong sense of humanity and justice. And Meryl Streep, of course. I support Equity's policy on overseas talent . . . but I could probably make an exception of her.

17.

PLAYBOY: You've been quite visible in Actors' Equity politics. What are the issues that got you in?
GILLING: I'm very much on the side of unionism anyway, and I feel my union has come a long way in its fight to look after the interests of its members. There's truth in the old adage that a union can only be as strong as its membership, and I think that finally the membership of Equity is beginning to recognise that and get off its collective arse and get involved in some important issues.

18.

PLAYBOY: What kind of issues?
GILLING: The most controversial is the defence of employment policy and I think the public, and even some of the affiliated unions, have the wrong idea about what we're trying to do in that regard. People have got the idea that Equity is using an iron fist to obstruct the industry from making commercially viable films. That's absolutely not true. Equity doesn't even have the final say as to whether imports are allowed to work here — the government does. The important fact is Judy Davis, Bryan Brown, Jack Thompson — the stars of Australian film — just wouldn't have emerged if the roles that made them had been given to imports.

19.

PLAYBOY: Our television seems to be attracting as much international attention as our films. The CBS/Seven Network co-production, *Blue Lightning*, will expose you to 40 or 50 million American viewers. Is defence of opportunity as important as defence of employment?
GILLING: Look, the very reason our industry has achieved credibility overseas is that our actors have proven themselves in major roles. Today, top Australian internationals like Leo McKern, who had to leave Australia to achieve anything like his potential, are coming back in the knowledge that Australians can now get good roles at home. That's not just heartening, that's a really important milestone. We do, of course, have to strike a balance between protecting jobs for locals and remaining open to the expertise that some imports can bring us. For instance, Karen Arthur, the director of *Return To Eden*, taught us all a tremendous amount.

20.

PLAYBOY: It sounds as if, having discovered you at last, we're not about to lose you to overseas offers. Is that a fair assumption?
GILLING: There have been suggestions in the press that I could be recruited for *Dynasty* or *Dallas*. It's all just speculation and I believe what we're doing here with things like *Return To Eden* is streets ahead of the American supersoaps. I'm just really happy with the way things are going for me here at the moment, thanks.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HERBERT HESSELMANN

GENTLE AS ANYTHING

Natalie Maline is soft, sweet and defiantly feminine.

Ever since she was a little girl, Natalie Maline has been a very feminine miss. Her soft, vulnerable character hasn't stopped her, however, from exploring life with a great sense of adventure. "I like the idea of going on a safari in Africa," she says, "or maybe drifting around a very remote tropical island. That sort of thrill would really keep me on my toes." We ask her if such an adventure would be undertaken alone. "Maybe not," she laughs. "It would be nice to have a big, strong man along to protect me!"

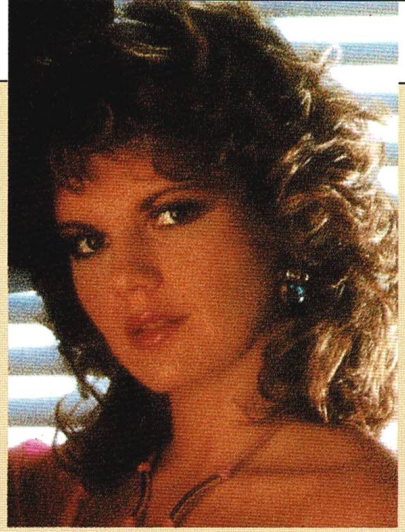
Natalie has just turned 21 and her career ambition is to be a choreographer. She loves dancing, and also keeps fit with gym work, water skiing and even a spot of synchronised swimming. "I'm really excited about being a Playmate," she says, "because this will mean lots of recognition for me. I'm hoping to break into TV or films, working with dancers, perhaps even getting involved in the staging of a musical." With those legs, Natalie, you'd be in the front line of our chorus any day!

When Natalie was filling in her Playmate Data Sheet she laughed a lot when it came to describing her Ideal Man. "That's a tough one," she giggled. "I won't know what he's like until I find him!" She was more specific, however, when it came to the sort of males who really turn her off. "I just hate brash, bossy men," she says. "Also guys who are too conservative and don't have a good sense of adventure. You know the sort — they're never willing to try anything new. As for me, I'll try anything — at least once!"

MISS JULY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Natalie Maline



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Natalie Malone

BUST: 87cm (35") WAIST: 64cm (25") HIPS: 87cm (35")

HEIGHT: 172cm WEIGHT: 55kg SIGN: Aquarius

BIRTH DATE: February 3, 1965

AMBITIONS: To be a successful choreographer and be involved in Broadway musicals.

TURN-ONS: Theatre and films, going to the beach, thoroughbred horses and adventure novels.

TURN-OFFS: Egotistical people, bossy types, cold mornings and meat pies with sauce.

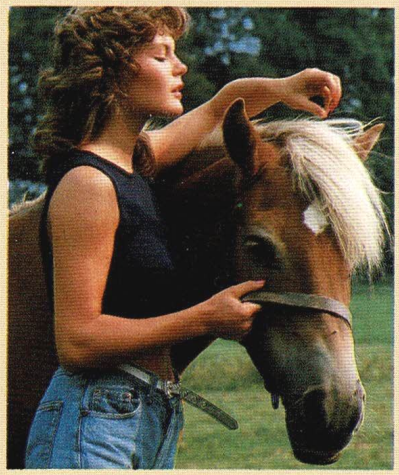
FAVORITE BOOKS: Wilbur Smith books, King Rat, Journey To the Centre Of the Earth.

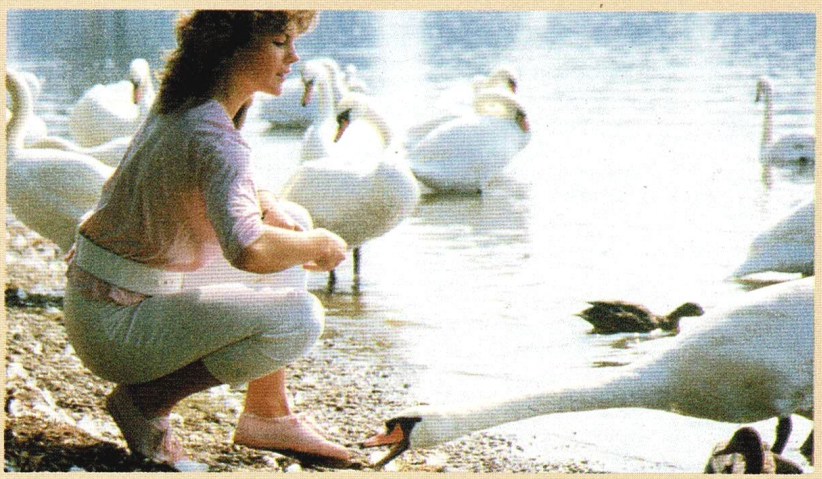
FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Dustin Hoffman, Kids In The Kitchen, Sam Neill and Rebecca Gilling

FAVORITE SPORTS: Water skiing and horse riding

IDEAL MAN: When I find this person I'll let you all know!

SECRET FANTASY: That's a hard one but it has something to do with Sam Neill and a desert island...





PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

On their way to the Whitsundays for a holiday, three couples perished in a plane crash. They appeared together before St Peter at the pearly gates.

St Peter met the first couple and said to the husband, "You materialistic bastard, all you ever sought in life was money. Why, you even married a woman called Penny. Get out of my sight."

After banishing the first couple, he turned to the second husband. "And you, you lush, all you've ever done is live in a revolting drunken stupor. You even married a woman named Sherry. Get out of my sight."

Hearing the fate of the first two couples, the third husband grabbed his wife's arm and began pulling her away. "Let's get out of here, Fanny," he said. "We don't stand a bloody chance!"

Mr Brown, you seem to be in perfect health," the doctor said, "but we need a sperm count to determine whether or not you can father children. The nurse will be in to help you shortly."

In a few minutes the nurse entered the room with a small vial, told the man to relax and proceeded to give him an expert hand job.

After she left, the man dressed and walked to the reception area. Along the way, he passed a room in which a dozen men were vigorously masturbating.

"Excuse me," he asked the nurse, "but are those men giving specimens for sperm counts?"

"Yes, they are," she replied.

"But why do they have to do it themselves?" he asked.

"Oh," she said, "they don't have private medical cover."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *fallen angel* as one who has exchanged her harp for an upright organ.

The voluptuous young woman with the elderly millionaire husband wasn't amused by the salesman who tried to make her buy a microwave oven.

"I guess you don't like to cook, love," winked the salesman.

"No, that's not the problem," she sighed. "It's just that we've already got one thing in the house that heats up instantly and then goes *ding* 30 seconds later!"

Bill was on the way to his new girlfriend's house for the evening. He had been looking forward to it because she'd told him her parents would be out until late. In anticipation of a hot evening, he stopped by a chemist shop and bought a packet of condoms.

When he arrived, Karen's parents were preparing to go out to the theatre. He hurriedly suggested that he and Karen join them and began to help her into a coat.

"You didn't tell me you were so crazy about the theatre," she muttered.

"And you didn't tell me your father was a bloody chemist!" he hissed.

The exchange student from the deep south of America attended his first sex education lesson at his new Aussie high school.

During the discussion session he asked a question about impotence. When the teacher corrected his pronunciation he explained to her that was how it was said back home in Louisiana.

"Look, I'm sorry," the teacher said. "I don't care how you say it in America, it's not im*po*tent."

"M'am, it may not be *impo*'tent to you," came the reply, "but it sure is *impo*'tant to me!

Gerry, a travelling salesman, came home after weeks on the road to find his young son lying on the bed rubbing his stomach and moaning, "I need a portable color TV, I need a portable color TV."

"What on earth are you doing, son?" he asked in bewilderment.

"Well, Dad," his son answered, "I'm hoping God will give me a portable color TV."

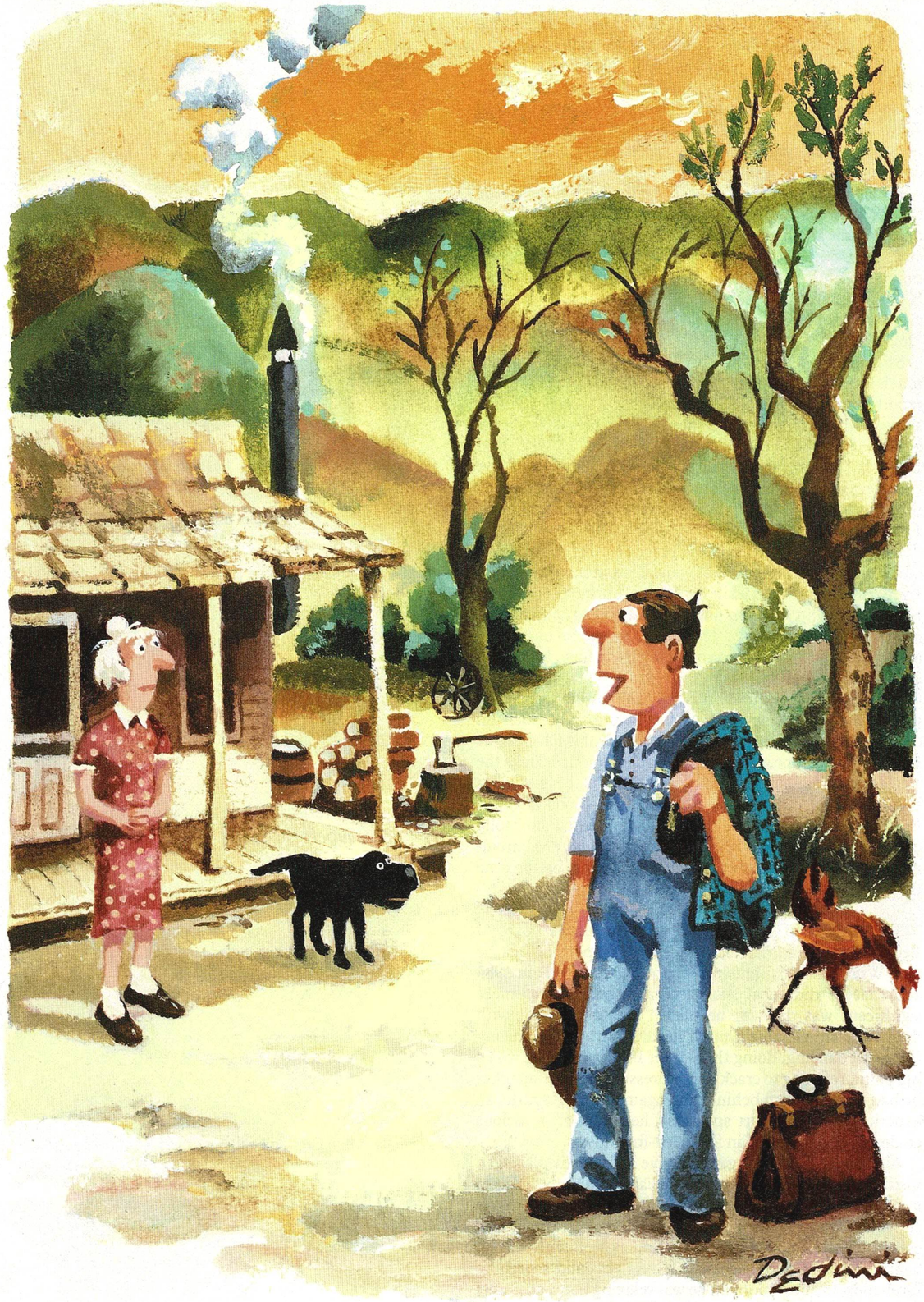
"That's not how you go about it, boy," Gerry told him. "To speak to God you have to get down on your knees and pray."

"Nah, that's not true," said the boy. "Last Monday, Mum was lying on the bed, rubbing her stomach and saying over and over again that she needed a man."

"So what?" queried his father.

"Well, on Tuesday morning, God gave her the milkman!"

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.



"I'm going to the city, Mum. I want a telephone, sex, blue hair."

BOOM BOOM, BALLS AND ALL

Is tennis star Boris Becker the new superbrat or just a one-hit wonder?

Article by **MICHAEL MEWSHAW**

THE WHOLE WORLD loves a winner. At least that's what popular songs, ancient legends and sports writers claim. Still, there is no evidence Jimmy Connors, John McEnroe, or Ivan Lendl have ever received anything remotely resembling universal affection. Even Bjorn Borg, voted the best player since the start of open tennis in 1968, commanded more respect than fervent devotion.

But last July when Boris Becker became, at the age of 17, the youngest Wimbledon title-holder in history, people who didn't know the difference between a dropshot and a lob embraced him with dewy-eyed abandon. Naturally, the torrid emotional tide was highest in his home country of West Germany where, in a national survey, 91 percent of the citizenry responded "Yes" when asked whether they "loved" Boris.

Still, Beckermania was not limited to a single nation, much less one continent. It was a global phenomenon, and reporters around the world competed with each other in showering praise and nicknames on the stocky strawberry blond. They dubbed him "Boom Boom", "The Red Baron", "Baron Von Slam", "Der Bomber", and the "Heidelberg Hit Man". Women announced in newspapers they wanted to have his baby; some claimed to be pregnant. Fans in far-flung spots took to wearing T-shirts proclaiming "I'm a Becker Backer", and wherever he travelled, throngs of well-wishers and hordes of journalists surrounded him. Even in luxurious tax exile in Monte Carlo he could not escape his ardent admirers and flocks of photographers. Fed up with their suffocating attention, he turned on one group and demanded, "What are you going to do now, follow me into the bathroom?"

The unavoidable question is why this pleasant-faced, if unremarkable-looking adolescent has provoked such an outpouring of passion? And what effect will it have on his future? Can he repeat as Wimbledon champion and take the US and Australian titles as well? Or will he sink into obscurity like so many other teenage sensations? Even if Becker does live up to his considerable potential, how long can he last on the viciously competitive Grand Prix circuit which has recently burned out the best players by the time they have reached their mid-twenties.

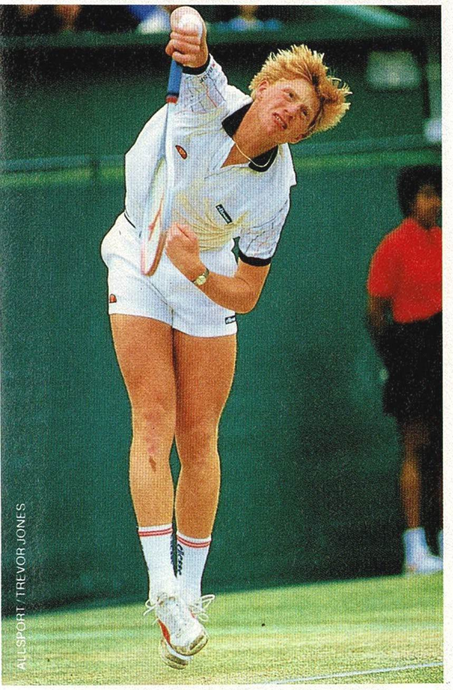
•

The "why" of his popularity is the easiest part of Beckermania to explain. Obviously it's important that he won Wimbledon, still the pre-eminent tennis title, in 1985 and that he did so at such a tender age. But far more significant was the way he played the tournament with dramatic flair, flinging himself headlong after balls, diving for shots, dancing, doing the Becker Boogie when he won a big point, refusing to crack under pressure. In four matches he had to come from behind, and against Tim Mayotte, an experienced grass court specialist, he shook off a serious ankle injury to triumph in five hard-fought sets.

Along with his slashing, aggressive style, he displayed an instinctive stage presence, a likeable aplomb and an awareness of the audience that's missing in most tennis stars. Giving an Academy Award-winning performance in every match, he balanced withering power with boyish charm. One moment, he was blasting aces and scorching forehands; the next moment he was relaxing between points by bouncing the ball soccer-style off his head and knees. If he occasionally yielded to frustration, shutting his eyes and

raising his face and hands to the heavens, he more often than not smiled. He could even laugh at himself and remind spectators it was only a game.

Becker appeared to have Connors' ebullient competitiveness, without Jimbo's bantam-cock strut and obscene gestures. It was unimaginable that he would ever stick his racquet between his legs and pretend to masturbate on the umpire. Becker seemed to have Lendl's explosive groundstrokes, without his truculent attitude or his unfortunate face, which has been compared to a salivating dobermann pinscher's. Becker displayed a large measure of McEnroe's serve and volley skills, without his foul-mouthed contempt for officials and



ALLSPORT / TREVOR JONES

Serve and volley skills on display.

fans. Like Borg, Becker gave every indication of being a gentleman, a model of deportment, but he was livelier, more personable and communicative.

In short, Becker had star quality, and spectators, sponsors, the press, and TV producers responded to him with unprecedented zeal. In Germany later in the year, his Davis Cup matches pre-empted the evening news on both national networks. In America, during the US Open, CBS was ready to cancel its prime-time programs to broadcast the Becker-McEnroe match. (Joachim Nystrom, a cool, methodical Swede, ruined this plan by beating Becker a round before he reached McEnroe.)

But even in the warm, refreshing backwash of these events, hard-nosed tennis experts pointed out that the reason for Becker's abrupt success might well contain the seeds of his eventual downfall. On a technical level, while most agree that he has the talent to contend for the No. 1 spot, he also has limitations. At 185cm and 79kg, Becker is built like a footie player. His brawny physique, especially his heavy legs, give snap to his serve and punch to his volleys. But at the same time they cut down his mobility. His manager, Ion Tiriac, has criticised his sloppy footwork and accused him of moving "like an elephant". John McEnroe has speculated that Becker may be still growing. If he gets taller and takes on weight — he tended toward baby fat until a few years ago — he's liable to lose quickness and, more critically, some of his co-ordination.

Then there's the question of injuries, which may be related to his size and adolescent awkwardness. Becker has already had a history of ankle troubles, one of which knocked him out of Wimbledon in 1984, another of which should have disqualified him in 1985. (In his match against Mayotte, in violation of the Code of Conduct, Becker was allowed to receive medical treatment twice. The umpire was ready to award the match to Mayotte, but the Wimbledon Supervisor over-ruled him.) If he continues to disregard gravity and hurl himself about — in the 1986 Masters final at Madison Square Garden he crashed through a bank of courtside flower pots — he could put an early end to his career.

Even in full health he will have problems. His backhand packs a wallop, but it's unpredictable. With his go-for-broke style, he's capable of hitting a winner from anywhere on the court, but there are doubts about his shot selection and signs that he lacks an intuitive sense of strategy. Perhaps it's only inexperience or immaturity (neither of which were much in evidence at Wimbledon) that prompt him to go for the wrong shot at the wrong time. Perhaps after playing more tournaments, and especially matches against top-flight competition, he will learn that even with his lethal forehand he cannot overpower every opponent.

At this year's Masters, Lendl once again showed that he is stronger, faster, fitter and steadier. Every time Boom Boom tried to outmuscle the Czech, Lendl used his pace against him, hitting Becker's shots on the rise and rifling them back at twice the speed they came to him. If Becker intends to oust Lendl from the top rung of the Association of Tennis Professionals computerised rankings, he will have to develop more variety and subtlety to his game. He must move his serve around, disguise his shots, and start thinking more like a chess master and less like a cannoneer.

As McEnroe demonstrated at the European Champions' Championship in Antwerp, Becker not only needs to develop some deception to his strokes, he has to learn to handle change of pace from an opponent. McEnroe fed him a steady diet of off-speed angles which Becker had difficulty reading, and when he got no pace to work with, he had trouble generating power with consistency off his groundstrokes.

Last year, the outstanding Frenchman, Yannick Noah, beat Becker with ease on the red clay at the Italian Open, Mats Wilander dismantled him at the French Open, and Diego Perez, a low-ranked journeyman, jerked the rug out from under him at Kitzbuhel.

Of these three losses, the one to Perez is the most troubling as it raises questions about Becker's mental attitude. To be the best in the world, it isn't enough to cop an occasional title, even an event of Wimbledon's magnitude. The true test is whether a man can travel the circuit year after year, crossing oceans and time zones, hopping from continent to continent, performing well regardless of the surface, the conditions, or the opposition. Becker has yet to achieve that kind of consistency. In fact, at the time of writing, he has yet to beat Lendl, McEnroe or Connors in tournament competition.

Although at Wimbledon last year he seemed immune to pressure and played like a veteran confident he could cope with any adversity, any adversary, the rest of his season has been a roller-coaster ride of up and down results. At the US Open he not only lost his match to Nystrom, he lost his poise and broke into tears, looking with his flapping red bangs and red-rimmed eyes exactly like a flustered teenager who couldn't get his own way.

At the next Grand Slam event, the Australian Open, there were high hopes he would return to the grass court form he displayed on Centre Court. Instead, he was upset in the opening round by Michiel Schapers, a Dutchman ranked No 188.

Early this year, at the Lipton International Players' Championship in Delray Beach, Florida, he was blown off the court by Milian Srieber, an obscure Czech who turned the tables and defeated him with ferocious serving. Then at the Pilot Pen Classic in La Quinta, California, he was again beaten by his Swedish nemesis, Joachim Nystrom, whose precise passing shots and cleverly disguised lobs exposed large chinks in Becker's armor.

While two losses to a man of Nystrom's calibre (he's currently ranked No 8 and Becker is No 6) are no cause for cataclysmic predictions, they do suggest that Boom Boom hadn't made much progress between the US Open, in September 1985, and the Pilot Pen Classic in late February 1986. More importantly, it may indicate that after the euphoric honeymoon of last summer, he has now fallen into the humdrum daily grind. His loss in the Belgian indoor championships in March to our own Brod Dyke, at the time ranked 105 in the world, is an indication of how much he has been brought down to earth.

For the most part, the public has no conception of how a tennis pro, and particularly a star, is forced to live. The tour is apt to sound exciting, glamorous, sexy.

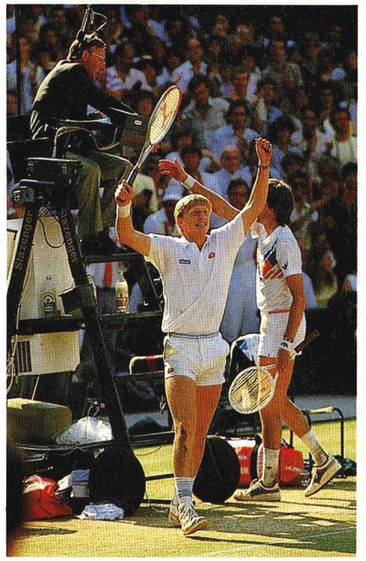
Forgetting how much time goes into practice, the dull mechanics of travel, and waiting around in locker-rooms for matches to start, people imagine that players are jet setters lounging in discos during their off-court hours, meeting an endless parade of beautiful women.

The reality is altogether different. The travel and the tennis soon turn into drudgery, and the circuit becomes a blurred kaleidoscope of interchangeable hotel rooms, sports arenas, and bad food. Even last July, still in the afterglow of his Wimbledon triumph, Becker acknowledged, "It's really kind of boring. I practise, eat, sleep, practise."

Players who have been on the circuit longer claim that the routine is worse than boring, it's brutal. For low-ranked men, there's the constant scramble to qualify for tournaments at distant ends of the earth. In most cases they are whipped in the early rounds, collect just enough prize-money to cover their expenses, and then set off for the next event.

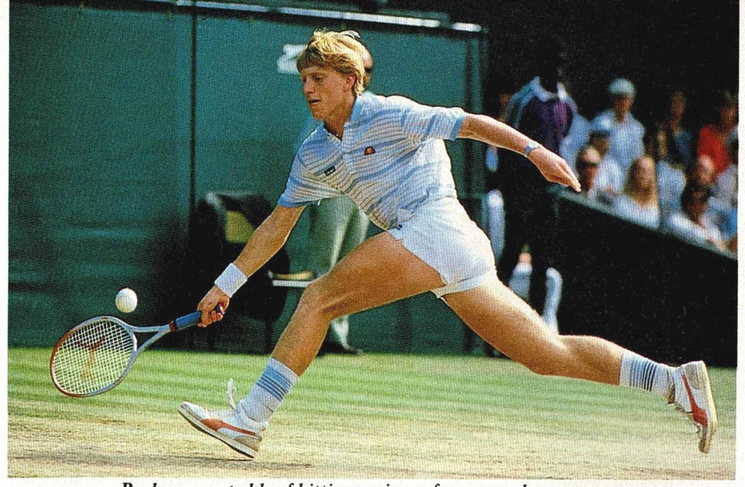
For the stars, who have even more murderous travel schedules, the pay-offs are greater. Not only do they win enormous prize-money, they get under-the-table guarantees and multi-million dollar endorsement contracts. But this kind of income has its hidden costs, as does fame itself. The top players lose their privacy and turn into public property, and at the same time suffer from intense loneliness as they spend half their lives on aircraft rushing from tournaments to exhibition matches to promotional appearances.

Although by nature Boris Becker seems gregarious and outgoing, he, like so many talented young players before him, will have to weigh the value of friendship against the depth of his own obsessions and decide just how badly he wants to be a champion.



ROGER GOULD / ALLSPORT

Has Boom Boom really got the talent to contend for the number one spot?



ALLSPORT / STEVE POWELL

Becker. . . capable of hitting a winner from anywhere on court.

Almost always the price of a high ranking is isolation. Different as they may be on other levels, men like Connors, Lendl, Vilas and Borg in his heyday share a common quality. They chose to become loners who ate in their rooms, practised only with their coaches and close friends, and avoided the public and the press whenever possible. Most players appear to be singleminded and self-absorbed, as if racing around the world wearing blinkers, but the stars manifest a more exaggerated case of tunnel vision — the kind that leads Jimmy Connors to declare he has to hate the man he's playing, that induces Lendl to treat everybody except his entourage with insufferable rudeness, and used to persuade Borg it was reasonable to put his wife out of his bed and on the couch during Wimbledon.

One unsavory side-effect of isolation is that many players remain ignorant of the ways in which they are manipulated and preyed upon by entrepreneurs and agents. As a result, they are rarely in a position to make informed judgements about their personal or professional lives. Instead, they are inclined to pursue the path of least resistance, even if this means violating tennis rules and in some cases the law.

Because there is too much money in pro tennis chasing too few players with marketable images, the stars quickly realise their importance and largely ignore the Code of Conduct. Some act up on court, convinced they'll never be defaulted, certain that the most outrageous behavior will bring no more than a small fine or brief suspension.

Since they are usually receiving secret appearance fees as large as $100,000 a week, they also have a lot less incentive to win than fans imagine. When tired, or on a tight schedule and eager to catch a plane, some will hold back and lose on purpose. This is especially prevalent in doubles matches, and the frequent excuse is that a player has to get to the next town to perform in an exhibition match. Many of those exhibitions, although sold to the public as hotly contested confrontations, have a lot in common with burlesque and have been fixed or orchestrated in advance. Sometimes the intent is to keep the score close and build excitement. Sometimes it's to stretch out the games to fill a television time slot.

The often discussed "pressure" of pro tennis has as much to do with side deals, prize-money splitting, kickbacks, currency smuggling, and tax fiddling as it does with on-court competition. It should be no surprise then that players tend to suffer the same stress as any over-extended business executive or freaked-out rock singer.

Many cope by drinking, and at every tournament one sees blokes staggering back to the hotel at three or four in the morning. A substantial number have turned to drugs. Some are social users who smoke dope to relax or snort a few lines of cocaine for a quick lift. Others are dangerously dependent on downers to sleep and uppers to keep them awake and give them a competitive edge after all-night flights.

Five years ago Yannick Noah said in an interview that amphetamines were a problem in tennis and he urged authorities to institute controls before someone died. Nothing was done.

Subsequently, Arthur Ashe, the former Wimbledon champ and US Davis Cup coach, came out publicly in favor of random drug testing. Tennis was, after all, the last international sport that didn't demand such tests. Even cricket had started insisting players submit to urinalysis. Finally in 1985 the Pro Council, which administers the tour, announced there would be two tests in 1986, at times and under circumstances which still remain unclear. No one expects this to improve the situation. It's a case of too little and too late.

•

Fatigue, boredom, nagging illness, hangovers, homesickness, abrupt and sometimes paranoid mood swings, a sense during the indoor season of living in an hermetically sealed capsule shut off from sun, fresh air, and all outside influences — these are the hallmarks of the pro tennis tour. If a camera is the symbol of a tourist, then a Walkman headset is the symbol of the circuit. Whereas a traveller wants to record what he sees around him, tennis players are interested almost exclusively in their own

space, in creating through acoustical cologne a placid inner environment, anything to escape for a while from the pressure.

If that sounds like a depressing description of the pro circuit, it can't compare with the downbeat picture the players themselves paint.

Bill Scanlon, a tour veteran best known for pulling himself out of a personal tailspin and beating McEnroe in the '83 US Open, has said that by the time he was 22 he had turned into a basket case. "I became a degenerate," he says. "I would have started drinking before noon — if I ever got up before noon. We're rated every week, and the rankings are publicised all around the world. Think what that means. You live and die by those numbers. For some people your whole identity is your ranking. I once heard someone ask a player, 'How are you?' He answered, 'I'm No 29 this week.' Not 'I'm happy' or 'I'm depressed' or 'I'm making it day to day.' Just 'I'm No 29.' That said it all."

Before becoming Becker's manager, back when he was Guillermo Vilas's coach, Ion Tiriac said, "Our life is the worst life ever, the worst life anyone could ever dream."

After winning the 1983 French Open and turning into the toast of Paris, Yannick Noah, overwhelmed by success, by crowds of hustlers and camp followers, suffered a breakdown and was forced to flee the country. At a press conference he broke into tears and wailed, "I don't sleep at night. I just wander through the streets crying. Last night I got to the Alma Bridge and looked down at the Seine. I thought, should I jump or not?"

Later, writing about this incident, Noah blamed "the press, the pressure, the fear of being eaten alive, television, the radio, and all my whole life, my personality dissected into little pieces, little phrases, little photos that boomerang on me and break me for good and divide me against myself like a schizo. The press creates monsters and I don't want to be one."

John McEnroe is more succinct in his assessment of life on the circuit: "No one gives a shit about anyone else deep down. Everybody's just out for himself. It stinks."

But in his own fashion, Bjorn Borg delivered the most telling statement. At the age of 26, after winning five Wimbledon crowns and six French Open titles, he simply withdrew from the tour.

This year, in January, McEnroe announced he wouldn't play for five months, and there is rampant speculation that he'll never return to the circuit on a full-time basis. Shortly thereafter, Jose Luis Clerc, an Argentinian who had been a top 10 player for six of the past seven years, retired at the age of 27.

Under the circumstances, it is logical to wonder how long Boris Becker will last. It is also reasonable to ask whether his family made the right decision in choosing Ion Tiriac as the boy's manager. Nobody doubts Tiriac's business acumen. He has already arranged endorsement contracts for his child prodigy with Ebel watches, Ellesse clothing, Puma shoes and racquets, BASF electronics corporation, and Frankfurt's Deutsche Bank. But he is a highly controversial character whose career has been plagued by ethical questions.

A burly, mustachioed Rumanian, Tiriac has a perpetually glowering expression and peremptory manner. Even dressed in designer clothes, wearing gold chains and a gold Rolex watch, and driving a Ferrari Testarossa, he looks rumpled and grumpy as a bear routed out of hibernation. Perhaps he is partly a victim of his frightening appearance. But there is little doubt that behind the intimidating facade, there's an equally intimidating wheeler-dealer.

Known on the circuit as "Count Dracula", Tiriac is a 46-year-old ex-Olympic ice hockey star who took up tennis late, yet managed to parlay a solid backhand return of serve and a crafty sense of court strategy into 17 years on the circuit. A cornerstone of the Rumanian Davis Cup team, he joined forces with Ilie Nastase and carried his country into the Challenge Round against the United States in 1967, 1971 and 1972.

Maybe Becker is every bit the wunderkind the press have made him out to be. Maybe he'll avoid the pitfalls that have trapped other top stars. Miracles do happen.

But he is best remembered — perhaps "worst" remembered is the appropriate way of putting it — for his behavior in the final in Bucharest in 1972. With the home crowd egging him on, Tiriac pulled every cheap trick, every imaginable bit of gamesmanship, trying to bully the umpire and linesmen and upset the US team. Herbert Warren Wind, one of the most respected tennis writers, described Tiriac as showing "ruthless contempt for fair play".

Fourteen years later, it is worth recalling that incident, since there are signs that Boris Becker may be pulling some of the same con artist stunts. Players have complained about his clowning, talking and stalling, which destroy his opponent's concentration. They especially don't appreciate his habit of settling in to receive serve, then turning away at the last instant, ruining the other man's rhythm. And while players object to Becker's cat-and-mouse tactics, umpires have repeatedly warned him about being coached during matches by Tiriac and his trainer, Gunther Bosch, who always sit at courtside and provide moral support.

•

As most fans and even casual followers of the sport will remember, Tiriac's previous star client, Guillermo Vilas, was convicted by the Pro Council for accepting a secret $US60,000 ($A90,000) appearance fee from a tournament in Rotterdam. *Tennis Magazine* observed that, "Given the extent of Tiriac's control over Vilas's finances, most tennis people believe that Tiriac negotiated and consummated the exchange — probably without Vilas's knowledge."

This imbroglio cost Vilas hundreds of thousands of dollars in legal fees, and during the long appeal process he lost matches to utter unknowns, then lost his ranking as No 4 in the world. Now deeply embittered, he is buried in the anonymous pack around No 50.

Vilas wasn't alone in emerging from the incident with a tarnished reputation. Pro tennis suffered a public relations catastrophe as the appeal testimony revealed the seamy details of how the business side of this sport operates. In sworn statements, Rotterdam tournament officials explained that they had withdrawn $US60,000 ($A90,000) from ABN Bank with a forged cheque and delivered the cash to Tiriac in $100 bills in a paper bag, just as he had demanded.

Later there were accusations by Tiriac that one tournament official had tried to extort $US300,000 ($A450,000) in return for which the man promised to testify in Vilas's favor. This official responded that, to the contrary, Tiriac had tried to bribe him to take the blame and testify that he himself had pocketed the original $US60,000 ($A90,000).

Allegations of bribery, extortion, forgery, enormous cash pay-offs in paper bags — this is the underbelly of tennis that most fans never see. But as Vilas, the winner of four Grand Slam titles, can sadly confirm, corruption will destroy a champion's career just as surely as injury or age. It would be a shame if Boris Becker's reign were cut short in the same way.

•

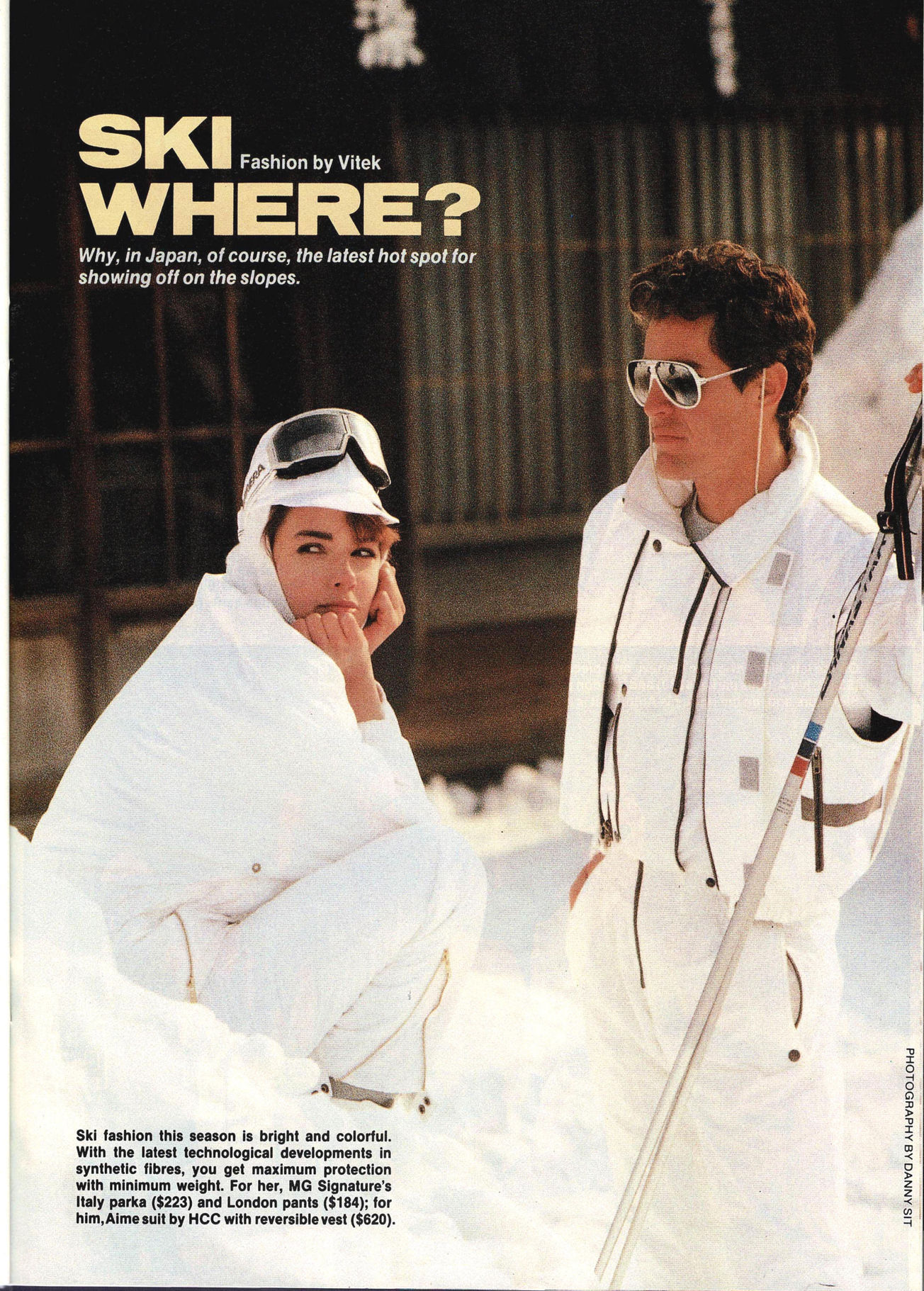
In pro tennis, where injuries, emotional fragility, drugs, and business deals are so often determining factors in match results, predictions are a hazardous pastime. But based on current form, Boris Becker is not a good bet to repeat as the Wimbledon champion. And given the claustrophobic air of the circuit, it's improbable he'll be playing tournament tennis much beyond the age of 25.

But then again, maybe Becker is every bit the *wunderkind* the press have made him out to be. Maybe he'll avoid the pitfalls that have trapped other top stars. Maybe his boyish exuberance will change the game, replacing its cynical sneer with a smile. One can always hope. Miracles do happen. Witness last year's Wimbledon.

SKI WHERE?

Fashion by Vitek

Why, in Japan, of course, the latest hot spot for showing off on the slopes.



Ski fashion this season is bright and colorful. With the latest technological developments in synthetic fibres, you get maximum protection with minimum weight. For her, MG Signature's Italy parka ($223) and London pants ($184); for him, Aime suit by HCC with reversible vest ($620).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DANNY SIT

For him, Marco-Oly suit of parka and matching pants by HCC ($630); for her, MG Signature's Athens parka ($230) and London pants ($184).

On the left, his mint-green Geneve one-piece suit is from MG Signature ($329); her Athens parka ($230) and London pants ($184) are also by MG Signature and, on the right, his Anton suit is by HCC ($395).

His Austin one-piece suit is from HCC ($470), and her Foster Peak parka ($366) and Snug Surf pants ($263) are by Snug.

On the left, his Cariboo one-piece suit is by Snug ($472); her Babete Gil one-piece suit with vest and fur-trimmed hood is by HCC ($550) and, on the right, his Hot Dog one-piece suit is from MG Action ($272).

Her White Cap parka is by MG Action ($150) and Samedan pants by Tails ($69); his Blue Gum parka ($167) and Trekking Bib pants ($92) are also from MG Action.

ACCESSORIES
Page 71: Hat, Serchio; poles, Rossignol. **Page 72 (above):** Her boots, Salomon; Gore-tex gloves, Rossignol; his gloves, New Wave. **(below):** Her Bedouin hat, MG; Gore-tex gloves, Match-Up; sunglasses, Balle. Left, his sunglasses, Ray-Ban; right, his Gore-tex gloves, Dynastar; sunglasses, Jonathan Sceats; skis, Dynastar. **Page 73:** Gloves, MG; skis, Dynastar with Salomon bindings, her headband, MG; boots, Salomon. **Page 74:** Boots, Salomon; poles, Dynastar; right, headband, MG; poles, Rossignol; skis, Dynastar and Rossignol; bag, Salomon Club Line Accessories. **Page 75:** Gore-tex gloves, Match-Up; headband, hat, MG.

STOCKISTS
HCC exclusively sold at:
The HCC Shop Shop 308, Gallery Level
Chatswood Chase, NSW (02) 411 3979
MG Action, MG Signature and Snug from:
NSW: Inski, Sydney, and Northgate Sports Store, Hornsby. **Vic:** Auski, Melbourne, and Alpine Ski Centres in Melbourne, Sandringham and Hawthorn. **ACT:** Ungers, Canberra, and Canberra Ski Centre, Fyshwick. **Qld:** Snow Biz, Brisbane. **SA:** Inside Ski Cellar and JR's Surf & Ski, both of Adelaide. **Tas:** Skigia, Hobart, and Launceston Sports Store, Launceston.

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID PULLMAN

DIVORCE AUSTRALIAN STYLE

Are men the real victims of marriage breakdown in the '80s?

Article by **DIANE ARMSTRONG**

HE WAS SLUMPED against the wall outside the courtroom and he looked shell-shocked. "I've just got my divorce," he told me. "It took one minute to end a 16-year marriage."

With shaking fingers he lit a cigarette. "I thought we had a pretty good marriage: we hardly ever argued. I worked long hours building up my electrical contracting business but I mowed the lawns on weekends and she looked after the house and me and the kids. When she first told me she wasn't happy with things, I never took her seriously, thought she was pre-menstrual. No one's happy all the time, are they?"

Inhaling deeply, he shook his head. "One day I got home just as the furniture van was pulling away. She'd left me a note saying I never understood how she felt and that work and TV was all I wanted out of life but she wanted more. If she'd left me for someone else, I would have understood."

Crushing the cigarette in the ashtray, he said bitterly: "For 16 years I've been a husband and father, but what am I now? My mates think I'm out raging every night but I don't tell them how I really feel. It's not macho to own up you miss the wife and feel crook. It's letting the side down! If you really want to know, I'm smoking and drinking too much and I don't give a damn. It's like being tied to something and suddenly cut adrift. I reckon I gave my marriage my best shot: now it's just a bunch of smashed dreams."

His story is not unusual. There are 40,000 divorces in Australia each year and in most cases the decision to leave is made by the wife, which, according to a recent study made by Family Court counsellor Peter Jordan, comes to many husbands as a complete bombshell. Jordan found that only 16 percent of the separations were based on mutual agreement. In two out of three cases, the decision to separate had been the wife's, with the husband wanting a reconciliation. More than a quarter of the husbands interviewed had no idea that their wives had been unhappy enough to leave.

For his study, *Men Hurt*, Jordan interviewed 168 divorced or separated men in Brisbane. Three-quarters were under 39 years old and more than half had been married for 10 years or less. His study contains an even more surprising revelation: men have far more trouble adjusting to separation than most of us realise. More than three-quarters of the men he interviewed reported suffering severe emotional distress as a result of separation and many said their health had deteriorated. Although stress symptoms were most severe around the time of the split, many still felt upset two years later and said

they maintained a strong attachment to their wives.

All that runs counter to our traditional stereotypes about women clinging to marriage and men being strong and independent. And that's exactly why Jordan did his study. "When interviewing 21 separated couples, I was confronted by 20 distressed men and one distressed woman," he says. "The men were bewildered, they cried and pleaded with their wives not to leave. I was astonished: women are supposed to be the emotional ones."

His findings didn't surprise other counsellors. Says Joe Purcell, Director of the Marriage and Family Centre of NSW: "Jordan has confirmed what we all felt. These days the decision to separate is increasingly made by women whose husbands have ignored their messages of unhappiness and pleas for help."

Why are so many men unaware of the state of their relationship or their wives' feelings about it? Many maintain that their wives had never given any indication that they were so unhappy. For example, Dennis, a 40-year-old divorced man, says: "I was sure our marriage was happy. If I'd suspected that there was anything wrong, I'd have moved heaven and earth."

But in the vast majority of cases, the wives *did* try to explain how they felt. Says Peter Mark, Director of Court Counselling at Sydney's Family Court: "Even when they sense that their wives are withdrawing, most men ignore the signs."

When Alan's wife told him that she wanted to separate because she wasn't getting anything out of their relationship, he preferred to treat it as *her* problem. "I told her I was okay, I was quite happy, and suggested that she should go and see a psychiatrist or a gynaecologist," he says. "I told her she was working too hard and reading too much feminist crap — anything rather than think about what she was saying."

Roles have changed. The helpless woman clinging to marriage is being replaced by the woman looking for an equal and fulfilling relationship. When his wife left him after eight years of marriage, Steve blamed her for being selfish and irresponsible. Now, four years later, he sees it differently. "I thought we had a great life: I stayed out late entertaining clients or working all hours and was content to come home to an attractive woman who kept things running smoothly. She said I only needed her for sex, and that wasn't very often. She met someone who was more aware of her needs and left me. I've remarried but I think I've learned from my mistakes!"

During a counselling session, Kate's husband suddenly broke down and cried. She was amazed. "That's the first time I've seen him show emotion," she told the counsellor. "I was sure he didn't care about me or our marriage." That episode marked the turning point in their relationship but, for many couples, that moment never comes. Conditioned from childhood not to show or express feelings, many men are unaware of their own need for closeness.

Says Jordan: "For many men, the extent of the intensity of their attachment to their wives and their marriages doesn't hit them till it's too late, and then they're overwhelmed by their own distress."

Separation is an upheaval which doesn't involve simply parting with one person, but with a whole way of life which has centred around the marriage. "Separation is the worst crisis in a couple's life," says Peter Mark. "It's the death of a relationship and they should expect to go through the stages of bereavement which are shock, denial, anger and depression."

The initial shock is the worst. Most of the men I spoke to said they were overwhelmed by the unexpectedly strong feelings of impotent anger and grief.

What makes it harder for men to cope is that they rarely confide any feelings of vulnerability to their mates. When Trevor's wife left him after 17 years, he didn't tell anyone about the split for three months. "I'd never talk about personal problems to friends because that makes you look weak and inadequate when everyone else seems to be going great, but I couldn't even bring myself to tell my parents. When I finally did, I felt better and I was surprised how understanding they were."

For many men the extent of their attachment to their wives doesn't hit them till it's too late and then they're overwhelmed by their own distress.

It helps to talk to friends about your feelings, but sometimes professional help is needed to help people cope with depression, confusion and loss. Says Terry Colling, who is currently counselling eight men for separation-related problems, "Unresolved issues about the break-up are like an albatross around a man's neck and overworking, boozing and whoring won't help: they only succeed in avoiding the real problems. And trying to sort things out alone is like attempting do-it-yourself brain surgery. Men should talk to a trusted family doctor or counsellor to get their ego back in shape, face their role in the breakdown and sort out where they're going. It's important to look at yourself because if you were distant and aloof in your marriage, you'll be the same in the next relationship. Those who don't understand the past are doomed to repeat its mistakes."

Most of the men in Jordan's sample suffered severe stress-induced symptoms such as insomnia, loss of appetite and excessive tiredness but many also reported a deterioration in their physical health. Almost all the men quoted developed serious physical ailments ranging from ulcers to renal failure within the first year of separation. Not long after his wife left, Ted almost died from a kidney ailment. "My general condition was so poor that the doctors didn't think I'd make it," he said. George was diagnosed as having Hodgkin's disease. Dennis thought he'd had a heart attack which turned out to be pericarditis. They all believe that stress associated with separation had been the catalyst for speeding up their physical problems.

For some men, the shock of separation is tinged with euphoria. Says Dennis: "I was stunned, but I also felt I was lucky to start a new life."

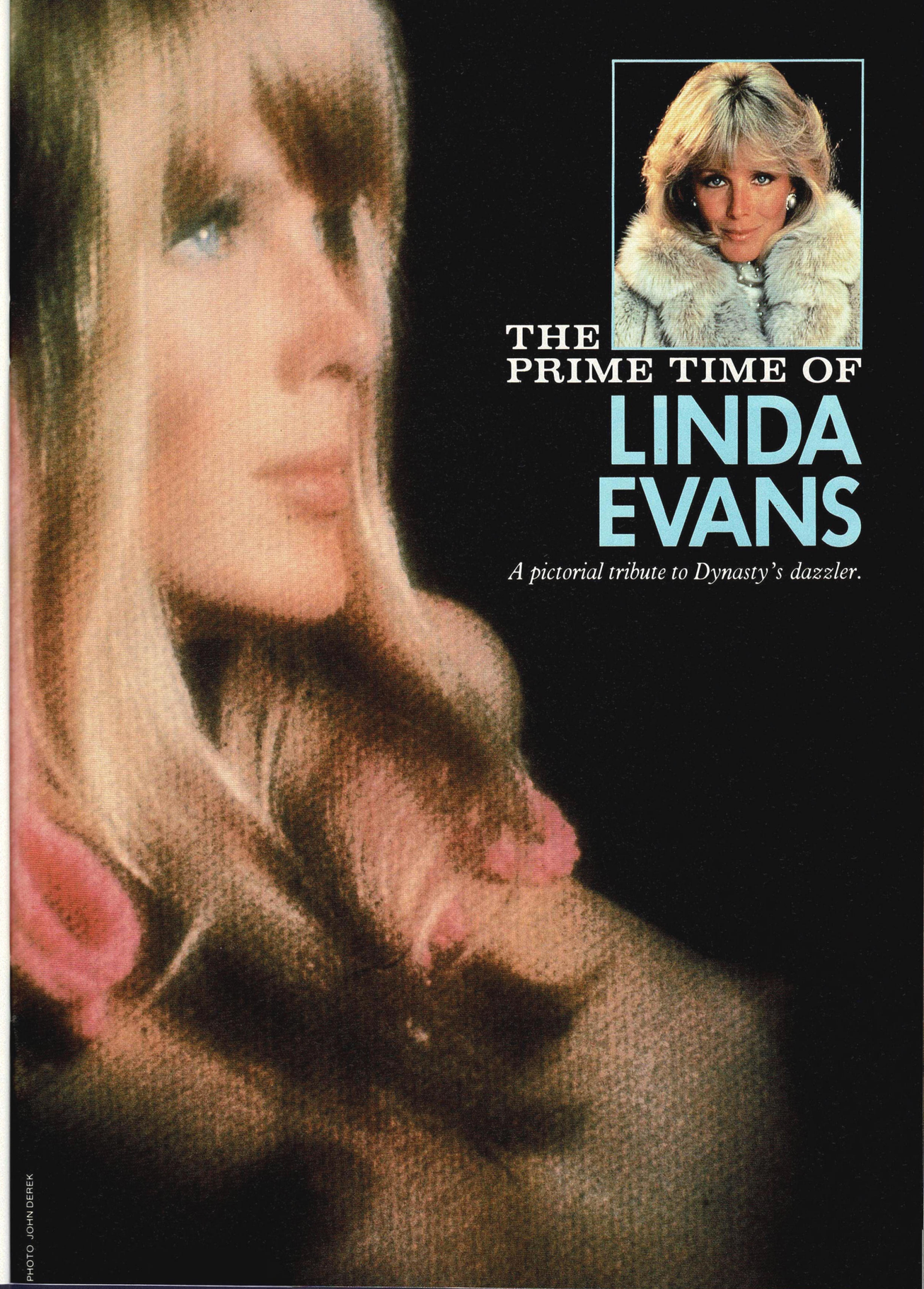
Jordan found that coping with feelings of attachment and loss dominated the lives of the men he interviewed for up to two years after the separation. Most still felt bitter that they'd been "dumped" while many felt that the divorce had been a terrible mistake and one which they'd never get over. Most blamed their wives for the split and saw themselves as victims. "It's interesting that, having given their wives sole responsibility for the stability of their marriage, most men don't realise they also give them the power to end it," comments Jordan.

Adjusting to divorce involves restructuring your social network. Eric's wife left after 18 years of marriage because she felt she had outgrown her husband emotionally and intellectually. "Wives are the social organisers," he says, "and when you split you find that your friends were mostly her girlfriends and their husbands with whom you really didn't have that much in common and have less now that you've separated."

Most married men envy their single-again friends for their regained freedom at a time when the world seems full of available women and exciting possibilities, but the single-again guy sometimes finds the going much harder than he expected. Noel, whose marriage ended two years ago, puts it like this: "Friends tried to set me up with women they knew but that embarrassed the shit out of me; it's not my scene. Suddenly I didn't know any attractive single women who appealed to me. Besides, after 15 years of being married, I'd forgotten all about dating. The easy alternative seems to be a disco or bar; till you get there, that is. Everyone looks like a teenager which doesn't do your ego much good. Oh, there are plenty of girls looking for guys, but that's depressing. If they're as good as they look, why are they hanging out there night after night looking for someone like me?"

At a time when your ego is bruised, it's difficult to approach another woman. And many men are uncertain how to deal with the "new" women they've heard about.

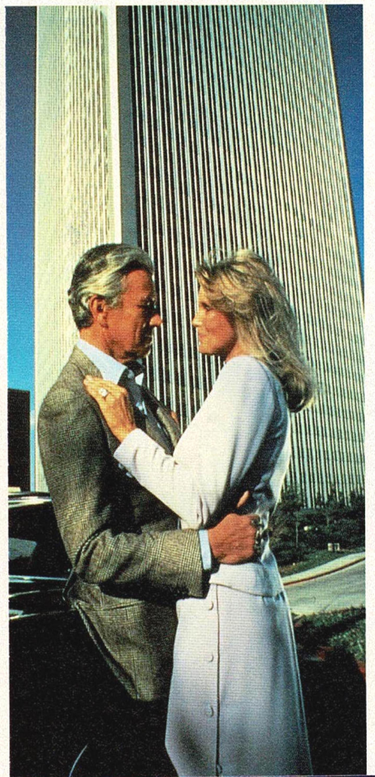
(continued on page 106)



THE PRIME TIME OF LINDA EVANS

A pictorial tribute to Dynasty's dazzler.

PHOTO JOHN DEREK



You have to admit that as TV personalities go, Linda Evans has been around for a while. In the 1960s she was a regular on the family-oriented TV show *The Big Valley*, starring Barbara Stanwyck and Lee Majors. Sure, she was pretty then, just as she is now, but nobody went crazy about her. She, like ex-husband John Derek's current wife Bo, could have become a big phenomenon in her teens, but somehow her early movies didn't put her on the map. Then, in 1981, came *Dynasty* and the role of Krystle Carrington. Today, at the age of 43, Linda is one of the most widely recognised women in the world, and *Dynasty* is a big international hit, especially in Australia. Hers is the face that millions of women envy and millions of men would love to kiss. Her likeness appears repeatedly, not only on the covers of fashion magazines, but on just about every other kind of publication that isn't devoted to hunting, fishing or motorcycles. She continually ranks at the top of lists of women that people most admire, has been nominated for the Golden Globe Award and has won the People's Choice Award for favorite television actress.

TOP LEFT: ***Linda Evans as Krystle Carrington with Dynasty co-star Joan Collins.*** CENTRE LEFT: ***On the set of Dynasty with screen husband John Forsythe and the late Rock Hudson.*** FAR LEFT: ***Evans and Hudson.*** LEFT: ***Krystle and Blake Carrington now represent TV's American Dream.*** RIGHT: ***Former hubby John Derek took this photo of a younger, more wistful Linda.***

PHOTO JOHN DEREK

Two collector's items: previously unpublished photos of Linda, taken in 1971 by then-husband Derek, who said, "Linda is absolutely uninhibited — with or without clothing — because physically she's in extraordinary shape." And she still is.

PHOTOS: JOHN DEREK

PHOTOS: JOHN DEREK

Linda Evans appears to be a symbol of our culture's new-found realisation that middle-aged women are often sexier than young ones. But for whatever reason, it's fair to say that she has become not just a famous actress but an international icon. And who better to pay pictorial tribute to her enduring beauty than Australian PLAYBOY? Thus, we've brought you these classic photos, taken when Linda was between the ages of 27 and 43, for you to savor and, if you like, to save. They're a testament to the adage that beauty is, indeed, timeless.

What is the source of Linda's remarkable magnetism, which seems to grow with each passing year? Perhaps the secret can be found in something Derek said of her when he took these photos years ago: "So often, a woman tries to appear seductive when photographed and the finished picture seems fake, but that's never the result with Linda." Which is to say there's something entrancingly genuine about this woman. We call it star quality.

ILLUSTRATION BY SCOTT KENNEDY

BEER WARS

When all beer begins to taste much the same, may the advertising force be with you.

Article by **NEIL SHOEBRIDGE**

THE WRITER WHO penned the famous "Football, meat pies, kangaroos and Holden cars" slogan for General Motors-Holden back in the 1970s forgot to mention one equally important Australian symbol: beer.

Australians are notoriously big beer drinkers, downing millions of litres of lager, bitter, stout, draught, pilsener, old, new and light in stubbies, tinnies and bottles each year. In fact, the amber fluid accounts for more than half of all the alcohol consumed annually in Australia. In 1985 Australians drank more than 1800 million litres of beer — enough to fill 324,000 average-sized swimming pools.

Beer drinkers can choose from more than 70 local Australian beers and a dozen or so imports, and competition between the brewers is intense. With Australians spending more than $4800 million a year on beer, the five local brewers wage a constant war to increase their share of the market. Capturing an extra one percentage point alone means a $48 million lift to a brewer's turnover.

With so many beers competing for the drinker's dollar, the obvious question has to be why a person chooses one beer over another. Taste? Habit? Tradition? Image? Advertising? According to the brewers, it's a combination of all those factors with taste being a relatively minor consideration. Brewing techniques and quality control are advanced enough for the taste of beers to be kept consistent. With so many beers tasting similar, other elements come into play when a consumer chooses a beer.

Warwick Duthy, senior brand manager at SA Brewing, Australia's third largest brewing group, maintains that because Australian beers aren't "terribly" dissimilar, the most important factor is the image the beer projects: what the beer means to the consumer and how the beer fits into his or her lifestyle.

Other brewers and beer marketers agree. Alan Morris, a principal of advertising agency Mojo and one of the people responsible for the famous "I feel like a Tooheys" and "I can feel a Fourex coming on" beer slogans, claims imagery and advertising are the key deciding factors.

Obviously image and advertising alone are not enough — the beer also has to taste good — and the history of the Australian beer market is littered with products that bear testament to this fact. The most recent example of a beer strong on image but weak on taste was Sydney Draught, a packaged beer launched by Tooth & Co in 1983. It survived for six months, making it one of the shortest lived products in Australian beer history.

Richard Colley, marketing manager at Tooheys Limited, explains, "Sydney Draught never got a chance to register its image with NSW drinkers because people simply didn't like the taste. When people choose a beer, taste is only secondary now because the brewers have so thoroughly researched and fine-tuned their products. But as we saw with Sydney Draught, there are still instances when products fail because of taste."

The brewers acknowledge that if you ask a beer drinker why he favors a particular brand, he will tell you it's the taste. Few people are willing to admit they are influenced by advertising or that they choose a certain beer to project an image of themselves.

But taste alone can't be the answer. Why is it that Foster's is more popular among the trendier suburbs of Sydney than it is in the predominantly working class western suburbs? Why was it that when SA Brewing

launched a new advertising campaign for West End Export in early 1986 and aimed it at people aged 18 to 25 but didn't change the taste of the product, sales rose immediately? Why did Foster's — Victoria's top selling packaged beer — fail to crack the local draught market when it was launched on tap in Victorian hotels in 1984?

The importance of image in a person's selection of a beer is only a recent development, according to Ian Crichton, general manager of marketing at Swan Brewery, and the man responsible for the national marketing of all Alan Bond's beers (including Swan, Tooheys and Fourex).

"For many years, beer was a commodity item and most people only had the choice of one beer in their particular state because there was only one brewer there," Crichton explains. "There was no packaged beer as such and no imagery associated with beer.

"Today, however, the utility or commodity aspect of beer — and probably even the taste to some extent — is secondary. An essential element in marketing a beer successfully is not that you must have a good beer but that you mustn't have a bad beer. Once you've keyed in and have an acceptable beer, the image you project for that beer becomes the most important factor.

"Because of the price increases in beer compared to other commodity items, it's clearly not what it was 10 or 20 years ago. It's no longer a blue singlet type of product. Therefore, the brewers have to promote it like toothpaste or soap powder and find an emotional point of entry into the market," Crichton maintains.

Carlton & United Breweries (CUB) was the first in Australia to realise the importance of image to the beer drinker when it began building a distinct personality for Foster's, its top brand, in the 1970s. General manager of group public affairs for CUB, Paul Ormonde, claims that consumers buy both a taste and an idea when they choose Foster's.

"Foster's has a whole range of images and ideas behind it," Ormonde says. "In a sense, it speaks to the world and says this is a beer from a country that really knows its beer. To Australians, it says that when you drink Foster's you are not only drinking Australia's most famous beer, you are also identifying yourself with your country."

Five years ago, few beer drinkers were aware of any image associated with their beer, for as Geoff Northcott, assistant general manager of marketing at Castlemaine Perkins, explains, "A beer was a beer was a beer."

He says: "In Victoria or Queensland, people were used to just asking for a beer; in NSW, they were attuned to asking for an old, new or whatever. Beer was beer."

However, the beer market has altered dramatically over the past five years and beer drinkers have been caught in the change.

Packaged beer, which 10 years ago represented about 40 percent of the market, has grown to the point where it now accounts for seven out of every 10 beers consumed — a reflection of the shift away from drinking at the local pub to takeaway beer. This change has forced the brewers to be smarter in their marketing; in the heyday of local pubs, people would walk into a Foster's or Tooheys pub and only be able to drink that brand, but when buying packaged beer at the local liquor store choice is not limited by which brewer owns the pub.

Rising beer prices, largely caused by heavy government excises, have forced the brewers to attempt to expand their markets, either by launching new beers tailored to specific consumer needs (for example, low alcohol or light beers) or moving outside their traditional state market. The problem of rising prices has been increased by falling consumption — since 1974, Australians' per capita consumption of beer has fallen from 141.3 litres to 117 litres, cutting into brewers' profits and forcing them to become more aggressive.

The corporate structure of the beer market today is very different to 20 years ago. In 1967, 14 brewing companies competed in Australia and most restricted their activities to their home state. Today the market is dominated by two major breweries, both controlled by larger corporations, with only three smaller ones left.

The Elders IXL-controlled CUB and Alan Bond's Brewing Division (which covers Swan Brewery, Castlemaine Perkins and Tooheys) are neck and neck for the title of Australia's largest brewer. The former controls an estimated 45 percent of the total Australian market while Bond holds 44 percent. Below them, SA Brewing holds 7 percent of the market on a national basis, Tasmania's Cascade Brewery 3 percent and all others (including South Australia's Cooper & Sons and such imported beers as Heineken, Guinness, Carlsberg, Steinlager, Lowenbrau and Beck's Bier) 1 percent.

The fact the beer market can be broken down into national market shares indicates a major change from the situation a decade ago, when brewers were almost exclusively state based. However, since the merger of Castlemaine Perkins and Tooheys (1980), CUB's takeover of Tooth & Co's brewing operation (1983), Elders IXL's acquisition of CUB (1984) and Bond's takeover of Castlemaine Tooheys (1985), brewers have had to invade other territories to sustain profit, turnover and growth.

Beer drinkers around the country have witnessed the effects of these invasions. Foster's — long sold in all states — is now made in Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Cairns and Darwin and distributed more cheaply in other states. Queensland's Fourex has moved into all states, particularly NSW and Victoria, Swan is now sold nationally and even West End is available in NSW and Victoria. NSW beer drinkers have long been used to competitive beer brands, given the old rivalry between Tooheys and Tooth, but for other beer drinkers this sudden influx of rival state brands at local prices has come as something of a shock.

Nonetheless, stated-based brewers still reign supreme in their own states. CUB, for example, holds a whopping 97 percent of the Victorian market, with the Bond group taking up the other 3 percent. In Queensland, Bond has a 73 percent share

(continued on page 115)

CELEBRITY TASTES

THE BREWERS firmly believe that many people buy a certain brand of beer to create an image of themselves, but how accurate is that belief? A quick poll of well-known Aussie celebrities seems to reveal the brewers are right: consciously or not, the beers certain well-known faces favor roughly correspond with the images they present to the Australian public.

Sportscaster **Mike Gibson** and Melbourne TV host and radio announcer **Mark Day** both drink Foster's, a product that is presented as the beer for sophisticated drinkers who know their beer. Indeed, Gibson comments that Foster's is "the best Australian beer, with a light European lager taste".

Outspoken advertising guru **John Singleton** favors Foster's and Tooheys Draught, although he adds he is mainly drinking Foster's at the moment. Golfer **Greg Norman** drinks Fourex and Tooheys Draught — solid, "blue collar" brews — while Sydney radio and TV personality **Mike Carlton** swears he drinks Carlton Draught.

The new Swan Premium Export Lager, a product pitched squarely at the yuppie market, is the beer that radio announcer and media personality **Derryn Hynch** is drinking "at the moment", although he also drinks Carlton Light and little-known Victorian beer Old Ballarat Brew.

Not surprisingly, *Australia II* skipper **John Bertrand** and designer **Ben Lexcen** also drink Swan, one of the beers owned by *Australia II* owner **Alan Bond**.

Upmarket, "exclusive" imported beers find favor with **John Laws**, the highest paid radio star in Australia, who drinks the little-known imported brew, San Miguel, and cricket commentator **Richie Benaud**. Benaud rarely drinks beer but when he "has to", he opts for Dutch brew Heineken.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

A hitchhiker's guide to the audio/video galaxy.

Article by DANNY GOODMAN

THE ELECTRONIC FRONTIER

WITH THE STATE of the art in home entertainment electronics shifting almost daily, is it really possible to buy something that won't become an antique before you get it home? Absolutely. You may never head off obsolescence permanently, but at least you can delay it if you're up on what's hot and what's not in product trends. So with all those new formats in audio and video clamoring for our attention, it's time to separate the best from the bullshit.

In the audio realm, compact audio discs (CDs) have certainly become a stable fixture. This year's middle and high priced models employ third-generation filtering techniques, which have substantially refined the sound coming from the silvery discs. A new CD player model from just about any manufacturer is a safe addition to your stereo system.

Even since the beginning of the CD world, its makers have been promising text or still frame video information packaged alongside the audio on the discs. Still frames might show backstage shots of a live concert disc or mood pictures timed to the music. To see the pictures, you'll need an entirely

ABOVE: The music goes round and round seemingly forever in a Pioneer PD-M6 Multi-Play Compact Disc Player, as the unit takes up to six CDs and offers random-access programming, wireless remote control, six-disc magazine and more, $900.

new generation of CD player that doesn't yet exist. Some of today's players, though, will be adaptable with the aid of a decoder box that draws digital video pictures from a conventional player. A number of high-end players have these digital sub-code outputs already on their rear panels. But with no CD presser even talking about video yet, don't hold your breath for this development.

Some of the biggest excitement in CDs comes from the way discs are stored. As if a 72-minute uninterrupted music source weren't enough, we're starting to see the first of multiple-disc changers. Pioneer's PD-M6 ($900) unit is no bigger than most component-style CD players, yet it holds a slim cartridge of six discs. You can program the discs in any sequence of tracks on any disc to make up your night's listening program.

CD player programming is about to get a novel boost from Philips, the company which invented the system in the first place and apparently has a few patented tricks up its sleeve. Later this year, Philips plans to introduce a CD player which will incorporate a unique feature called Favorite Track Selection (FTS). The player reads a record number code that is already pressed into every disc. If you don't like a particular track or prefer your disc program in a different order from the one pressed into it, then program the selections into the player's memory. The next time you insert the disc, the player reads the disc's code number and retrieves the selection you programmed for it earlier. Built-in memory accommodates programming for up to 785 tracks from up to 99 discs.

The angular Toshiba XR-P9 portable compact disc player doubles as a home model. It's programmable for up to 16 selections, operates on batteries for nine hours and has a 15-function remote-control unit (shown), about $480.

Alpine's Model 7375 AM/FM cassette player consists of a six-tape changer which is cleverly housed in the boot of your car, connected to a dash-mounted control panel via fibre-optic wiring (which cuts down on noise). It'll be available later this year, at approx. $2685.

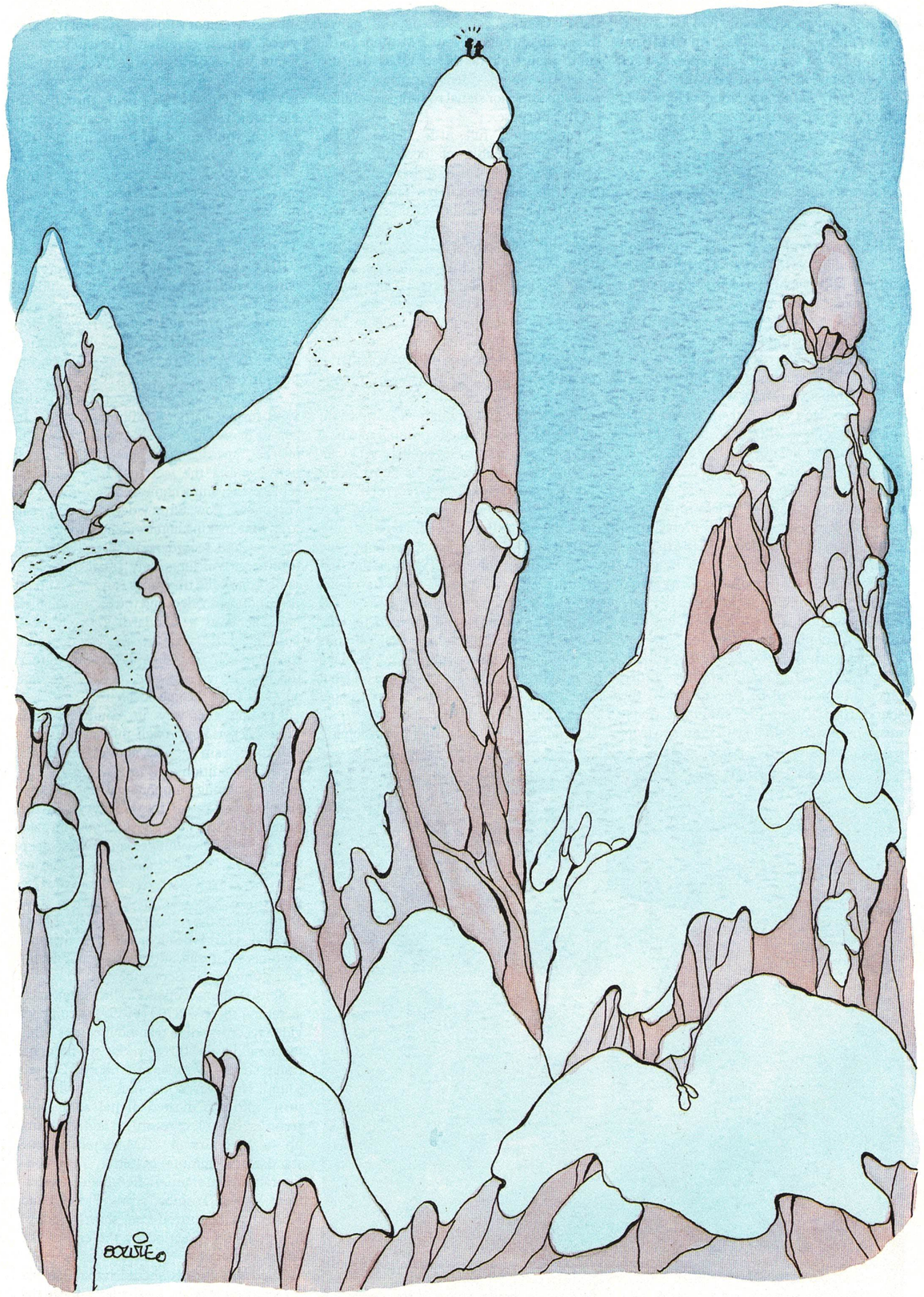
By the way, if you're feeling flush and looking for speakers to handle your CD sound, take a look at the $5100 a pair John Bowers Active 1s by B&W. Two years in the making, the Active 1s are perfectly matched to their built-in 300 watt amplifiers and crossover networks, which also lessens the chore of matching amps and speakers when shopping for a system.

Sony started the ball rolling in portable CD players when it beat everyone to the punch with its popular D-50 model ($479). The second generation of portables is upon us, offering improved laser technologies, longer playing time on batteries and multiple-track programmability. Toshiba's XR-P9 goes a step further by allowing you to slip the portable unit into an attractive angled power supply for use with your home amplifier or receiver. Add the wireless remote control unit and you have a great audio component.

Car CD players are starting to gain a toehold in dashboards. But the idea of an exposed, expensive CD player unit in your car may give you second thoughts. Sony can dispel these doubts with its Disc Jockey. Housed in a well-insulated, boot-mounted box is a 10-disc CD changer with room for an optional AM/FM stereo tuner. You control the unit through a wired remote control that, not coincidentally, is the length and width of a standard car radio, but less than two centimetres thick. Mount the control on the dash or stash it under the seat. Aside from full control over programming discs and radio stations, you also have the ability to compress the CD sound. (Supplies of the Disc Jockey will be available in August.)

A boot-mounted cassette changer is an equally appealing idea, if you're not quite ready for mobile CD. The recently launched Alpine model 7375 car stereo deck ($2685), for example, is a boot-housed changer that holds six cassettes. Up in the passenger compartment, a standard radio-sized control head gives you power over your musical selections. The unit also includes an AM/FM stereo tuner with the unique feature of letting you listen to the radio while rewinding or fast forwarding a tape, instead of listening to dead air.

Amid the glitz of high-tech styled audio components it's refreshing to see a classic idea tastefully updated. Table radios used to be extremely popular, but lost their market because of poor sound and their AM-only capability. Proton, a new company on the world scene, has reintroduced the table radio idea and labelled its model The Radio.



"Ah shit. . . I've forgotten the flag!"

For $499 you get top quality AM and FM in mono, plus a digital display. An additional $269 buys a separate amplifier/speaker combination which converts the unit to high-power stereo operation. High-level auxiliary inputs are provided so you can plug in a portable cassette or CD player. According to the Australian distributor, W.C. Wedderspoon, they're selling like hot-cakes for use on executive desks, in boardrooms and at home.

High quality sound is no longer limited to audio gear, as evidenced by the proliferation of Beta and VHS video recording gear capable of very high fidelity audio. The problem facing shoppers, however, is that high-fidelity VCRs present a confusing array of incompatible features. In the VHS format alone, you can encounter VCRs rated as hi-fi stereo, stereo and ordinary mono. Unless you know what each type of audio does, you may end up with a VCR that doesn't mesh with the kind of tapes you like to make and play.

VHS Hi-Fi, for example, is a special audio format that records audio from an external source, such as an FM tuner, with remarkable stereo sound. Many prerecorded cassettes are now encoded in VHS Hi-Fi for dynamite sound when viewed on a TV monitor and played through a stereo system. Tapes released for VHS Hi-Fi are fully compatible with plain VCRs, but with just the monophonic sound.

VCRs with only Dolby stereo will not decode VHS Hi-Fi audio on pre-recorded tapes, but you will be able to record the sound tracks from FM simulcast transmissions in stereo along with the video from the TV channel. In this set-up, you connect the audio outputs of your FM tuner to the audio inputs of the stereo VCR. Sansui's S-X1100 audio/video receiver ($1799) contains superior signal routing capabilities for this purpose.

Top-quality, full hi-fi stereo VCRs, which are capable of decoding stereo broadcasts from TV channels, as well as replaying both hi-fi stereo tapes, can be identified because of the "hi-fi" sticker and a small "bi-lingual" light on their front panels. If there isn't a bi-lingual light, the VCR may not be able to decode stereo information off the air-waves. It also pays to shop carefully, because some machines which can replay tapes recorded in hi-fi stereo cannot replay tapes recorded using the original low-fi stereo tracks. Or rather, it *can* replay them, but only in mono.

If the audio portion of the VCR gambit weren't confusing enough, a new set of letters, HQ, signals the beginning of a new age in video quality. Developed by JVC in Japan, HQ gives a noticeable boost to the clarity and sharpness of a recorded video image. Yet if you make a recording in HQ, the tape will still be playable on a friend's conventional VHS player without any compatibility problems. JVC was the first to bring HQ to Australia with its model HR-D566EA, which includes VHS Hi-Fi and off-air stereo sound built in for one super-sophisticated machine. Other brands have followed, but up until now, all have been at the high end. Look for the HQ label somewhere on the machine's front panel when shopping.

Portable video recording is becoming more convenient with the advent of the one-piece camera-recorder. Hitachi's auto-focus VM-200E camcorder, for example, lets you make standard VHS tapes and review them in the field through an electronic viewfinder, so you're sure you got the shot you wanted. At home, just pop the tape into the home VCR for everyone to see.

The VM-200E retails for about $2500 but individual stores have a free hand in adding or deleting optional "extras" which can vary the price by about $500 either way. That isn't the case with National's M-3A VHS camcorder, which is sold complete with a full range of options including batteries, earpiece adaptor, carry-case, remote control and shoulder-frame for $3209. It features a full 2 hr 40 min recording capability, and has a Newvicon pick-up tube.

Also check out the latest contender in the VCR format battle, 8 millimetre video. It gets its name from both the measured width of the tape in the audio-cassette-sized housing, and the fact that it is likely to replace the 8mm home movie cameras of yore. From now, 8mm video should appeal to anyone making home videos, because the cameras and recorders are usually packed together in an amazingly small one-piece camcorder. The tiny tapes can record up to three hours of video, and the picture quality is as good as a standard VHS or Beta portable unit. Better still, you can then edit the tapes on to standard tapes in either format, so your home deck does not automatically become obsolete.

Leading the way in compact 8mm camcorders is Sony's well-publicised CCD-M8 Handycam ($1899), about the size of a paperback edition of *War And Peace*. The most intriguing component from the vast accessory array for the Handycam is the Marine Pack, a housing that lets you take 8mm videotapes of underwater life as deep as 40 metres below the surface. The Marine Pack has proved to be so popular in the US, where Video8 was first released, that shipments to the rest of the world have been delayed. Garry Beauchamp, a spokesman for Sony Australia, anticipates receiving his first shipments in September.

Sony is doing even more with 8mm, such as selling the EV-S700 ($1899), a compact video recorder/digital audio recorder. This machine has a three-week, six-program timer, stereo TV tuner and full PCM stereo sound. However, at the flick of a switch, it turns into a dedicated digital audio-only recorder, capable of recording and replaying up to 18 hours of PCM stereo on one standard 90 minute cassette! This configuration, and stand-alone tabletop models from Sanyo, Toshiba, Aiwa, Pioneer and Kodak, to be introduced shortly, reveal home video's direction by the end of the '80s.

The VHS format should remain strong for many more years, particularly due to the deep penetration in Australian households

For underwater video footage, there's Sony's Marine Pack, an airtight glass-and-plastic housing that can be submerged — with a Sony 8mm Handycam inside — to depths of 40 metres; other features include an underwater mike. Soon to arrive in Australia.

For The Man Who Wants The Best of Everything

Shown with optional CD player
Albums not included

Tandy
ELECTRONICS

WE MAKE IT • WE SELL IT • WE SUPPORT IT

Style. Technology. Power. Realistic® System 600 offers the latest stereo features and ultra-modern design. Discover a new dimension in sound reproduction, surrounded by 90 (total RMS) watts of dramatic solid bass and crisp highs. System 600 includes: belt-drive turntable, amplifier with built-in graphic equalizer, stereo tuner, cassette deck, 3-way bass-reflex walnut veneer speakers and matching veneer cabinet. . . . . **$1599.**
The Sound of The Eighties. Fully supported by Tandy's Nationwide service.

More power to you, tin ear! These John Bowers Active I Limited speakers each house a 300-watt amplifier in a hand-finished, high-gloss lacquer cabinet. $5100 a pair.

(one of the highest in the world) and the ready availability of pre-recorded videotapes for sale and rent.

VCRs will also begin employing digital techniques, which already appear on a few television sets. In digital video, picture information is converted into signals similar to those flowing through a computer. Eventually, we'll have digital sets that store pictures in computer-like memory for freeze frames, enhance or adjust the color tints at our whim, and display multiple pictures on one screen.

While digital TV techniques will be built into higher priced large screen televisions, there's plenty of action in flat panel television sets. After decades of promises, solid state Liquid Crystal Display (LCD) panel TVs are coming of age. So far, the screens have been on the small side — under 7.6 centimetres diagonally — and picture quality has been improving steadily. One of the best black-and-white pictures today can be found on Tandy's pocket television, the Pocketvision ($299.95).

In the picture tube department, AWA's new 51cm television ($1049) sports the latest flat square tube design backed by impressive electronics for crystal clear video and stereo audio. On the smaller side, Toshiba's 11.5cm AC/DC mini color TV ($549) has a next-century design that looks great on an executive desk.

As you can tell from the increasingly common blending of hi-fi sound and quality video, the distinctions between audio and video entertainment are blurring. In fact, while your audio and video gear may have been in two separate rooms before, today they are more often sharing the same cabinet in a consolidated home entertainment centre. And naturally you want to control every element of your system by lifting no more than a finger or two. JVC's Cube system comes with a hand-held remote control populated with an impressive array of buttons. It's like having long distance access to audio and video sources, channels and frequencies, fast forward and slow motion, and more programmability than you can imagine. The super system features a 50cm CTV monitor, HR-D566EA VHS HQ video cassette recorder, RX-V5 100 watt per channels stereo receiver, AL-F2 turntable, DD-VR77B cassette deck, XL-V400B compact disc player, all in a modern, cube-styled cabinet assembly, with matching white speakers. It's valued at around $8000. Remote controls are logically organised and clearly marked, so you won't need a co-pilot to fly this baby.

Tying together pieces of a full audio/video system consisting of speakers and listening areas in different rooms has been a costly proposition. And if the system consists of unmatched components, then any ideas of remote controlling the system from your easy chair without a handful of controllers has been essentially out of the question. That is until intelligent, low-cost remote control systems such as the Revox infra-red (IR) transceiver system came along. By setting up tiny IR repeaters in each speaker-equipped room, you can control an FM tuner's channel, a CD player's track, a cassette deck's pause, the amp's volume and your preamp's source from a handheld controller. Another component of the Revox system will even communicate with other brand IR remote-controlled devices, such as VCRs and satellite receivers. Wiring between rooms is as simple as stringing speaker cable. The cost of the remote is $120; transceivers are $106 each.

No gaze into the electronics crystal ball would be complete without a personal computer forecast. A glance at recent history reveals how volatile the industry is, and how easily a computer can become an orphan in search of non-existent software and repair facilities. Of the brands out there today, you can count on only a few to have the resources to sustain sufficient support for their machines. IBM, of course, will continue to be the volume leader in business micros. A few IBM PC-compatible makers, particularly the well-entrenched Dick Smith Multitech computer, should also hang in there nicely. Apple's Macintosh enjoys a large enough installed base and unique graphics features that will keep it in a smaller but consistent limelight in the foreseeable future.

One way to avoid the obsolescence question in a computer is to buy a dedicated machine that does one job you need and does it well, so you don't have to worry about new software or add-on products in the future. One such product, the $1395 Amstrad PCW 8256, is a compact, self-contained word processing workstation. As you type your text on the keyboard, the words appear in the built-in green-screen display. You can then edit on the screen and print on plain paper and envelopes with a dot-matrix printer capable of near-letter quality. Up to 70 pages of text can be stored on each 75mm diskette.

So don't let advancing technology scare you away. Stay informed, and try to know as much as possible about the current state of the art before even entering an electronics shop. When you get the gear home, envelop yourself in its fine audio, video or computer abilities. And then think to yourself that if you had waited for tomorrow's state of the art, you wouldn't have the pleasure you're enjoying right now!

"It's an irritating little tap, tap, tap sound somewhere behind the dashboard."

FAST FORWARD

High-powered Rebecca Ferratti will put you in a spin.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVEN WAYDA

You've got to be fit to keep up with Rebecca Ferratti. This high-powered, devastatingly attractive young lady admits that she hates standing still. "There's not enough time in the day," she moans. "I need 48 hours, not 24. I love to drive fast. I love positive, high-energy people. I don't want to be around negative people. If they're negative, I'll bring them up so far they'll say, Whoa!"

Rebecca is forging a name for herself as a photographic model and has high hopes of making it big. We suspect she may succeed. As for succeeding with Rebecca, there's no shortage of men trying. "I really do have a flirtatious side, you know," reveals Rebecca. "I just don't use it very much. I don't need to." Rebecca doesn't need anything except more hours in the day, but all her admirers should be forewarned — whether the subject is late-night dancing or love, it's certainly not easy keeping up with her.

VIETNAM?

(continued from page 38)

Compared to El Salvador, Nicaragua is a dream to invade, text-book perfect in its geography.

streets overgrown with grass and weeds, hills and valleys that sparkle in the distance. It is a moment out of Marquez, not Puzo.

"You'd never know it from today," I say, "but when the journalists came up here after the bombings, they counted 17 dead in the streets. Women and children, mostly."

Standing in the steeple, I burrow underneath the label Low Intensity Conflict for the first time. Low Intensity Conflict? What kind of word game are we playing? I am in the middle of disputed territory, in the company of guerrillas, soon to go back down the road through the roadblock set up by the Salvadoran Army. Tenancingo was once home for 2000 people. Now it is deserted, bombed out, too dangerous a place to live in. Twenty years from now, we'll probably have another label. What will we call such a war then? Constructive Counteraction? Deniable Discord? Measured Disputation?

Later that afternoon, we pass through a roadblock of nervous and angry soldiers and drive from Tenancingo to an army garrison. The colonel in charge is a very competent man who has received Ranger and Special Forces training. He is frank and blunt: many of his men are guarding fixed positions; he would like to have more mobile forces; the war cannot be won just with bullets because it is a struggle for the hearts and minds of El Salvador's population.

Dave Evans, a double amputee from Vietnam and a man of West Virginia honesty, asks specifically if we could visit the garrison hospital. We move through the courtyard and up a flight of stairs. The sick bay is nothing more than a dingy room with a large black and white TV blaring *Hawaii Five-0* in Spanish. Two young men lie in separate beds in one corner of the dispensary. They have each lost limbs to mines. Dave Evans, as he had before in the San Salvador military hospital, takes off his artificial legs to show the wounded soldiers that he understands their pain, that he knows their suffering and at the same time, that there is a way back from that kind of mutilation.

The colonel beams in surprise. "I didn't know you were an amputee," he says. "You walk so well. You must have a great hatred for the Viet Cong."

"No," Evans says. "I think I was wrong to be there. It was their country. You know, peace."

The colonel's face undergoes a transfiguration, a twisting of the features that no Hollywood make-up man could match. "Death to the Communists!" the colonel says. It is a crack in the smooth facade he has presented up to now. Nothing else he says that evening will be as emotional or uncontrolled.

As we walk through the garrison and back toward the van, I notice two things that seem small but that glare like burning rockets. The weapons of the men, even though they are in garrison, are not well-maintained. This does not speak well for their morale or training. And it is almost amusing to walk at the colonel's side down the steep slope to the town square. His men, *campesinos*, peasants impressed into duty, do not know whether to salute or how to salute. Some of them walk by him without acknowledging him. Others salute in a slow, ponderous way that makes me embarrassed for the colonel. He knows that we veterans understand the significance of troops who do not know how to salute. It is as if his professional expertise is being mocked by his own men.

The colonel stands at the huge gates of the garrison and salutes us as we move away. It is then that Dr Charlie Clements tells me that the good colonel is a familiar figure to him. When Clements was doctoring in rural El Salvador, the colonel was in charge of the National Guard in that area. The troops the colonel commanded at that time stuffed 200 people in Guazapa down a well, killing them all. The spirit of *The Godfather* is never far away.

On the morning of our departure, I am very glad to be leaving El Salvador, even for the unknown possibilities of Nicaragua. El Salvador is a complex nightmare. The entire delegation breathes a sigh of relief as we board the aircraft and take off.

Later that same day, President Duarte's daughter is kidnapped in San Salvador, her bodyguard killed. She will be held for some weeks and on her return she will have some good things to say about the guerrillas. Then she will be whisked into therapy, and, as of this writing, not heard from publicly again.

•

My hotel looks over Managua. The city was devastated by an earthquake in 1972 and never completely rebuilt. There are great empty blocks of rubble and weeds, a few buildings constructed since then, a city that is seedy, impoverished, poorly lighted at night, pressed by shortages of food and water (the water is turned off twice a week in Managua; you learn to fill your bathtub the night before). This is a country with two oceans and no navy. This is a country at war with our surrogates, the Contras, but I will not find a veteran in the delegation who thinks Nicaragua is a military threat to the United States. There, on the ground in Managua, the idea is laughable.

Still, as I look out my window at the long expanse of the city and the flatlands and beaches, I recognise how ideal this locale would be for an ambitious operation. Compared to El Salvador, Nicaragua is a dream to invade, a country made for it, textbook-perfect in its geography.

"There's a lot of injustice in the world, son. That's why I think you should become a lawyer. . . so you can make a profit off it."

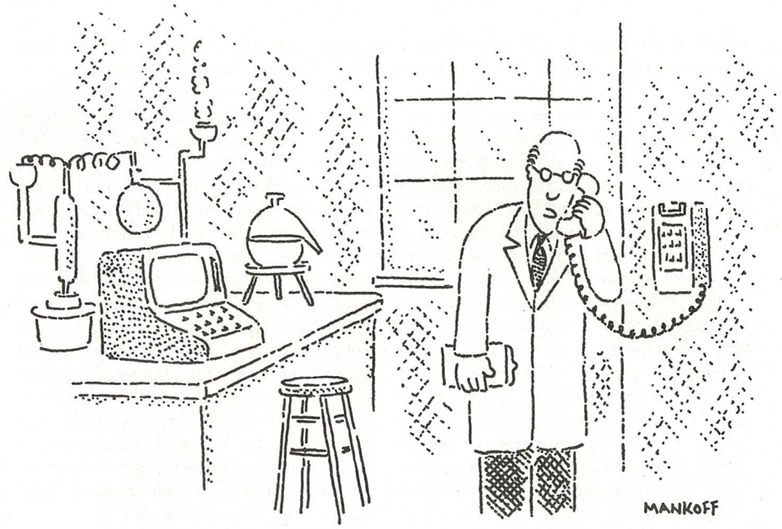
Once again, our delegation has good access to many people and places and points of view.

We meet with the US ambassador, a Misquito Indian leader, a small businessman who opposes the Sandinistas, the editor of *La Prensa* who also opposes them. We interview Bayardo Arce, one of the nine Sandinista *commandantes*, a young, tough, smooth man who is reputed to be one of the heavy-duty Marxist-Leninists in the leadership. We talk with doctors and priests and people in the street. Unlike in El Salvador, we find the Nicaraguans to be more open to casual political talk, more free to express themselves. To a person, they are critical of the ghastly Somozas — our leading family in Managua for 40 years — but also to a person they admit that they are tired of the war-like footing they are told they must maintain, the preparations for a US invasion, the rationing and the draft and the continual pressure from the Contras. Life is hard in Nicaragua, they tell us, and they know it is going to get harder.

We travel a few hours north to Matagalpa. This is Contra ambush country. We meet with Colonel Adopho Chamorro, the Sandinista deputy commander of the Matagalpa Military Region. Colonel Chamorro is as handsome as a TV soap opera star, a calm and soft-spoken man of immense professionalism. He informs us that the Contras are now making deep raids into Nicaragua, creating ambushes, kidnapping farmers, committing atrocities, attacking co-operatives. He estimates that there are between 3000-5000 Contras in this region right now, an equal number nearby. But, he claims, they are not doing well, the population does not support them, and the Nicaraguan defence forces are winning. The Contras, he says, are based on Honduras, supported and advised by North Americans. The command staff of the Contras is composed of former national guardsmen under Somosa.

Every trip has its unforgettable moment, the one that comes back in dreams and reveries, the moment that shapes everything else. For me, it is this afternoon near Matagalpa. After Colonel Chamorro's briefing, we drive further north. The bus we are using has a wooden deck on its roof, and a few of us climb up there to ride in the wind and the sun. It is a foolish gesture on roads that might hold a Contra ambush, but foolish gestures are sometimes at the heart of life.

We are near Jinotega, looking for a military field hospital of the Sandinistas, a place somewhere between the Nicaraguan and Contra forces. We find it. It reminds me of a World War II movie set: tent-like hospital wards, primitive medical facilities, well-policed grounds, many wounded young men. The air is cool and clear, the late afternoon sun at a critical angle.



"Look, I'm just as concerned a scientist as you, but right now I'm busy developing an improved fabric softener."

In one of the wards a young man lies dying. He has been hit in the gut in a Contra ambush. He drifts in and out of consciousness, saying nothing, his eyes fixed on his father, a grizzled man in a torn workshirt and baggy trousers and sandals. The young man's intestines lie exposed in one area, tied off like small balloons. He is about the age of my sons.

The father and I look at each other. He knows only that I am a North American, a veteran, a man on a delegation from the country that has financed and equipped the Contras who have shot his son. Martine Gutierrez, the man who is serving as translator, cracks for a second. "Every time I see this, I get pissed off," he says to me.

I look at the father. Something passes between us. I think he might get angry, but he does not. I pull out the laminated picture I always carry of Jim and Brendan, my two sons. "I'm a father, too," I ask Martine to translate, "and I'm sorry this has happened to your son. I hate war, and I know you do, too. We've all seen too much of it." I despise the shallowness of words sometimes, and this is one of them.

"All we want is peace," the father says. "My son is lost, but all we want is peace." He says it without anger. I reach out to shake his hand. He takes it.

We part quickly, and I move down the ward, seeing more young men without limbs, some without hope of life. I have been through a lot of this, and I am good at comforting the wounded and the dying. But as I talk to these young men, I seethe inside. I want to bring all the Rambo-warriors in Washington, DC, down to this field hospital near Jinotega. Let Rambo confront reality for a change, I think. Mock my sentiment, mock my loyalty and patriotism, bring everything I represent under suspicion, but come down here in front of these young men and in front of this father and tell me how a nation that lived under the despotic Somosas for decades must now get ready for more of the same, how the revolution that was effected simply does not meet our standards, how Nicaragua must embrace raw capitalism and nothing else or we will squeeze it like a lemon, kill its children, invade its borders and snuff out the flames.

Like most men, I endure these emotions without really showing them. As we climb back on the bus, I give in to my fatigue and confusion quietly, putting on my Walkman headphones and listening to a tape on the long ride back through the mountains and the rain towards Managua. The tape was made by my son Brendan. He has a synthesiser and a drum machine and a mixer, and he is one hell of a musician who writes beautiful songs.

That night on the bus I wonder, not for the first time, if Jim and Brendan will ever be drafted into a dirty little war in Central America.

•

We're racist and arrogant. We always go for the quick fix. We'll go for it again. We think we can solve everything with money and bodies. We don't understand nationalism. Or power flows. Or history. There's no policy. No one's at the helm. We don't know how to protect our interests short of war. So we'll go to war.

The Source

For most of us, Honduras is an afterthought. Our experiences in El Salvador and Nicaragua are so difficult and rich that by the time we land at Toncontin Airport in Tegucigalpa, most of our sensors are down, our systems on hold. Honduras, we know, is not in a condition of crisis like El Salvador and Nicaragua. Honduras, the poorest country in Central America, is a staging area

for the Contras and is essentially a client-state of the United States. The danger here is limited. It is decompression time.

Or so we think until we have lunch with the leadership of the Contras.

In retrospect, our delegation probably disappointed the Contras more than we knew. Vietnam veterans? In Honduras to find out about the war? Maybe even to volunteer to fight in it or advise or lend expertise? *Soldier Of Fortune* goes south? This is no doubt what the Contras hope we are there for as our bus pulls up to the gate of the large house.

I'm not crazy about guard dogs, especially ones that look me in the eye and growl that they know where I live. And too many men with too many weapons can also make me nervous. And a living room that looks like an ad for far right Klansmen, complete with weapons on the wall, weapons in the corners, and stacked rounds of ammunition in the unused fireplace, is not my idea of a relaxed place in which to eat a boxed lunch.Nor am I fond of the fact that it takes one blunt question from Dave Evans about CIA funding of the Contras to set Commander Mike Lima off on a tirade.

You may have seen Mike Lima. He was pictured in *Newsweek* once in a glowing article about the Contras. He wears a state-of-the-art prosthetic device to replace his amputated right hand. He is young, mid-twenties, small, tough, hysterical. His anger at anyone who does not agree with him is intense, his face flushed, his words tumbling over each other like swarming bees. He chews us out for asking such a stupid question, for doubting the Contras' ability to stand on their own without CIA aid, for harboring any doubt about the darkness of the Sandinistas and the virtue of the Contras. He rants like a maniac, venom spewing. Just outside the living room stand 50 restless men with weapons, FALs with folding stocks, .45s, M-16s, men with cowboy hats and angry eyes, listening to their *commandante* tell this bunch of North American *gringos* where they can go with their suspicious minds and puny wills.

It is unclear to me what Mike Lima wants to do to us, but as I often do in tense situations, I find myself a little amused. For one thing, I am asking myself a question that I probably never would have asked without this incident: the Sandinistas are not angels, but who are these Contras and what kind of program would they put in place in Nicaragua if they invaded and won? On a scale of 1 to 10, Mike Lima's political consciousness probably registers at about one half. I've worked with and trained a lot of Mike Limas in my time. They are excellent fighters, brave men, often uncontrollable and atrocious in their behavior in the field if they are not carefully watched. They *all* call themselves freedom-fighters, every single one, whether our own President hands them that label or not. But what will they do in Nicaragua if they ever gain power? How slow and dumb I have been not to ask that question earlier.

Another thing makes me laugh to myself. I am on total alert and so is every other veteran in the delegation. Suddenly, we are not sitting and eating. Slowly, carefully, we have moved to different corners of the room, spread out, broadened the target and made it more difficult to group us into a small area. The collective hair on our collective necks is wired for action and defence. We are in a crazed presence and we know anything can happen. The Contras are proving to us that they are what their critics say they are: former Somosa national guardsmen, former Death Squad members, hit men and rogues. My body is tight and I'm ready for whatever might explode — yet I recognise the addict in myself again, the danger junkie, the man who feels good when certain kinds of risk are present.

That is when I ease up on Mike Lima. I don't like him. But he is also my brother. We are not totally unalike. He has just come out of the jungle and will soon be going back into it, and if I were on his timetable, I'd be as hair-triggered as he is. He is being led and financed by men whose approval he needs more than life itself. I've been there. He thinks he represents freedom and liberty and that therefore any action to further his cause is worth while. I know what that's about.

The Contras are proving to us that they are what their critics say they are: former Somoza national guardsmen, former Death Squad hit men and rogues.

He has been primed for violence, and that particular pump, once primed, is hard to shut off. Most of us in that room in Honduras understand that, too.

Gradually, Lima calms down, other Contras begin to talk. Dr Rodriguez Alaniz speaks in glowing terms of the creative essences of mysticism and patriotism. There is high language about moral and spiritual goals, a claim that 90 percent of the Nicaraguan people back the Contras and are simply waiting to be liberated by them, a statement that all Contras are volunteers with inbred democratic principles and convictions and that none of them are in it for the money, none have been kidnapped or pressed into service. Atrocities? They are all on the other side.

As I walk out of that house in Honduras, past the guards and the dogs and the landscaped grounds and the wrought-iron gate, the trip is over for me. Life has come full-circle, Puzo and Marquez are joined in my consciousness, and I think I've seen the future.

We will go with the Contras. They will be our shock troops, our *montagnards*, our scouts, our point men. They are psyched, professionally competent, well-motivated and well-financed. They are men who have been told they are about to go to war. I doubt that they will be disappointed.

•

The governing classes in Central America are irresponsible. They plunder their economies and send all their wealth out of their countries. They're pirates. And we buy them off. We grease them, we grease their military. It's totally venal. But don't forget: they may loot and pillage in Central America, but people do the same things in this town. They're just less public about it.

The Source

From Honduras, we fly back to Miami, where the Vietnam veterans delegation splits up. People head back to their homes and jobs. In the past 10 days we've formed some close friendships, learned a lot, been changed. We feel the weight of what we've seen.

It is while I am in Washington on my return that I am first contacted by The Source, a highly-placed official of the US government who is intimately involved with our policies and programs in Central America and who predicts that the United States will invade Nicaragua before the current administration leaves office. The final decision on that adventure is being made as you read this, in the northern summer of 1986. The Contras will go into Nicaragua under the pretext of saving that country from communism. The Contras will not do well militarily. We know already that we will participate in an expanded Grenada-style invasion — a rescue of the Contras that turns into an occupation of Nicaragua. It will be Ronald Reagan's parting gift to his more conservative followers.

That is in the works, like it or not.

If it does happen, as seems likely, there is a final irony. The bureaucrats who twist both our language and our thought will be able to argue that such an invasion is not a war, really, but simply another example of Low Intensity Conflict:

LOW INTENSITY CONFLICT (TYPE A). Internal defence and development assistance operations involving actions by US combat forces to establish, regain, or maintain control of specific land areas threatened by guerrilla warfare, revolution, subversion, or other tactics aimed at internal seizure of power.

Headquarters Department of the Army, FM-100-20, Low Intensity Conflict January 1981.

So when is a war not a war? When it's a Low Intensity Conflict, get it?

PLOT
AUSTRALIA

DIVORCE

(continued from page 78)

The pendulum has swung the other way since the women's movement began and now men need support groups.

Says psychologist Greta Goldberg: "Many are intimidated because they think that women these days demand to be laid instantly and perfectly! The guys who have the most difficulties are those who've had trouble forming intimate relationships before marriage, and those whose wives have left them for another man. If they had some sexual difficulties during their marriage, such as erectile problems or premature ejaculation, they will become anxious about their performance with a new partner and anxiety usually produces the dreaded situation."

Rob describes his first sexual encounter after his marriage broke up: "A sexy girl I met at a party agreed that I take her home. I couldn't wait but whether it was the booze or worrying how I'd measure up to her expectations, when it came to it, I couldn't get it up. She was pretty understanding and suggested trying again in the morning but I couldn't get out of there fast enough and I hoped I'd never see her again. The next time I met a girl I fancied I was already dreading it happening again so I chickened out. After a few months of living like a monk, I went to see a psychologist who does sex therapy. In the end there was nothing wrong with me, but my confidence needed boosting because sex with my wife hadn't been that crash hot, probably because I always came too quickly. I had a few sessions with the psych, learned how to delay ejaculation, sorted myself out and, since then, I feel good and I don't have any trouble screwing."

George still beams at the recollection of his first affair after the split. "My wife and I hadn't had sex for seven months before we separated so imagine how uptight I felt. I didn't want a serious relationship, only sex, and luckily the woman I met felt the same way. It lasted for 10 fantastic days. I nearly killed myself in the process, but it gave me back my self-esteem and laid the ghost!"

One of the biggest problems separated or divorced men must solve is how to replace family life. Empty hours after work are hard to fill. Some work late, drink too much, and watch TV, but those who adjust most quickly get involved in some leisure interest or sport. George was glad he'd enrolled at Tech while still married. "When we split up, I didn't have to rely on our mutual friends because I'd made a new group of friends, and studying kept my mind off my worries."

Some men find separates' groups provide the answer to their problems and needs because there they can freely exchange feelings and experiences with others in the same boat. At the same time, they gain insight into their own behavior and make new friends. Jan Young runs groups for separates for the Marriage and Family Centre of NSW. "Our groups run for 10 weeks," she says. "They're small and not at all threatening."

Sharing insights and experiences creates a bond between members of the group which becomes a mini-world where people can try out new patterns of behavior and feel accepted in this new phase of their lives. As one man explains: "I've gained insight into my anger and how to control it. I've realised that I'm a whole person without my wife and I see now that the split wasn't all my fault. Life looks a lot brighter now."

Dr Graeme Russell, lecturer in behavioral science at Sydney's Macquarie University, believes that the government should fund centres for men. "The pendulum has swung the other way since the women's movement began, and now men need support groups where they can get advice on how to cope after separation."

Centacare runs male awareness groups. According to social worker Michael Flannery, separated men account for one-third of their members.

One of the issues that troubles many men is the way they're dealt with by our legal system. Since the Family Law Act was passed in 1975, divorce has become quicker, easier and blame-free. If a couple can work out the division of their property and children amicably, their marriage can be dissolved in an informal courtroom in a matter of minutes. But while some like the speed and lack of ritual, others find these assembly-line divorces disconcerting. The man I met outside the courtroom commented: "It took seconds to end a marriage that lasted 16 years. I felt cheated somehow. I wanted to get up and say my piece, but no one wanted to know how I felt about ending such a big part of my life. I wanted someone to know that my wife told a pack of lies in her affidavits to the court about her financial status, at the instigation of her solicitor who pushed her to try and grab as much as she could. I wish we'd parted on better terms but her solicitor's intervention made for more antagonism between us."

A Sydney man is awaiting trial on a charge of trying to arrange the murder of his wife and her solicitor on the eve of their property settlement. Although few men feel as violent as that toward their wife's solicitors, many are angry at the way that legal intervention increases greed and hostility. Dennis is determined to avoid this situation. "My wife and I are discussing how to split our assets between us and we've just about agreed on everything. I got a lot of helpful advice from Legal Aid on how to go about it. That way there won't be any bitterness between us about who gets what."

Imposed property settlements usually make one partner unhappy. That happened with Geoff. "When I married my wife, she had nothing while I owned a house. When she left me, the judge awarded her 38 percent of the value of the house because she convinced him she needed a deposit for her own home. Three years later, she still hasn't bought one but there's nothing I can do. At least I'm better off than lots of guys I know who've had to sell their homes and live in flats. Even though I have the kids for half the week, I still have to give her $20 maintenance a week for each of them, which isn't fair. A while back I was ill for a few months and got in arrears with my maintenance payment. They made out a court order to garnishee my wages. I feel ripped off."

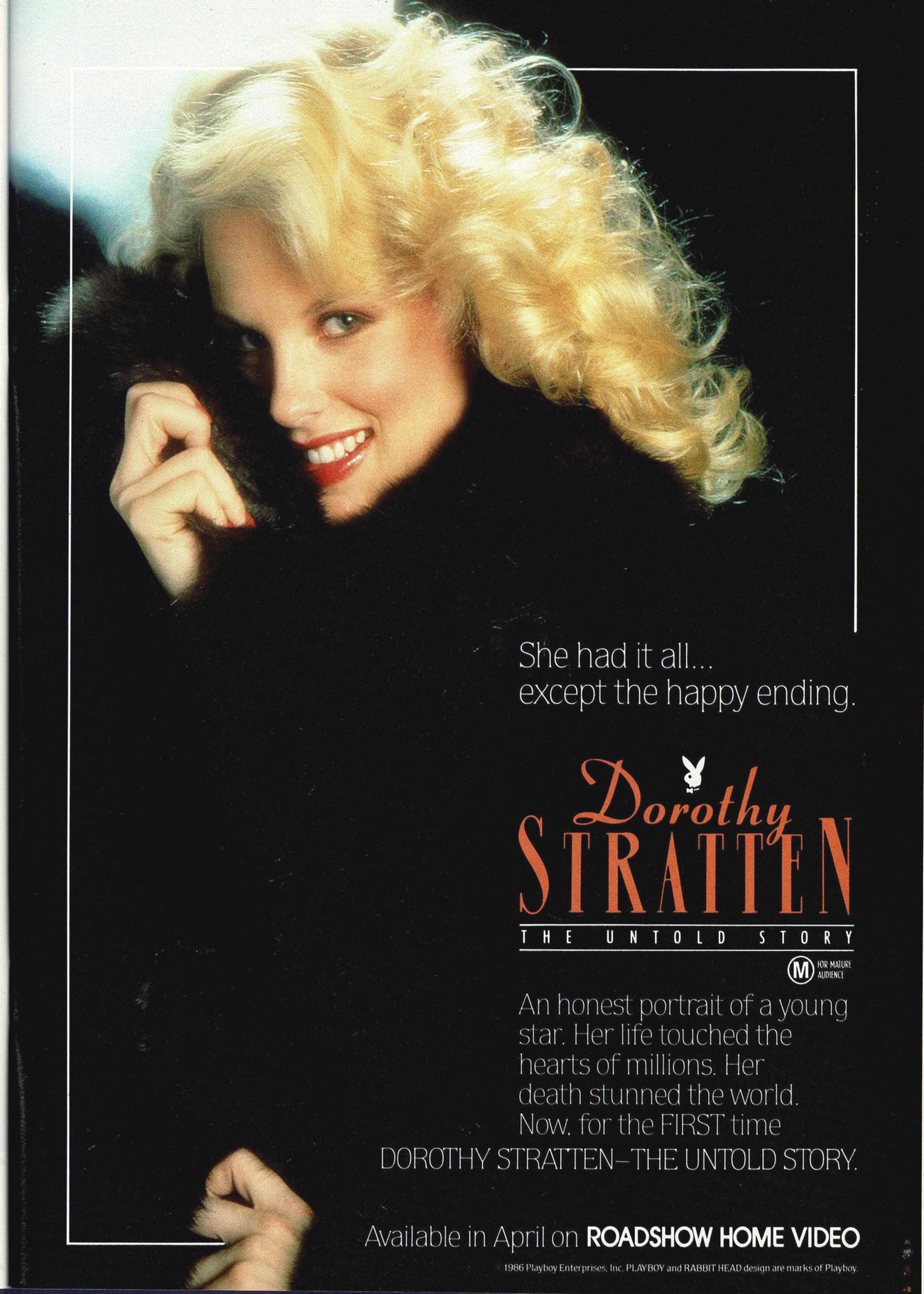
Barry Williams, who founded the Lone Fathers' Association in Canberra in 1982, believes that to save disputes later, all couples should draw up a property contract listing the assets they've brought into the marriage and the ones they've accumulated together. "They should keep the former, but split the latter 50/50," he advises.

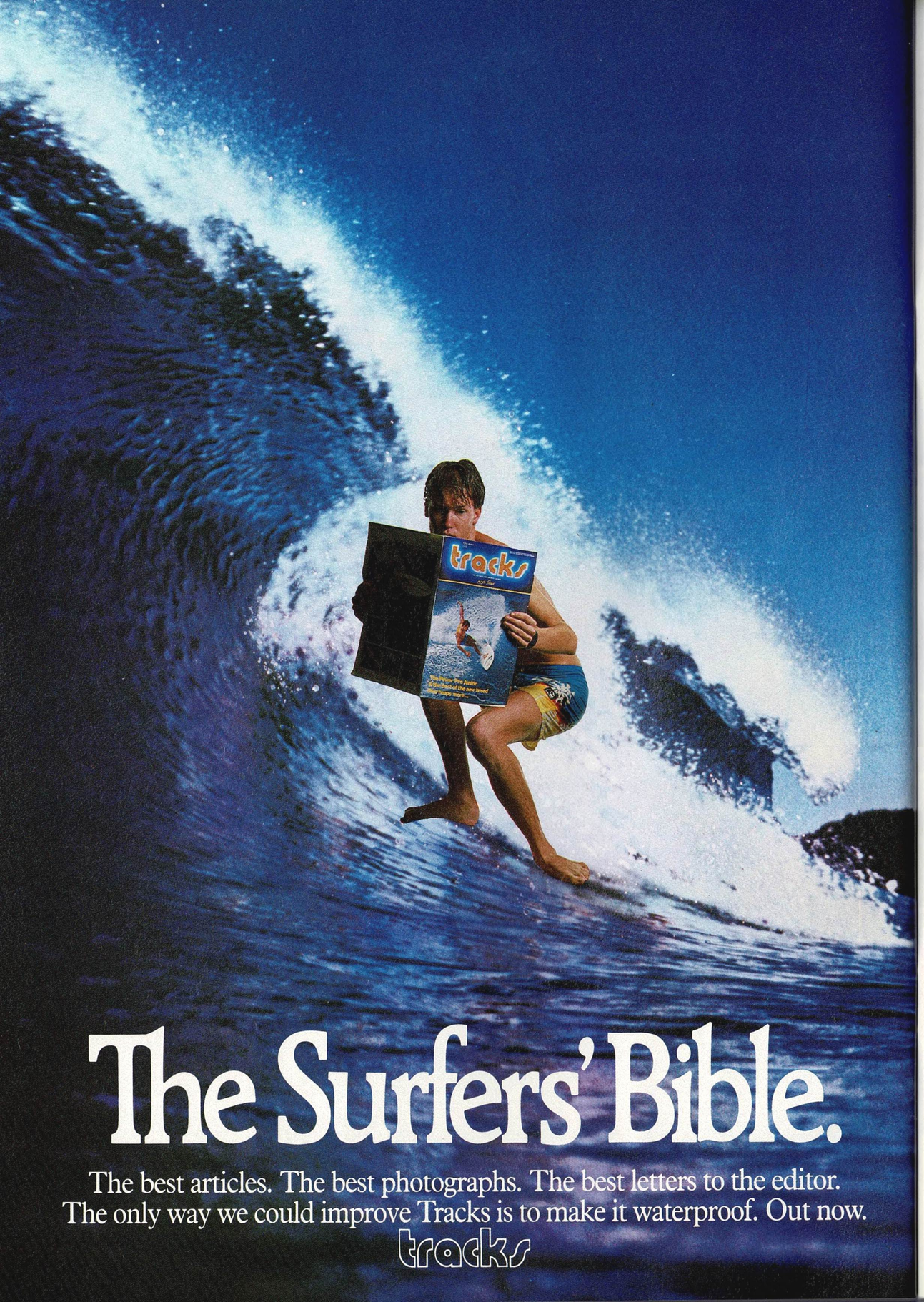
But no matter how hostile couples become over the division of their property, their most bitter fights are over the custody of children. Horrifying acts of terrorism and family tragedies in the past five years have highlighted the desperation that fathers feel when deprived of the care of their children. In NSW, one Family Court judge has been shot dead, the wife of another killed in a bomb attack clearly meant for him, the home of yet another judge was bombed and so was the Family Court. In WA, one father took his three young children away during an access visit but instead of returning them home to their mother, drove them to bushland south of Perth and poisoned them and himself with petrol fumes.

When Geoffrey Lehmann, senior lecturer in Legal Studies at the University of NSW, says, "Criminals don't kill judges, fathers do," he pinpoints the desperation that otherwise law-abiding men suffer when faced with the loss of their father role.

Because the Family Court provokes such strong emotions, security there is as strict as at international airports: both are targets for desperate men. On entry you're frisked by a metal detector and bags are searched by guards. In the lifts, signs warn people not to identify judges by addressing them by name. The week I spoke to Peter Mark, the court was closed for three days because of bomb threats. "Killing a judge is like killing the undertaker," he comments. "It's not rational but we become the scapegoat for men's impotent rage and grief."

According to Sophy Bordow, research


She had it all...
except the happy ending.
Dorothy
STRATTEN
THE UNTOLD STORY
M FOR MATURE AUDIENCE
An honest portrait of a young star. Her life touched the hearts of millions. Her death stunned the world. Now, for the FIRST time
DOROTHY STRATTEN–THE UNTOLD STORY.
Available in April on ROADSHOW HOME VIDEO
1986 Playboy Enterprises, Inc. PLAYBOY and RABBIT HEAD design are marks of Playboy.


tracks
The Surfers' Bible.
The best articles. The best photographs. The best letters to the editor.
The only way we could improve Tracks is to make it waterproof. Out now.
tracks

psychologist with the Family Court, every day someone makes a threat to a counsellor. "They say they'll blow up themselves and the kids if they don't get the kids. Counsellors have to defuse that anger and channel it into something positive such as the welfare of the kids," she says.

As a result of his own experiences, Edwin Archbold has started an organisation called Families Against Unnecessary Legal Trauma. "People wouldn't get so distraught and violent if they knew that they were going to be treated justly and not lose their kids forever," he says. Each week Archbold spends four days in the Family Court helping people sort out their custody disputes. "I help them conduct their own cases. After all, no one knows your situation as well as you and your partner so why spend a fortune on lawyers who will only make you more antagonistic? And all that's bad for you and your kids."

He urges couples to co-operate and share the custody of children. "In 25 percent of the cases I've assisted, we've won joint custody," he says. The fight for joint custody in Australia is gathering momentum. The Institute of Family Studies estimates that 40 percent of Australian marriages will end in divorce. If so, the issue of who gets the children will involve one out of every two Australians over a lifetime, either as children or as parents. According to Geoffrey Lehmann, no legal event has such potential to cripple and destroy lives.

"Our family law system favors giving sole custody to the mother in 90 percent of cases," he says. "What's more, it promotes selfish litigation between parents which is costly in human and financial terms. The Australian Legal Aid Office estimates that 80 percent of its funds are devoted to family law matters."

By favoring sole custody, our system encourages fathers to drop out of their children's lives. It's a startling and tragic fact that within two years of divorce about half the men have lost touch with their children. But that's not altogether the system's fault. Many men assume that caring for children is a woman's role. Sophy Bordow has written a study of the outcomes of defended custody cases together with psychologist Frank Horwill. She urges men not to give up their right to co-parent their children. "Too many men don't see themselves in a nurturing role which is a pity because when they fight for it, many win. Where they have contested custody, 40 percent of fathers have got joint or sole custody."

Joint custody means that both parents share the children for about half the week each, or for a week at a time. To those who argue that shuttling kids from one household to another is too disruptive, Geoffrey Lehmann counters: "It's not as disruptive as depriving them of one parent. Sharing custody involves co-operation by the parents but an American study has shown that only about 25 percent of parents are not able to co-operate. Thirty American states now encourage joint custody and so should our family law. Sole custody is a monstrosity which promotes the economic and emotional deprivation of children."

It isn't always possible for men to look after the children for half the time. George, for instance, was a seaman who spent long periods away from home. "But even though my wife got sole custody, we agreed that I could see them as often as I could when I was home. We both wanted the girls to suffer as little as possible from our split. It wasn't easy having them overnight at my tiny flat and I had to sleep on the floor in a sleeping bag so they could have the bed, but it didn't matter. The main thing was not to lose my close relationship with them, and I didn't."

Most men don't realise that even if their wife is awarded sole custody, they can still apply for joint guardianship, which means that although she has the daily care and control, they still retain equal responsibility for the important decisions in their lives such as what schools they go to or where they live. Says Dr Graeme Russell, "Joint guardianship is a fundamental issue. Our court has failed to acknowledge that parents should have joint responsibility for their children. Sole guardianship says in effect that the other parent is not important and it encourages men not only to lose interest in their children but also to be irresponsible, especially in terms of paying maintenance."

Increasingly, fathers are opting to give up work to look after their kids. "More than 10,000 men in Australia are receiving the supporting parents' benefit," says Barry Williams. Williams was left in 1972 with four young children to look after. A truck driver, he struggled to keep his family together. "There were times when we didn't eat three meals a day, the kids only had second-hand clothes and I never went out at all for 17 months. I had to drop the baby in to the baby sitter at 6am, get the other three ready for school and then go to work," he recalls. "At that time there was no pension for single fathers and in 1977 I staged a hunger strike outside Parliament House until the government agreed to bring in a supporting parents' pension which could cover fathers as well." The Lone Fathers' Association now has branches in the ACT, Queensland and WA, and plans to start in NSW, Victoria and SA.

"We helped 2800 people last year who needed advice, information or referrals," says Williams. "Many men don't realise that they're entitled to the supporting parents' benefit or that they can claim housekeeping and child-minding costs as a tax deduction, provided that they use a registered service. At the moment I'm writing a self-help manual for lone fathers."

And now for the good news. Jordan's survey reveals that within two years of separation, most of the men had fully recovered from their distress, while a quarter were involved in happy, stable relationships. For many of the guys I spoke to life was now better than ever. As Trevor puts it: "When my marriage ended, I thought I'd never pick up the pieces. I felt an abject failure as a husband, a man and a father. I blamed myself for depriving my son of a normal family life, and his disturbed behavior at school made me feel very guilty. But he's settled down and I can see now that he's much better off than if we'd stayed together in our vindictive, sterile relationship. I've met a wonderfully loving and understanding woman who has restored my faith in myself. Divorce has taught me a lot about myself but the most positive thing is that I know now that I cope with anything that happens to me, and I need never feel trapped again."

DO-IT-YOURSELF DIVORCE

If you and your partner can co-operate and come to an amicable arrangement about dividing your assets and sharing your kids, you might consider handling your divorce yourself, without engaging a solicitor. That way you will only have to pay $200 for court costs. Any community legal centre will give you basic information and advice on how to proceed but for more in-depth assistance you'll have to qualify for Legal Aid which will depend on your income. The registries at major courts will also give you the information you need and help you fill in the necessary forms.

Some Legal Aid Commissions (those in Victoria and SA, for instance) run excellent classes on doing your own divorce. Some courts have lawyers on hand to help out while your case is in progress. The Law Consumers' Association of NSW can give you all the assistance you need for drafting and filing the necessary documents, short of court appearances. They charge according to the complexity of the documents involved but a simple divorce would cost you $80-$90. Law Consumer Associations in Queensland and Victoria offer a similar service.

If you don't want to engage a private solicitor to handle your divorce, but you want some related legal advice, you can make an appointment for a half-hour's consultation. If you do intend using a solicitor, shop around because charges for a simple divorce vary from $300 to $500, while complicated cases needing more time and court appearances will cost much more.

PACEMAKERS *(continued from page 48)*

The production line is rarely in evidence. Everything is too mellow to be a Harvard or an Oxford for jocks.

judge its effectiveness after three and a half years of operation with half of its facilities under construction or still on the drawing board, but the institute athletes performed creditably, particularly its swimmers: 14 of the 31-strong team came from the institute and of these 12 qualified for at least one final and seven took medals (of a total 12 in swimming).

Now we were getting somewhere. Perhaps the dawning of the new golden age was a little way off, but Aussie sport was off the ropes and making a comeback. With the institute fully operational in time for the run-up to the Edinburgh Commonwealth Games, we could expect to do better there and then blitz the world at Seoul in 1988, couldn't we? Well, no, say the people who run the institute. The production of champions is not as simple as that. You don't pop a promising athlete into the machine and then watch him pop out bedecked with medals. So what do you do?

Frankly, you could wander around the $100 million facility all day and not find a clue. It's very pleasant, of course, and the manicured turf and the clean lines of the pool make you want to run, jump and splash with the best of them. But the production line is rarely in evidence. Everything is too low key, too mellow to be a Harvard or an Oxford for jocks. And then you might wander into the weightlifters' gym and catch little Ronnie Laycock about halfway through his daily 25 tonnes of lifting, eyes bulging, biceps popping and his curses echoing against the bare brick walls. Then you begin to understand.

Ron Laycock is about as wide as he is tall, 20 years old and, barring catastrophe between writing and publication, a member of the Australian weightlifting team at the Edinburgh Games in the 67.5kg lifting division. In a sport that reveres man-mountains, Laycock is a mere largish hill, but the fact that public attention is usually focused on the heavyweight lifters such as LA gold medallist Dean Lukin or four-time Australian champion Tony Hills deters him not a jot. Laycock is a tough little survivor from Cambell Town, Tasmania, and what he wants to do almost as much as continuing to breathe is to beat the shit out of those big Bulgarian bastards.

A bird's-eye view of the AIS.

Exactly what a weightlifter in intensive training goes through is hard for the layman to imagine. In purely physical terms it is between 200 and 300 lifts a day, each one of them pitched at the point where inspiration might exceed limitations. The psychological output involved in each such lift is hard to assess, but motivation is frequently challenged and the single-minded pressure often leads lifters to react in strange ways.

During intensive training the lifters work out twice a day for a total of five hours three days a week. On two days they do just one session and on the other two they rest and receive physiotherapy. Perhaps once a week they watch videos of weightlifting championships and grind their teeth and work up a healthy hatred for the "commos", the Eastern Europeans who have dominated the sport in recent years. Strategically placed in the centre of the far wall in the weightlifting gym, for equal and opposite effect perhaps, is a photograph of Dean Lukin performing his sensational gold medal lift of 240kg. The lifters seem to look to Lukin for inspiration before heaving the weights toward the sky. If they fail to match their expectations, however, the high decibel obscenities that follow are for themselves rather than Lukin.

And the cursing doesn't always come from the lifters. "We'll try anything to make them lift more," says head coach Lyn Jones, an affable Welshman who is also chairman of the National Coaching Committee and an executive member of the International Weightlifting Federation. "Some guys respond to praise, some to derision. I'm good at praising and I can hand out a shellacking with the best of them. . ."

Jones says that a totally supportive environment is vital for his lifters as they build toward a competitive peak and, in an amateur sport such as weightlifting, only a shelter like the institute can provide that. Some of the 13-strong squad have full-time jobs, while others can bend their working hours to fit training schedules, and still others can devote themselves totally to training.

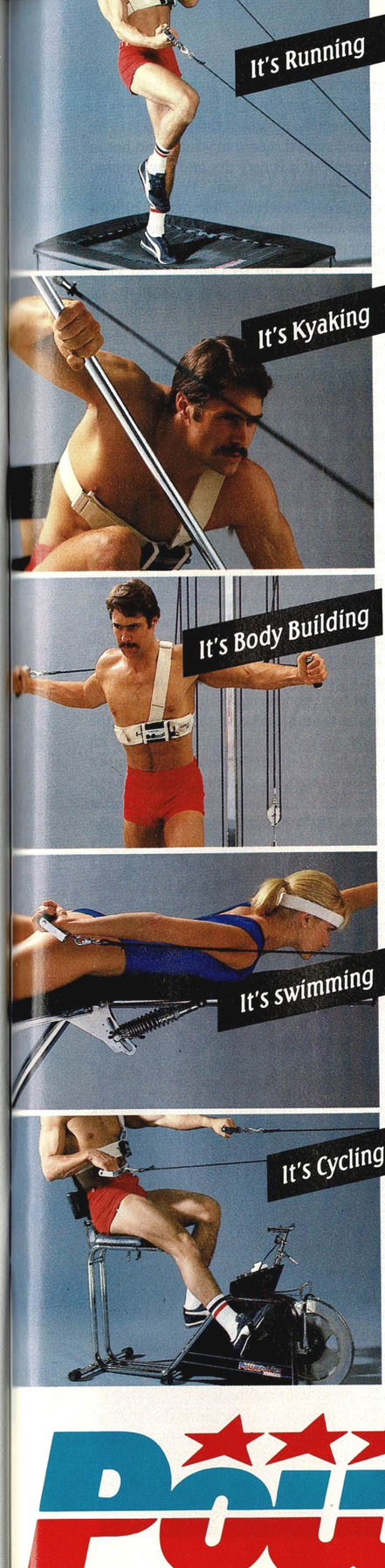
"Training for an event is a job," says Hills, 25, who has been national heavyweight champion four years out of the past five. "If you have to work full-time as well, you're virtually doing two jobs. I was lucky enough to get a job in the Public Service where they're a bit flexible about hours for athletes. I'd start early, knock off at 10am to come to training, be back at the office at two, work till five and then come back and train again. That starts to wear you down after a while."

Such a schedule not only created headaches for Hills, it gave him severe indigestion. As a heavyweight lifter he has to constantly work on keeping his body weight up. This involves eating half a dozen eggs for breakfast, a big hit of Sustagen mid-morning, followed by two main courses, two desserts and some fruit for lunch, another hit of Sustagen mixed with eggs and bananas before his second training session, as many as six courses for dinner, then another burst of Sustagen before bed. Obviously this kind of intake takes time, not to mention money. The institute provides Hills with both, but as a four-year veteran of AIS, he has seen the good and the bad sides. On the brink of going nuts from over-exposure to weightlifting and weightlifters, Hills last year jumped on his Ducati and took a burn down the coast road. On the way back he tipped the bike and broke his foot and was unable to defend his national title. Currently ranked third in the Commonwealth and a hot medal prospect at Edinburgh, Hills has sworn off the motorcycling, intending, for the moment, to work out his frustrations on the weights.

Until this year Hills lived and worked off campus in the Canberra community. (There were in fact no residential buildings until late 1985, but many of the athletes lived in college dorms or were billeted with families.) From this detached position he could see that there was a degree of resentment which came from both employers and workmates. The former resented the fact that Canberra bosses were expected to indulge not only the local heroes but athletes from all over Australia, while the latter simply found it hard to come to terms with the fact that he was allowed to come and go while they worked on, perhaps nursing some thwarted ambition for athletic greatness.

Now Tony Hills has taken six months without pay and has moved his giant bed into a tiny room in the institute's residential wing, but the problem of absorbing AIS athletes into the Canberra workforce is ongoing. AIS policy is that athletes should be "gainfully employed" outside their normal training schedule, either by working full or part time or attending tertiary or secondary courses. Given that real jobs are hard to come by in Canberra, this could mean that in 10 years time we will have produced the most over-educated athletes in history.

PHOTO: STEVE NEBAUER/BEAR IMAGE



Only $1315 and you'll have the most complete home gym ever.

POWEROBICS.... AEROBICS with POWER!
Olympic Pro introduces 'POWEROBICS'. The most time efficient, body-smart system ever developed! A home gym that strengthens and builds your body, while giving you a complete cardiovascular workout.
A total body workout in your own home – in your own time. Whether you want to develop muscles and strength, lose fat, increase cardiovascular capacity – POWEROBICS is your answer!
Powerobics is a new class of fitness technology featuring an advanced pulley system with variable weights, a special ergonomically designed exercycle, a pro size rebounder, a swimbench for dryland swim and surf training plus a heart rate monitor that tells you when you are achieving optimum levels of exercise.

BETTER THAN SWIMMING!
BETTER THAN RUNNING!
BETTER THAN CYCLING!
Powerobics uses progressive weight training. Not only do you get all the aerobic benefits of the sport, but you can set the weights to match your own strength level. Unlike ordinary running and cycling, POWEROBICS gives you a complete upper body muscular workout while you improve your aerobic capacity.
...Aerobics with Power...

TO: Olympic Pro Offer P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010
Name .....
Address .....
..... Postcode.....
☐ Please send me an Olympic Pro Powerobics system. Enclosed is my cheque/money order for the total amount of $..... payable to Australian PLAYBOY OR charge my credit card as follows:
(Please tick appropriate box)
☐ Diners Club ☐ American Express ☐ Bankcard
CARD NO .....
EXPIRY DATE .....
SIGNATURE .....
☐ Please send me some more information on Olympic Pro Powerobics.

Never before has there been such a safe and comprehensive exercise system available for home use. And at just $1315, it's a small price to pay for a big heart and a great body! Powerobics includes every accessory you require to do the most professional workout, including a wall chart, cassette tape, fitness manual, ankle strap and waist belt.

Delivery charge $40.00 **anywhere in Australia. Free Installation in capital cities.**

OLYMPIC PRO **Powerobics**

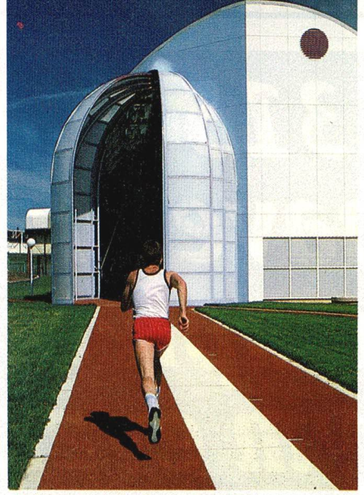


PHOTO: CLIFF RUSSELL/A.I.S.

Biomechanics Hall and Lab at the AIS.

Because the cornerstone of the institute's existence is its ability to enable athletes to continue their careers, where previously outside pressures would have forced them to retire, a special place is reserved for the comeback story. The classic case is that of swimmer Michelle Pearson, who retired at 18 after the Moscow Olympics but was lured back with an institute scholarship. Since then she has become the first Australian and fifth woman in the world to break two minutes for the 200 metre freestyle, won a bronze at Los Angeles, held three Commonwealth records, won two US national titles and will have qualified as a school teacher before she leaves the institute at the end of this year.

Even more remarkable, however, is the second-time-round career of shot-putter Astra Etienne, a candidate for Commonwealth gold in Edinburgh. Astra, the daughter of a prominent Latvian sprinter, was a child prodigy in Melbourne, training first under her father and later under Franz Stampfl, along with top throwers Bev Francis and Gael Martin. Her performances were just starting to attract attention when her father died unexpectedly. Astra pressed on for a couple of years with little support from home and trying to study while travelling daily to the city from Melbourne's outer west for training sessions. At 17 in her Higher School Certificate year she gave it all away, intending to resume her promising career when times were easier.

But a year passed, Astra married a boy from the next suburb and started work. They were saving for a home and there wasn't much room for an athletics career. Five years passed and she had all but given up hope of returning to athletics, when one day her husband Klaus tossed her a discus and she tried a few throws. That was all it took for her old ambitions to resurface and, at 22, she resumed training. It was Commonwealth Games year and Astra needed to throw the discus 52 metres to qualify. Her previous best was 45 metres so there was a long way to go, and she didn't quite make it. Undaunted however, Astra and Klaus sold their house, packed their bags and came to Canberra. She had no AIS scholarship but an understanding from institute throws coach Merv Kemp that she would be allowed the use of some facilities while she trained to reach scholarship standard.

"Klaus didn't have a job," Astra recalls, "so he had to go out and look for work while I trained with Merv. We'd thrown caution to the winds and for a while it wasn't much fun. We were living in a bed and breakfast lodge and eating away our savings on what seemed like crazy dreams."

But the dreams weren't so crazy. Under Kemp's tutelage she improved her performance slowly and in January 1985 qualified for a full scholarship with throws of 50 metres plus in the discus and 16m 80 in the shotput. In the meantime Klaus had found work as a computer programmer and the couple had moved into a house not far from the institute. At 26, Astra Etienne is building toward her athletic peak and is devoting herself full time to it. In February she threw a personal best in the discus — 54m 90 — and her second best throw in the shot — 17m 24. With Kemp, who doubles as national shot coach, to push her through, Astra believes she can throw 20 metres before she's finished.

•

Heptathlete Sharon Jaklofsky-Smith pushed off the board in a perfect arc and cut a high trajectory toward the long jump sand. It wasn't a great jump but it had class, and jumps coach Tony Rice was well pleased.

"That was great," Rice said, pumping her up, "do you feel good?" The leggy 17-year-old blonde said she did and Rice and sprints coach Norm Osborne nodded approvingly as she loped off on a warm-down run.

Sharon, whose double-barrelled surname derives from her desire to make her natural father and stepfather equally proud at Seoul in '88, is in her first year at the institute, building toward the athletics world championships in July. She had planned to begin tertiary studies in human movement at the institute this year but her HSC pass wasn't good enough for admission so she is repeating her final year of high school at Dickson College in Canberra. Just as employers are expected to bend in the interest of sporting achievement, so a level of flexibility is asked of teachers. Sharon's timetable gives her almost a full day off on Thursdays and in human movement she is excused the three kilometre practical jog in view of the fact that she runs that distance every day just to warm up.

"I get a bit of leeway at school," says Sharon, "but the most important aspect of being here is the support I get from the coaches and from being with other athletes all the time. It's a fantastic environment for training."

Praise for the environment is something you hear frequently around the institute, and it is meant in the sense of the unity of purpose derived from living with like-minded athletes and, in the broader sense, of Canberra's arguable climatic assets. The national capital is cold in winter and hot in summer, but it is very dry and few training days are lost to rain. Perhaps more importantly, however, the spartan hills of its new outer suburbs are tarnished only by immaculate houses that no one seems to enter or leave, and by concrete and glass shopping centres that never seem to be open. Bruce, where the institute resides, is not exactly filled with wild distractions. Thus the AIS athletes tend to form a closeknit society, to close ranks and to date each other.

This has become even more so since the opening of the residential wing which houses some 320 athletes in single bedrooms and a couple dozen more in one-bedroom married quarters.

Over lunch in the AIS dining room I watched the passing parade with immense interest. At one long table the weightlifting squad discussed business while huge quantities of food disappeared. The dining room staff prepare more than 400 lunches each day, although there are only 280 athletes in residence. At another table, shot-putter Gael Martin was putting three plates of hot food and salad down next to Sharon Jaklofsky-Smith. Martin then strode to the orange juice dispenser, armed herself with two cups, flexed her pectorals and fell into a two-fisted rhythm, drinking with one hand while she filled with the other. After perhaps eight or nine glasses of juice, she simply filled both cups and returned to her food. Not wishing to be caught staring, I turned away for 30 seconds and looked back just in time to catch her reloading at the food counter. That sort of consumption is not unusual for an athlete who expends as much energy as Martin, but it would certainly raise a few eyebrows (not to mention bills) at Glo Glo's or Berowra Waters. In the AIS dining room I was the only one who as much as blinked.

Meanwhile, Ron Laycock had spotted new spunk Jaklofsky-Smith and moved in for a chat. At another table Dr Dick Telford, head of sports science, was putting a group of athletes through a planning session and across the room a group of visiting Swedish track and field stars was discussing in Swedish (with hand movements and much laughter) what might have been a dirty joke but was more likely biomechanics.

This was the feeling that one got, looking en masse at the champions and those who might be champions: that underneath the camaraderie there was a deadly seriousness. They were here to do one thing and it wasn't as simple as winning medals.

They were here to achieve the stuff of which champions are made — ultimate performance.

BRABHAM *(continued from page 35)*

I don't believe any traffic rule or regulation should be brought in unless it's Australia-wide.

fast, even though they have been screwed down to 195 litres.

PLAYBOY: What influence do you have in Brabham cars these days?

BRABHAM: I'm not involved.

PLAYBOY: Do you lease your name?

BRABHAM: No, the company was sold to Bernard Ecclestone and he uses the name which is something we couldn't stop. Ecclestone wanted to go racing and at that time it was already difficult to get into Formula One. With the Formula One Association you had to be a recognised team to get in and the easiest way to do that at the time was to buy a team. So he bought an existing team.

PLAYBOY: Do you see Honda as a rising force in all forms of international racing?

BRABHAM: Yes, I think Honda's probably going to be a good thing in motoring sport, because in Formula One they want to win. I still have a working relationship with Honda and have done for many years, mainly as a consultant. I go to Japan two to three times a year. It is through Engine Developments that I have come to work with Honda and we have been very heavily involved in the engines program. Most of the engines have been built in England. They're called Brabham-Honda.

PLAYBOY: The State Pollution Control Council of NSW claims anti-pollution equipment such as lead-free gasoline will save lives.

BRABHAM: I don't believe that but anti-skid braking *will* save lives.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been asked to demonstrate to government bodies how that occurs?

BRABHAM: No, I have never been consulted. I was on a road safety committee at one stage, which raised another problem. One disadvantage in this country is the different traffic laws from one state to another. I don't believe any traffic rule or regulation should be brought in unless it's Australia-wide.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been pulled up for speeding?

BRABHAM: In Australia but never in Europe. Once in England I got stopped driving a Mini and the policeman came up to the window and said, "Who do you think you are, Stirling Moss?" And I said no, but I enjoyed beating him. And he said, "Oh, well, let's have a look at your licence." So I showed him my licence and it made his day. He asked where I was going and I told him I was on my way to Crystal Palace, but wasn't sure of my way. He said, "Follow me," and I could hardly keep up with him!

PLAYBOY: You were rumored to be involved in a sports car project in Australia: in fact your name was added to it.

BRABHAM: No, that was only a suggestion as far as I was concerned. Now I said, okay, if the project was found successful, like it would probably go somewhere, if properly financed, I would add my name to it, but so far nothing has come from it.

PLAYBOY: Are you keeping a close eye on the project?

BRABHAM: Yes, but like many other projects in this country, it wasn't properly financed.

PLAYBOY: So you don't give it a lot of chance?

BRABHAM: No, I don't think it's likely to happen. It's purely from a point of view that you cannot finance a project like that in this country.

PLAYBOY: How big an element do you consider driver-training in road safety?

BRABHAM: It's a pity that we couldn't have more driver-training for people on the road, and it's something that, if the government wants to do something sensible, it should foster by encouraging driver organisations to give advanced driving lessons.

02/427

PLAYBOY: Have you ever considered starting a Jack Brabham racing school or Jack Brabham advanced driving school?

BRABHAM: No, I haven't.

PLAYBOY: Is there a reason for that?

BRABHAM: Well, I wouldn't have the time. But I think advanced driving is an essential thing, it would probably make the biggest contribution toward road safety in this country. People who get a driving licence and then get out on the roads just haven't got the sort of experience that is required to drive safely on Australian roads.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Australian roads require a special type of skill?

BRABHAM: No, not necessarily, there is a lot of work that has been done on Australian roads. I think they've improved quite considerably over the past two to three years, especially the roads from Sydney to Melbourne. But the outlook of the police force is more toward how much revenue they can get in from it, more than safety, because there's a lot of people who should be pulled up and advised by the police for bad driving, not necessarily going over the speed limit. You can get pulled up in England for driving badly and not necessarily booked, just *advised*, and we don't have that in Australia.

PLAYBOY: Do you see motor vehicles contributing to road safety?

BRABHAM: Yes, I think vehicles have improved out of sight from a road safety point of view, particularly road holding. Tyres, for instance, show a fantastic advance over the past few years, which is directly attributable to motor racing developments.

PLAYBOY: You do a lot of development with Goodyear. Have you been involved with passenger car tyres?

BRABHAM: Yes, I've been involved with Goodyear for 21 years and I was their chief Formula One tester, from 1964 to 1970. Since then I have been involved in testing Goodyear tyres in Australia, evaluating them and advising.

PLAYBOY: Are you in favor of front-wheel drive?

BRABHAM: No, I think the only reason we have front-wheel drive cars is that they are easier to build on the production line.

PLAYBOY: What do you drive?

BRABHAM: A Toyota Cressida.

PLAYBOY: That's a rear-wheel drive.

BRABHAM: Yes.

PLAYBOY: How about four-wheel drive?

BRABHAM: I think that's more of an advertising deal rather than realistic value. I'm not fussed to go and buy a four-wheel drive.

PLAYBOY: Do you think we're concentrating on the wrong areas of road safety? There's enormous emphasis, for example, on restricting speed, even on open and deserted roads. Do you go along with that?

BRABHAM: I'm not suggesting we shouldn't have a speed limit, but I don't believe in the way it's enforced in this country. England has got speed limits, but they're much more sensible than ours, and they're not enforced as rigidly. Here you can get pulled up for going above the speed limit in the middle of the night when there's absolutely no problem with safety. I don't believe that's right.

In England you don't get nailed unless you're doing something stupid and you deserve to get booked.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that safety here is tied to revenue?

BRABHAM: Yes, I think so.

PLAYBOY: More than in any other country?

BRABHAM: Yes. Even in America, for instance, they have got a ridiculous speed limit, but the cars they drive don't help. You know, their cars are not the sort you could drive fast anyway, but even with a 90km/h speed limit, I've been on their freeways fairly frequently driving at 105km/h and had police cars in among us and, providing all that traffic is moving safely at 105km/h, the police don't worry. But if someone is weaving in and out of traffic travelling at 90km/h, and he is doing 105 passing cars right, left and centre, he'll get nailed and deserve to get nailed.

I was trapped in the car and, being a test day, there weren't any people around and the fuel tank had ruptured. Luckily I was conscious. . .

PLAYBOY: Have you ever had really scary moments in motor racing?

BRABHAM: I can't say I was ever scared in motor racing. I definitely drove my cars within my means, I never tried to make motor racing dangerous. I think that should be a thing all drivers look at, even driving on the road. Don't drive beyond what you feel you're capable of doing.

PLAYBOY: What's the best advice you could give another racing or road driver?

BRABHAM: Don't be afraid to lift your foot.

PLAYBOY: What's the worst moment you can remember?

BRABHAM: I suppose crashing at Silverstone while testing tyres. When I had an experimental tyre come off the rim and I went into a bank at Club Corner and my feet were jammed and I couldn't get out. I had broken my ankle which was the only serious injury in the many years that I have raced. I was trapped in the car and, being a test day, there weren't any people around, and the fuel tank had been ruptured. My foot was jammed flat on the throttle. The engine was screaming its head off and the fuel was starting to run out everywhere, and that was really a potentially serious situation. Luckily I was conscious; had I not been, I probably wouldn't be here to talk about it. I was able to pull the bodywork away from the ignition switch, and turn it off. We had an on-board fire extinguisher which I fired off, thinking that would douse all the hot exhaust pipes and everything to prevent a fire.

PLAYBOY: How did you finally manage to extricate yourself?

BRABHAM: I had to sit in that car for about five or ten minutes until the people in the pits missed me.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember doing as much testing as the drivers are doing now?

BRABHAM: My testing was mainly aimed at tyres.

PLAYBOY: How long since you drove a Formula One car?

BRABHAM: Not since the end of 1970.

PLAYBOY: Have you been able to acquire any of your old racing cars?

BRABHAM: The only racing car I've had anything to do with was the Repco car that I won the 1966 Championship in. I did a deal with Repco; I supplied the chassis and they supplied the engine and that car is still around and I have driven it with pleasure a few times.

PLAYBOY: Who do you rate highly among current Australian drivers?

BRABHAM: I think we have got some very good drivers here — Peter Brock, Grice, Johnson. We have had a lot of up-and-coming drivers over the years; young drivers who were obviously going to be good and should have gone overseas, but somehow or other it was very hard to do.

PLAYBOY: Is there any driver you particularly admired or modelled yourself on?

BRABHAM: Fangio, I suppose. I did have the opportunity of driving with Fangio on a few occasions. I was just starting serious motor racing in Europe and he was teaching, so I did have the opportunity to drive with him in a few races and, no doubt, Fangio was good.

PLAYBOY: You still prove pretty competitive in celebrity races. You don't see any limit to driving age?

BRABHAM: No, I reckon I could go back into motor sport now. Even at my age, I could be reasonably competitive.

PLAYBOY: If you had gone on racing do you think you would be in the record books as the most decorated driver?

BRABHAM: Maybe.

PLAYBOY: What qualities do you see as being most important in Formula One driving?

BRABHAM: You have to have the ability to be a Formula One driver. And you have got to have complete control over your emotions and your ability to do the job.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that's what sets aside one driver from another in racing?

BRABHAM: Yes, the one who has got control takes the race.

BEER WARS

(continued from page 88)

Trying to persuade an Australian to change his beer is like trying to get him to change his religion.

thanks to the success of Fourex, while CUB's Foster's, Carlton, Cairns Draught and NQ Lager hold 23 percent, and in Western Australia, Bond's Emu and Swan beers control 97 percent of the local beer market.

In South Australia, SA Brewing holds 86 percent of the market with its West End and Southwark brands, with CUB holding 8 percent and Cooper & Sons 5 percent. Cascade reigns supreme in Tasmania with 94 percent of the local market while CUB controls 93 percent of Northern Territory beer sales and Bond 7 percent. In NSW, the Bond group has a 57 percent market share and CUB holds 42 percent.

According to Paul Ormonde, "The emotional bonds between a consumer and his beer are immensely strong." And Australia is a beer-drinking country in the same way France is a wine-drinking country. When Australians choose a particular beer it tends to be a fairly firm loyalty, one that takes a fair bit of dislodging. Trying to persuade an Australian to change his beer is like trying to persuade him to change his religion or football team.

Warwick Duthy maintains state loyalties prevail as well. "In any situation, people like to keep the money in their state to help employment and industry," he says.

However, Duthy claims that in any market, be it beer or butter, there is always a group of people who want to be seen as being different. It is this swinging consumer that the brewers hope to capture when they launch state beers in other states or introduce new national beers.

It's not all that simple, however, to convince beer drinkers to permanently switch brands. Brewers have the very real problem, for example, of certain beers being too closely identified with a particular state.

Richard Colley says: "When a brand like Fourex or Tooheys Draught is moved across a border it is aimed at the hard-nosed drinker. When you move such beers interstate you are entering the regular section of the beer market and competing against local beers with very strong loyalties."

So what's the solution? Brewers can either develop totally new beers, as the Bond group did with the launch of Swan Premium in late 1985, the first Australian beer to be launched in all states at the same time, or they can take what Crichton terms "functional" beers such as Tooheys 2.2 Lite and launch them in interstate markets to serve a particular consumer need.

Even in launching a completely new beer, the brewers need a base of credibility. "To be credible, beer has to have some tradition, some heritage," Geoff Northcott claims. "If we had called Swan Premium 'Bloggs Beer' it wouldn't have done as well as it has. The Swan name had a lot of credibility."

The only beer that has become a truly national success is Foster's, which ranks as one of the three best selling beers in Australia (Foster's, Fourex and Tooheys Draught each hold about 14-15 percent of the Australian market on a national basis, with CUB's Victoria Bitter in fourth place).

As part of a deliberate strategy to break Foster's out of its Victorian mould, CUB began internationalising the brand in the mid-1970s, although overseas awareness of Foster's stretches back to the 1940s through American soldiers visiting Australia and Australian soldiers drinking Foster's overseas.

Over the past 10 to 15 years, CUB has been gradually boosting Foster's presence in such markets as the UK, USA and Asia.

Paul Ormonde claims: "What we have done is make Foster's Australia's international beer and then, in a sense, reimported it back to Australia. As a result, it has totally broken through all parochial boundaries."

While Foster's has become a success story of the Australian beer market, other brands haven't been so lucky. KB's fall from grace is the most spectacular: in a scant 11 years, the beer went from a 45 percent share of the NSW packaged beer market and the number one spot to its current share of 6 percent. In the case of KB, its fall had little to do with imagery and everything to do with taste and competition.

In the mid-'70s, Tooth & Co's KB was NSW's leading beer. At that time the company was in the process of installing new brewing equipment and, as a result, taste was sometimes inconsistent. As sales dropped, various changes were made to the beer's packaging, a move which only served to further confuse consumers.

While KB's fortunes were falling, Tooheys was busy revitalising Tooheys Draught, introducing new packaging and launching the "I feel like a Tooheys" advertising campaign. By the time CUB bought Tooth's brewing operation in late 1983, KB's image was totally confused and Tooheys Draught had streaked ahead to capture the number one spot in NSW. Since then, CUB has reformulated and repackaged KB and its market share is steady around the 6 percent mark.

Given that the brewers place so much importance on image, it is not surprising that they are firm believers in the power of advertising. From the jingoistic "I feel like a Tooheys" and "I can feel a Fourex coming on" to the rewarding "A hard-earned thirst deserves a big cold beer" (Victoria Bitter) and "For when you've earned a hard day's draught" (West End Draught), the slick, sophisticated "Taste the smooth" (Swan Premium) and "It's got the flavor that's taking it all round the world" (Foster's), Australia's brewers spend millions of dollars each year stirring national pride or offering rewards to convince drinkers to buy more beer.

CUB and the Bond group each spend an estimated $20-25 million a year on TV, radio and print advertising, with many millions more going to sport sponsorships, billboard advertising, merchandising and so on.

The advertising campaign that launched Swan Premium in November 1985 was markedly different to most beer advertising, aimed squarely at the yuppie market and totally devoid of football, cricket and blue singlets. The campaign was created by Sydney advertising agency USP Needham (which no longer handles the Swan business).

Managing director David Fearnley explains: "Until that campaign, brewers hadn't recognised there was a group of individuals in the beer market who weren't happy with only drinking state beers. CUB had recognised this in part and developed a definite personality for Foster's, appealing to people who found in Foster's an imagery which they felt was more akin to their lifestyle, an imagery very different to the sweat and singlet brigade. We believed that if we were going to reach the market we wanted to reach, we had to position Swan Premium as a beer for those people who wanted something different, totally sophisticated."

Fearnley claims advertising is vital in the beer market. "Without it, there is no way you can establish a personality for your product. The brewers are fighting for a huge, but static, market with a greater number of brands than they had five years ago, so they must lure drinkers away from rival beers," he says.

Sport is a common feature in most beer advertising. For years, beer commercials have starred famous sportsmen to appeal to Australians' love of sport, and the brewers have actively sponsored sport to reinforce the connection. To further entice consumers, the brewers also rely heavily on images of Australia in their advertising.

A less obvious component of beer commercials is success and reward. After a person succeeds at something, he gets a reward — a beer, of course.

Says Morris: "What we are saying is that if you've earned a beer, bloody well go and have one!"

AIDS UPDATE:

MYTHS AND REALITIES

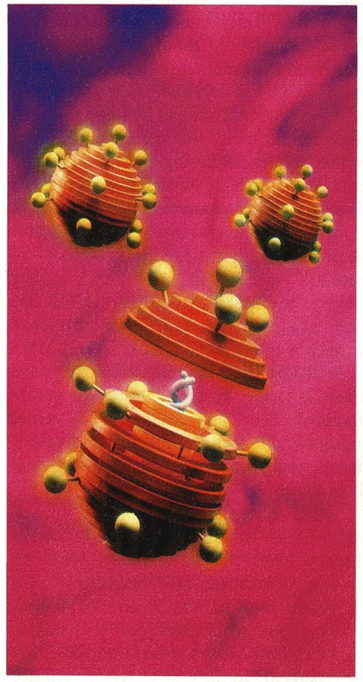
Beyond the hysteria and the headlines, here is what is known by science today.

Some people have the idea that sex causes AIDS. That's not true.

Ordinary sexual intercourse doesn't cause AIDS. Homosexual sex doesn't cause AIDS. Anal sex doesn't cause AIDS. Sex with prostitutes doesn't cause AIDS. If sexual partners are free of AIDS, there is nothing they can do together that will cause AIDS.

What causes AIDS is a virus called HTLV-III/LAV, a tiny delicate shred of genetic material that exists in the twilight between living and non-living things. As far as scientists know today, it can live in only a very limited environment, mostly one type of cell in one type of animal — the T-4 cell in human blood. Outside of that particular type of white blood cell, the HTLV-III/LAV virus dies. In air it dies. In water it dies. It would die instantly in a swimming pool. It could not live in food. It would be dead in seconds if it landed on a toilet seat. Keeping it alive in a lab, where coaxing measures are available to grow viruses, is a tedious and tricky chore.

Moreover, new evidence suggests that transmitting HTLV-III/LAV during vaginal intercourse (especially from a woman to a man) is relatively rare. Not only is the virus difficult to transmit from one person to another, but once in the body, evidence suggests that a normal healthy immune system can keep it in check. Although many people believe that any contact with the AIDS virus equals illness and death, it is simply not so.



The AIDS virus (above), called HTLV-III/LAV, is a strand of RNA (lavender) protected by a thick covering (orange rings). Proteins on the outside (green) tell the virus which cells to attack — white blood cells called T-helper cells. Proteins on those cells match those on the outside of the virus. The virus enters a cell and takes over. The cell is then forced to produce more virus particles. The cell dies, releasing those particles to attack more cells. That is how the disease is spread in the body.

AIDS IS HARD TO CATCH

Hot fresh blood or sperm must enter the bloodstream in order for HTLV-III/LAV to be transmitted from one person to another. That is part of the reason homosexuals account for so many AIDS cases: anal intercourse often results in a tearing of the delicate lining of the rectum, which allows infected sperm (carrying HTLV-III/LAV) to get to the bloodstream. Obviously, sharing a needle with someone who is carrying the virus would also be very dangerous for the same reason.

The lining of the vagina is much more resistant to tearing than the rectal lining. (*Discover* magazine called it "the rugged vagina".) That is one of the reasons that there are 400 times more cases of AIDS among homosexual men than among heterosexual men. No one knows exactly how the heterosexual men got AIDS from their female partners.

Can the virus crawl up into the penis and infect a man during intercourse with a woman carrying HTLV-III/LAV? Scientists are reluctant to use the word "impossible", but the evidence seems to point in that direction: there are no cases on record of it happening.

Still the misconceptions persist. After Rock Hudson's death from AIDS, many people were alarmed to hear that researchers had found HTLV-III/LAV in saliva. As we said, AIDS lives in a certain type of white blood cell. White blood cells gather at the site of an infection. A small sore in the mouth can bring forth white blood cells, as could the common cold. Nevertheless, the announcement that saliva can contain the virus led to the Screen Actors' Guild telling its members that they could refuse to do kissing scenes because they might get AIDS.

But there is no evidence to suggest that the scant amounts of virus found in the saliva of people who were tested would be sufficient to transmit the virus.

THE TEST

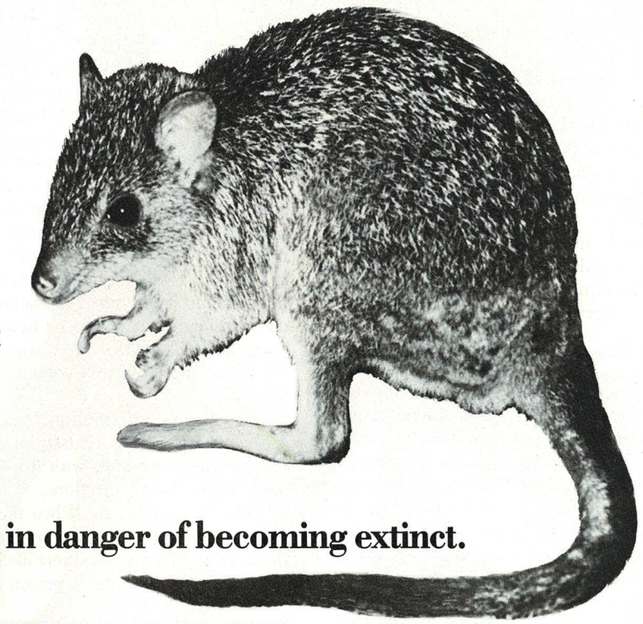
A test has been developed to determine if a person has been exposed to HTLV-III/LAV. It is called the ELISA test (for enzyme-linked immunosorbence assay). It does not detect the virus itself but only the antibodies a person's immune system develops to fight the virus. In other words, a person with a positive ELISA test result doesn't have AIDS. He has had contact with the virus. It may lead to illness, but in 90 percent of the cases it will not.

HETEROSEXUAL TRANSMISSION

In an American study of 22 women whose sexual partners had been exposed to HTLV-III/LAV, only one woman had a positive ELISA test. Even though those women had sex with men who were carrying HTLV-III/LAV they didn't get it.

An AIDS expert at an American University has expressed his doubts that "AIDS is going to spread much into the heterosexual population because I don't think men will acquire the infection from women sexually, except for rare occurrences." Numerous experts have said that the lining of the inside of the penis is not readily invaded by the HTLV-III/LAV. There must be a pre-existing injury to allow the virus into the bloodstream or else an infection that would bring with it the type of

Please help me survive



This Brush-tailed Bettong is in danger of becoming extinct.

Only a few are known to be living in North-Eastern Australia in two widely-separated areas, and very little is known about this rare small animal.

WWF Australia is committed to the conservation of our wildlife and it is vital that we carry out a survey of the Brush-tailed Bettong's habitat before it disappears forever.

Since its inception in 1978, WWF Australia has funded more than fifty projects for the protection of our wildlife.

The total disappearance of any of our wildlife would be a tragedy for us, our children, and our children's children. Our planet can't survive without wildlife.

You can help WWF Australia in the vital fight to protect our endangered plants and animals by completing this coupon and mailing it, with your contribution, to us today.

Please help before it is too late.

WORLD WILDLIFE FUND AUSTRALIA

To:
World Wildlife Fund Australia
National Office,
31 Market Street,
Sydney N.S.W. 2000.
G.P.O. Box 528,
Sydney N.S.W. 2001.
Telephone: (02) 29 7572

Yes I want to help save our endangered plants and animals.

☐ I want to become an Annual Member of World Wildlife Fund Australia for $25. I understand that I will receive a Panda Lapel Badge and adhesive sticker, Certificate of Support and Receipt and quarterly News letters.

☐ I prefer to be a Wildlife Supporter for $50. I look forward to receiving my special Badge and sticker, Certificate of Support, quarterly newsletter and colourful Conservation Programme Brochure.

☐ and/or

I would like to donate $..... to help conserve Australia's endangered plants and animals.

Please find enclosed cheque made payable to World Wildlife Fund Australia for the amount of $ _____

Or charge my Bankcard/Mastercard/ Visa Card with $ _____

Credit Card No: _____

Expiry Date / /19

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

_____ Postcode _____

5H

DONATIONS TO WORLD WILDLIFE FUND AUSTRALIA ARE TAX DEDUCTIBLE.

Artistree XWW 4673

white blood cell the virus attacks — the T-4 cell.

To transmit HTLV-III/LAV an infected T-4 cell must contact a healthy T-4 cell.

HTLV-III/LAV has never been cultured from the vagina. (As we went to press, an unpublished claim from one lab reached us, along with various explanations concerning how this might occur. Once again, certain vaginal infections bring forth the white blood cells that carry AIDS. Scientists are now trying to confirm the results of those laboratory tests.)

MENSTRUATION

If a man has a cut or open sore on his penis and has vaginal intercourse with a menstruating woman who is carrying HTLV-III/LAV, he could conceivably contract the virus. Similarly, a menstruating woman is presumed to be much more vulnerable from an infected man. A condom, however, would prevent even that unlikely occurrence.

AIDS AND PROSTITUTION

If AIDS is not likely to spread through coitus, then there is no reason to believe that it would be any more likely to spread through prostitutes. Furthermore, early reports that AIDS was spreading through (and being spread by) the prostitutes of major cities have turned out to be false.

The health commissioner of New York City, among others, has noted that no one has produced convincing evidence that prostitutes are giving AIDS virus to their customers.

In a study often cited to link prostitution with AIDS, 10 Seattle prostitutes were found to be carrying HTLV-III/LAV. What is not so often cited is the fact that eight out of the 10 ladies reported using IV drugs.

In large cities where AIDS is common, the real connection between prostitution and AIDS is needles, not sex.

THE VANISHING AIDS EPIDEMIC

You may now begin to understand why, in spite of dire predictions, AIDS has failed to become a wildfire epidemic, not only among homosexuals but among all people. It has not happened and is not likely to happen.

Although the number of AIDS cases has gone up and continues to go up, the rate of increase has slowed markedly and the distribution of those cases has remained the same, both within the risk groups and geographically.

"The numbers have stayed quite constant over the past few years," says epidemiologist Harold Jaffe. "Only about one percent of the cases are in the heterosexual contact group." One reason is that, not only is it difficult for the virus to enter your body, but once it gets there it needs even more help to stay alive.

CO-FACTORS

The HTLV-III/LAV virus alone cannot cause AIDS: that is the opinion of most researchers today. HTLV-III/LAV is the virus. Having AIDS means succumbing to the virus. They are not the same thing.

AIDS is the final result of a barrage of attacks on the body — physical, biological, perhaps even chemical. For example, it is now widely thought that in order to catch HTLV-III/LAV, one must be exposed to it not once but many times. Numerous other co-factors are believed to be necessary to create a case of AIDS.

Among the co-factors commonly cited are:

— A history of multiple infections, especially with certain viruses; most homosexuals who come down with AIDS have a long history of viral infections.

— General poor health. When the body's immune system is already under stress, further infection becomes more likely. Most researchers believe that a person in good health runs a significantly smaller risk from contact with HTLV-III/LAV.

No one has produced convincing evidence that prostitutes are giving AIDS to their customers. The real connection is needles, not sex.

— The abuse of recreational drugs, especially amyl or butyl nitrate (poppers), has fallen under suspicion in connection with AIDS. Some researchers say certain chemicals could impair the immune system. Though there is no hard evidence to support this, prudence certainly dictates caution in this area.

— Some researchers now believe that genetic predisposition may play a role in deciding who will develop AIDS after exposure to HTLV-III/LAV. Those researchers believe that only certain people are born with a vulnerability to HTLV-III/LAV.

— Malnutrition may be one reason AIDS is more common in certain areas, such as Africa.

In the absence of one or more of those co-factors, AIDS begins to look like a very rare condition. Unfortunately, homosexual men are — as a group — less healthy than the general population. For a variety of reasons, they are susceptible to a wide range of infections; and some gay men are persistently ill with Epstein-Barr virus, cytomegalovirus, rubella, parvovirus, rectal gonorrhoea, and other diseases. IV drug users also suffer from repeated infection and compromised immune systems. It is not surprising, then, that those two groups account for 90 percent of all AIDS cases in the United States.

Put another way, if you are not in one of those groups, your likelihood of getting AIDS is extremely small.

DISTINGUISHING CAUSE AND EFFECT

Sexual preference, per se, has nothing to do with AIDS. A case study will illustrate how HTLV-III/LAV has different effects on different people. A white heterosexual couple lived in Africa for six years. They returned to England and both were found to have HTLV-III/LAV. The woman got AIDS and died. The man remained well. What was the difference?

The medical journal *Lancet* reported, "Apparently she had been unwell for two or three years." In fact, she was under constant attack from one illness or another during that period, including two major viral infections. The suggestion is this: The woman's body had been prepared for years by viral infections. When HTLV-III/LAV came along, her defences were down and her husband's were not. Co-factors, again, seem crucial in the development of the disease.

But the story took an even more interesting turn. Once the couple had returned home to England, the woman was put in the hospital, where a nurse drew blood for examination. As the nurse was putting the cover back on the needle, she stabbed herself, injecting some of the patient's blood into her hand. She had infected herself with HTLV-III/LAV, and tests of her blood confirmed that fact. About two weeks after the accident, she came down with something like the flu — sore throat, headache, muscular pains and fever. She was sick for about a week with a fever up to about 102. As *Lancet* put it, "recovery thereafter was uneventful".

Here we have the whole range of effects we might expect from HTLV-III/LAV: (i) the man who experiences no ill effects at all, though he clearly has the virus in his bloodstream; (ii) the nurse who comes down with a transitory illness and then recovers, much like a patient with flu; and (iii) the weaker member of the group, the one who had been subjected to a number of viral infections over a long period of time, who succumbs to HTLV-III/LAV, develops true AIDS, and dies.

IMMUNITY AND RECOVERY

The case of the African couple and the nurse, along with other research, indicates that although AIDS appears to have an extremely high mortality rate (up to 85 percent), infection with HTLV-III/LAV does not equal AIDS and does not appear to be nearly the threat to humanity it was once thought to be.

The Centres for Disease Control (CDC) has said that a lot of people carrying HTLV-

ARE YOUR BUNNIES IN NEED OF PROTECTION?

An Australian PLAYBOY binder showcases 12 issues in a stylish package offering protection and perfect presentation for your future enjoyment.

Complete the coupon and return it to: Australian PLAYBOY Binder Offer, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010. Upon receipt of your order, we will forward your binder/s, individually packaged to ensure their arrival in perfect condition. Price includes postage.

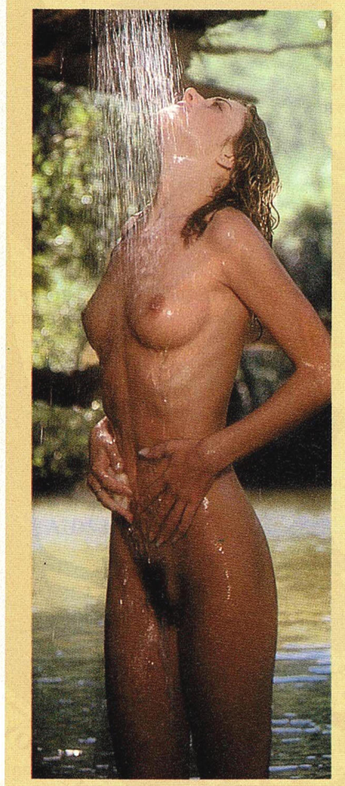
PLEASE SEND.... AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY BINDERS @ $11.95 EACH.
I have enclosed a cheque/postal order for the required amount.
Name .....
Delivery Address .....
.....
State ..... Postcode .....

NEXT MONTH

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: SYDNEY SWANS COACH **TOM HAFEY** ON PRIVATE OWNERSHIP AND THE FUTURE OF AUSSIE RULES.

MINUTE BY MINUTE WITH **THE WORLD'S BUSIEST BOMB DISPOSAL UNIT.**

THE BOTTOM LINE ON EXERCISE: IS IT WORTH ALL THAT EFFORT?



BUSH BABY: COUNTRY GIRL CORALIE'S A REAL NATURAL.

SINGLE-HANDED ROUND THE WORLD YACHT RACE: **AUSSIE SOLO SAILORS** FACE THE ULTIMATE ENDURANCE TEST.

III/LAV now are going to get AIDS — they simply haven't waited long enough. But *Science* reported in November 1985 that, "five years after being infected" with HTLV-III/LAV, "one third" of a group of homosexuals in a study in San Francisco "were showing symptoms of infection and two thirds remained healthy." These were all gay men who had already been infected with HTLV-III/LAV. Even so, only two men in that study group actually got AIDS, as distinct from simply being infected with HTLV-III/LAV, which, as we have seen, may result in no illness at all. The others (in the "showing symptoms" group) had what amounts to the same thing that the British nurse had: flu-like illness.

The CDC states: "The fact that two-thirds of men infected for over five years have not developed AIDS or AIDS-related illness is an encouraging indication that infection with this virus is not necessarily followed by rapid development of symptoms and death."

Interestingly, the men who got well were the ones who curtailed assaults on their health and their immune systems, such as receptive anal intercourse and the use of recreational drugs (such as poppers).

HOW AIDS SPREADS

As news of AIDS spread into an epidemic of misinformation, we were left with the impression that AIDS was spreading in epidemic fashion as well. It is now clear that it was not.

An epidemic spreads in rings, like ripples on the surface of a pond. AIDS is spreading like fire in a vein of coal. The earth and the rocks don't catch fire, only the coal along that narrow line. AIDS cases have increased among people in the high-risk groups, while those around them, those in contact with them, do not get it.

THE MISSING AIDS CASES

The generalised fear of AIDS is simply not supported by the number of cases. In Australia, the most recent statistics for AIDS *since it was first detected* are these:

Homosexual men	146
IV drug users	Nil
Unknown	1
Transfusion recipient	16
Heterosexual contact with HTLV-III/LAV	2
Hemophiliacs	3
Homo/bisexual IV drug users	2

In the US there are some non-homosexual men who have contracted AIDS through transfusion with contaminated blood, and through the use of IV drugs (sharing contaminated needles). But outside of those cases, there have been only 28 heterosexual American males who have contracted AIDS, and most of them have had sex with IV drug users. That number is so small that it is listed as 0 percent of the total by the CDC. Furthermore, according to statistics, there should be thousands of women who have contracted AIDS from bisexual men, yet fewer than 152 (excluding IV drug users) have contracted AIDS at all. The numbers don't support epidemic spread of AIDS through the heterosexual community — not through one-night stands, not through prostitution, not through the "swinger" community. Of the 105 cases detected in Australia since 1985, only five have been women, and four of these were due to transfusion. Cases due to heterosexual contact are negligible.

In the US, the rate at which the people in known high risk groups are getting AIDS is on the decline, from 184 percent between 1982 and 1983 to 115 percent between 1983 and 1984 and down to 84 percent between 1984 and 1985. In other words, it's taking longer and longer for the number of AIDS cases to double.

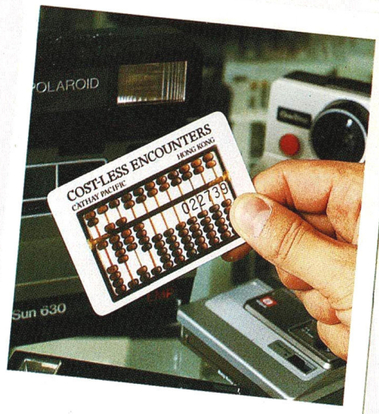
AIDS AND GEOGRAPHY

Location is important. The scientific textbook *AIDS: Etiology, Diagnosis, Treatment, and Prevention* says that the incidence of the virus "is most closely related not to the number of partners or to specific sexual practices but rather to geographical parameters, so that sexual contact with a person from an area where the infection is widespread is the most important risk factor." In other words, if you are in an area where there is no AIDS, your risk of coming in contact with it is reduced to a very low order of probability. AIDS is not spreading across the world, it is merely increasing in the areas where it already exists.

PRECAUTIONS

We said it before, and we'll say it again: Sex doesn't cause AIDS. If you do come in contact with someone who has HTLV-III/LAV, all you have to do to avoid catching it is to prevent that person's blood or semen from getting into your bloodstream. There are two easy ways to do that. One is to avoid being the receptive partner in anal intercourse with that person. The other obvious preventive measure is to refuse to share needles with others — a wise choice in any case.

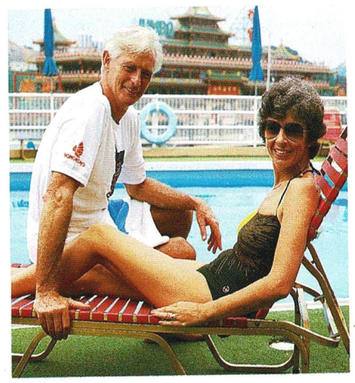
Even if you were unlucky enough to come in contact with HTLV-III/LAV *and get it*, that doesn't mean you are doomed. Fully 90 percent of people who tested positive for the antibodies to the virus do not get AIDS. It seems likely that most healthy people with properly functioning immune systems can respond to HTLV-III/LAV in the same way that they respond to any other virus: by killing or containing it. The best advice today is: take care of your health and take measures to prevent repeated exposure to HTLV-III/LAV and other viruses. Use condoms when in doubt.



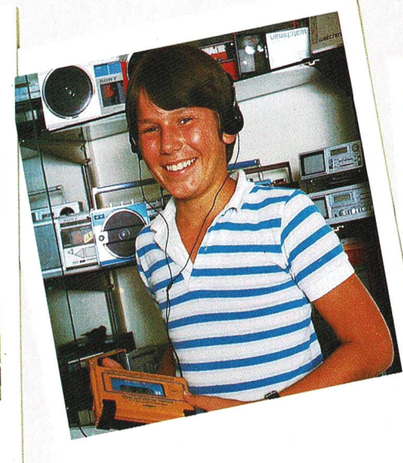
"Cathay Pacific gave us this free card for all our shopping discounts."

"A made-to-measure suit. How do they do it for the price?"

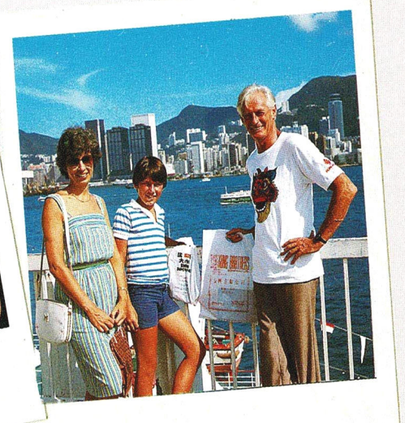
"You don't get Chinese food like this back home."



"There's more to do in Hong Kong than just shop."



"Jamie gets wired for sound."



"Our hotel looks even better from the harbour."

Start your holiday to Europe with a holiday in Hong Kong.

Fly Cathay Pacific to London or Frankfurt and you can have an extra holiday for as little as $33* a night.

Our Hong Kong Shopover is a unique way to break your journey, pick up a bargain and arrive relaxed at your final destination. It includes your stay at a first-class hotel and the free Cathay Pacific Cost-Less Encounters Card for guaranteed discounts or free gifts.

Ask your travel agent for a Hong Kong Shopover brochure and start planning for two holidays instead of just one.

Arrive in better shape

CATHAY PACIFIC
The Swire Group

*Shopover based on twin-share accommodation per person. Includes transfers but not airfare.

Leo Burnett CXPP1218

Peter Jackson 30's. You're laughing!

30 of the best. At a popular 25s price.

PHJ 119 CC 2309/85

Alternative photos from the more explicit NSW/VIC version

The pictorial at pages 39-45 was replaced entirely.

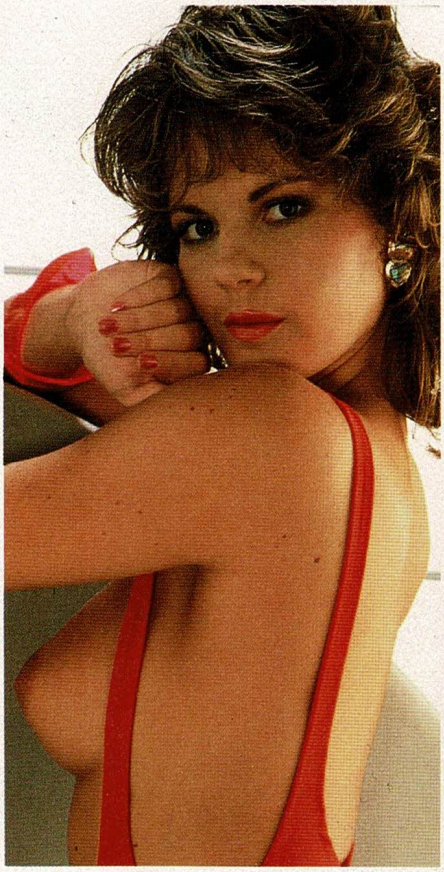
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROSI SHUCKALL

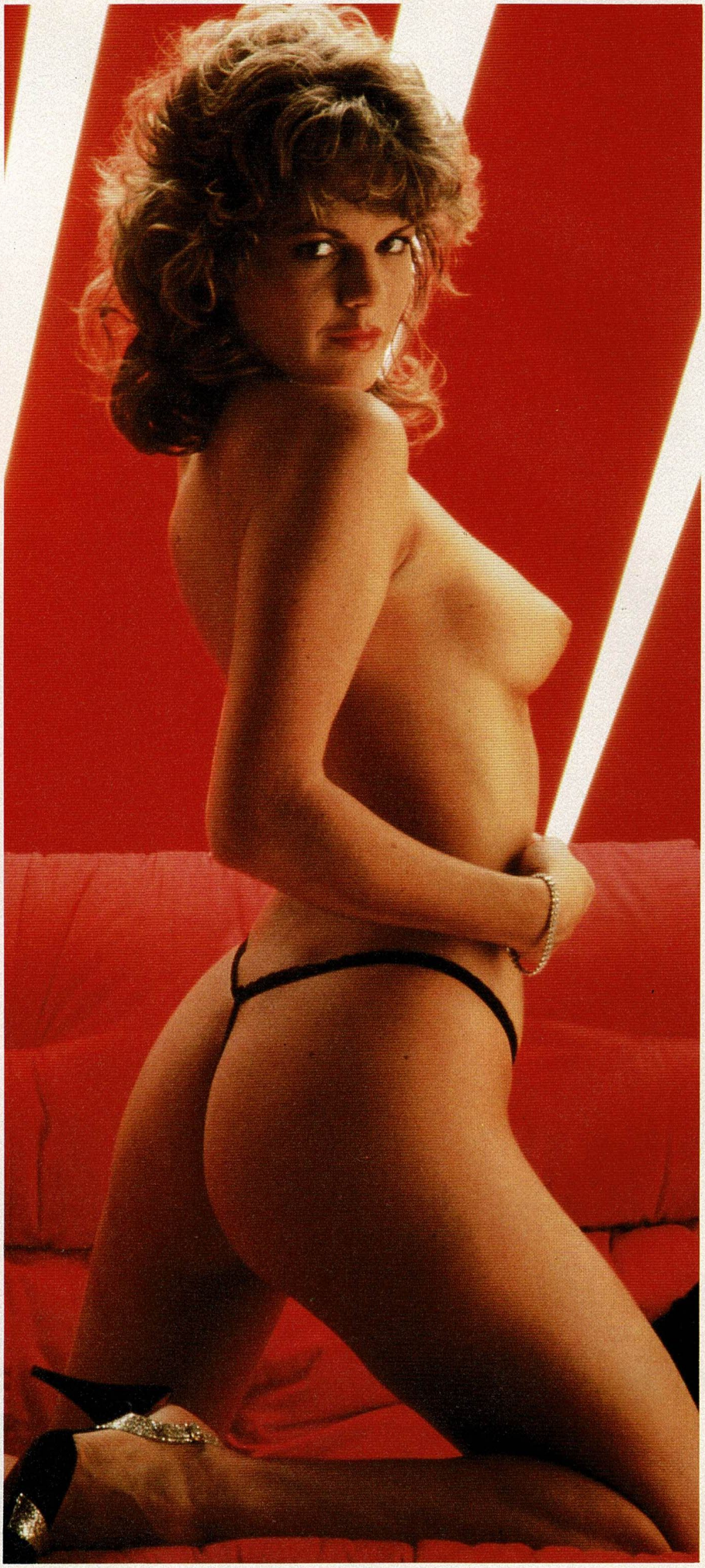
TWICE as NICE

Sugar and spice and all things nice. . . that's our twins, Simone and Andrea. (And, just for the record, Simone is on the left and Andrea on the right.)

Lovely Simone and Andrea (or is it Andrea and Simone?) are fun-loving twins who combine an easy-going approach to life with determination to succeed in the business world. Simone is studying office management and hopes to join a big corporation. Andrea works for a tax consultant and would like to set up her own office. "I'd like to be very successful," says Simone, "but for reasons of personal achievement rather than money." Her twin sister echoes those views. "Money corrupts the character!" says Andrea. "I'd like to have just enough to be able to take holidays twice a year and go shopping whenever I feel like it."

Our identical twins share a lot of common interests and admit they both like the same type of man. "No one too soft," states Simone. "No," agrees Andrea, "and no big talkers either. We like genuine men. Our main problem with guys is that if we both like the same one, he's then got to choose between us and that can be really hard!" Besides their identical looks, the girls have very similar personalities. "People expect us to be totally different once they've got over the shock of our completely identical faces and bodies," says, um, Simone. "We have the same hobbies and interests," confirms, er, Andrea. "We play in the same hockey team — which can really confuse the other players — and we are learning karate and we do play tricks on the teacher!" Double trouble? Now that's the sort of dilemma we know you readers would be happy to handle!





Ever since she was a little girl, Natalie Maline has been a very feminine miss. Her soft, vulnerable character hasn't stopped her, however, from exploring life with a great sense of adventure. "I like the idea of going on a safari in Africa," she says, "or maybe drifting around a very remote tropical island. That sort of thrill would really keep me on my toes." We ask her if such an adventure would be undertaken alone. "Maybe not," she laughs. "It would be nice to have a big, strong man along to protect me!"

Natalie has just turned 21 and her career ambition is to be a choreographer. She loves dancing, and also keeps fit with gym work, water skiing and even a spot of synchronised swimming. "I'm really excited about being a Playmate," she says, "because this will mean lots of recognition for me. I'm hoping to break into TV or films, working with dancers, perhaps even getting involved in the staging of a musical." With those legs, Natalie, you'd be in the front line of our chorus any day!

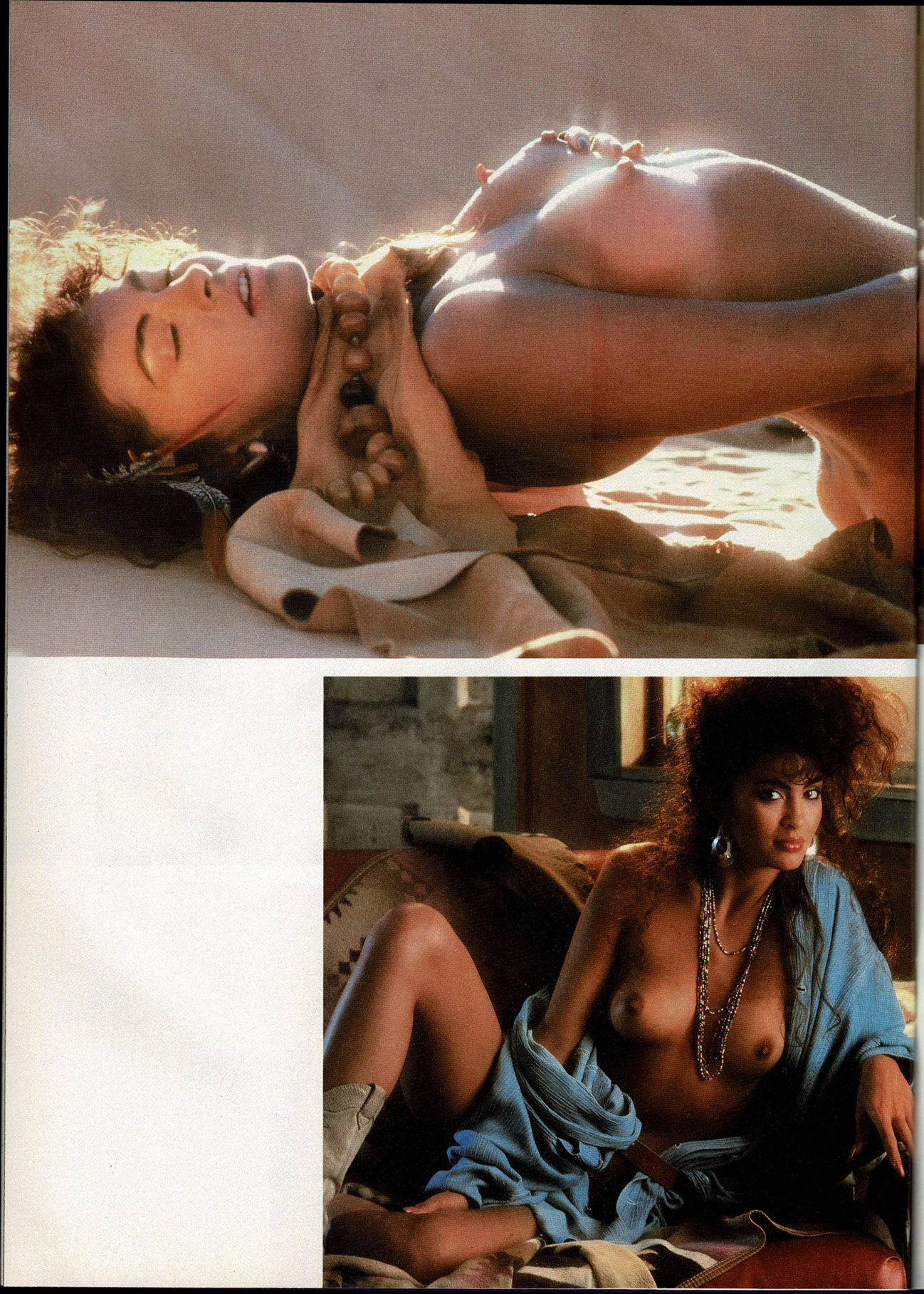
When Natalie was filling in her Playmate Data Sheet she laughed a lot when it came to describing her Ideal Man. "That's a tough one," she giggled. "I won't know what he's like until I find him!" She was more specific, however, when it came to the sort of males who really turn her off. "I just hate brash, bossy men," she says. "Also guys who are too conservative and don't have a good sense of adventure. You know the sort — they're never willing to try anything new. As for me, I'll try anything — at least once!"

FAST FORWARD

High-powered Rebecca Ferratti will put you in a spin.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVEN WAYDA

You've got to be fit to keep up with Rebecca Ferratti.This high-powered, devastatingly attractive young lady admits that she hates standing still. "There's not enough time in the day," she moans. "I need 48 hours, not 24. I love to drive fast. I love positive, high-energy people. I don't want to be around negative people. If they're negative, I'll bring them up so far they'll say, Whoa! "



Rebecca is forging a name for herself as a photographic model and has high hopes of making it big. We suspect she may succeed. As for succeeding with Rebecca, there's no shortage of men trying. "I really do have a flirtatious side, you know," reveals Rebecca. "I just don't use it very much. I don't need to." Rebecca doesn't need anything except more hours in the day, but all her admirers should be forewarned — whether the subject is late-night dancing or love, it's certainly not easy keeping up with her.